

PARIS EN FÊTE.

PARIS is emphatically the City of Memories. I do not mean merely the great historical memories such as crowd upon the recollection of everyone who finds himself within its walls, but those personal associations which gather about most of us as the shadows lengthen about our feet and we find ourselves on the westerling slope of life. There can be few travelled Englishmen of middle age to whom the beautiful city does not make its own appeal, for it is still, above all other cities, the capital of Bohemia, and the home of romance. Thackeray touched the true note in his Ballad of the Bouillabaisse.

"Ah me! How fast the days are flitting;
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit as now I'm sitting,
In this same place, but not alone."

It is the cry of most of us in revisiting Paris in the later years of life. But I have no personal memories of this kind to obtrude upon my reader to-day. It is only a memory and comparison of another kind that occur to me as I find myself making one of the crowd which fills the boulevards to welcome the officers of the Russian fleet on this bright Tuesday morning, the 17th of October, 1893. The papers—the Paris papers, of course—have told us that this is to be a fateful day in the history of the city and the nation, and have proclaimed beforehand the glory with which it is to be celebrated. Certainly, whatever else they may have exaggerated, they have not gone beyond the mark in describing the enthusiasm of the people on behalf of their Russian guests. No one who has been in France during the past few days can pretend to believe that the scenes he has witnessed are part of a demonstration manufactured to order by the agents of the State. Journalists and politicians may have combined to stimulate popular feeling; but popular feeling there is, and these *fêtes*, of which the newspapers and the streets are full, are national in their character if any *fêtes* ever were.

The brave show began, so far as the present writer is concerned, at daybreak on Sunday morning last, when, entering the port of Marseilles, after a stormy Mediterranean trip, he encountered vessel after vessel passing eastwards, each laden with passengers as thickly as a Thames penny steamer on Bank Holiday. "They say" that a quarter of a million of people were carried from Marseilles to Toulon to join in the welcome to the Czar's navy, and certainly I for one am not prepared to contradict the assertion. Marseilles seemed to be almost emptied of its population last Sunday, and one could eat one's *bouillabaisse* at the Café Roubion out by the Corniche Road in comfort. On Monday, during the long, dusty, dreary journey which takes one in fifteen miserable hours from the glowing sunshine of the Midi to the grey atmosphere of the Seine, there were further signs of the popular excitement. We were packed into that "*train de luxe*," so-called, like sardines in a tin; and all around one the passengers were agog with excitement over the *fêtes* they were hastening to witness. At every station the yellow Russian banner floated beside the tricolor; one saw it crowning humble farmhouses in Provence, and fluttering all along the quays of Lyons; whilst, when Paris at last was reached, it was to find the railway station in the hands of the decorators, and triumphal arches receiving their last touches in the adjoining streets.

No man who has made the day journey from Marseilles to Paris can be justly blamed for oversleeping himself the following morning. It was nearly half-past nine by the pneumatic clock on my chimney-piece (is it a portent that at last the clocks in the Paris hotels not only mark the time, but mark it accurately?) when I awoke to consciousness of the hubbub which the experienced dweller in cities recognises instantly as the voice of the crowd. The scene from my balcony, overlooking the stately Place de l'Opéra and the imposing vista of the boulevards, recalled that upon which I had looked in London on the

day of the Duke of York's wedding. Everywhere flags flying, and triumphal arches and columns wreathed in flowers giving unwonted colour to the scene; and everywhere the crowd—not so dense as in London on that summer day we all recall, but seemingly not less numerous and most assuredly not less enthusiastic. Away down the boulevards towards the Porte St.-Martin the police had cleared a track. It was not so neat and clean as that which our own constabulary, aided by the troops, clove through Pall Mall and Charing Cross on the 6th of July; but it was well defined and, as it subsequently proved, fully adequate for the purpose. Here at my feet, where the Avenue de l'Opéra crosses the Boulevard des Capucines, a square had been formed, the four sides of which were masses of eager men and women. There was a melancholy sight within the limits of that square—a sight not merely melancholy, but eminently French. Surrounding a kind of sarcophagus which was surmounted by a vast bouquet of flowers some six feet in height and twelve in circumference—the kind of posy which the wicked queen of the ogre carries in the Christmas pantomime—were a score of gentlemen in full evening dress. It is not an exhilarating spectacle which your fellow-creature presents when you meet him in this attire at nine-thirty a.m., even although his costume does not mean that he has been making a night of it and is now on his way home to bed. The twenty gentlemen below me were distinguished persons in their way; but the impulse to order one's *café au lait* from one of them was well-nigh irresistible, and they all looked as if they knew it. The crowd, however, was wonderful. Except for that narrow ribbon guarded by the stolid police, it filled the boulevard from wall to wall as far as the eye could reach. Every balcony and every window was crammed; there were numbers on the top of the Opera House itself; and the Parisienne proved by the giddy heights to which she climbed on street ladders and similar structures that her sister in London is not "in it" with her in her devotion to a spectacle.

It was not much of a spectacle after all—I mean the official spectacle, not the crowd. A great hoarse cheer, sounding strangely like an English "hurrah," went up from the multitude; and then the red shakoos, with their gilt braid and fine plumage, of the Garde Republicaine, became visible in the distance. After the advance guard there was a carriage containing four bare-headed gentlemen in naval uniform; then more troopers and another carriage similarly filled; then troopers again and a third carriage; and so on until some twenty carriages had passed us. That was all; and I imagined that from the picturesque point of view Paris must have been disappointed by the show. But not a bit of it! When Admiral Avellan was first seen, the crowd yelled with such delight that you might have imagined that he was conferring a perpetual annuity upon every individual in the multitude. When he stopped to receive the mammoth bouquet from the gentlemen in the Place de l'Opéra, they roared, they jumped, they shook hats and handkerchiefs and hands; they even shed tears in their exultation. And when the Admiral had passed onwards on his way to the Military Club, and only the subordinate officers remained, it seemingly needed little to stimulate the crowd to a fresh outburst of almost wild enthusiasm. The Admiral himself was a fine-looking man, with a grave face and a dignified bearing, who bore himself with composure under a trying ordeal. Not so many of his juniors. Not content with bowing their response to the applause which greeted them, they waved their flat white caps towards the multitude, they kissed their hands, they stood up in the carriages and smote their breasts to give expression to their emotion; they even stood upon the seats and yelled inarticulately at the masses around them, indulging at the same time in gestures which were more than slightly ridiculous. Indeed, this portion of the procession

reminded the cold-blooded Saxon spectator rather strongly of the entrance into a provincial town of a travelling circus with an undue preponderance of clowns in the troupe. But Paris saw nothing ridiculous in the show. Paris was mad with joy at receiving its friends—its only faithful friends—with in its walls; and I own that, despite my sense of the ludicrous, I was touched by the extraordinary emotion which the crowd displayed.

But it was at night that the temper of the people was most fully exemplified. During the day we had rather a bad time of it. We were continually finding streets blocked by those who seemed content to wait patiently for hours if only they might catch a glimpse of one white naval cap and cheer its owner; we were hustled by the police, quite in the style of London on Lord Mayor's Day; we were charged by furious cabmen, who appeared to be the only persons in Paris who were unconscious of the fact that something unusual was happening, and that the ordinary traffic was for the moment interrupted. Altogether it was not our familiar Paris through which we wandered, and the dinner-hour, when it came, was a distinct relief. But after dinner came the real spectacle of the day, and here also it was those who came out to see who themselves made the show. The illuminations themselves were by no means remarkable. The street decorations during the day had contrasted favourably with those seen in London when the English capital is in gala attire; but there was no comparison between the illuminations at night and those on the occasion of the Duke of York's wedding. Yet they sufficed to bring together probably the largest crowd that has ever filled the streets of Paris. It was a crowd only to be compared with that of Jubilee Day or last July. What struck one was its marvellous good temper. Everybody seemed happy and everybody was amiable. There were no roughs, and there was no hustling or pushing. Could this be the people of Paris, I wondered, this vast multitude of merry, genial, and good-tempered men and women? Could these be the children of the fiends who howled round the tumbrels as they carried their innocent freight to the guillotine a hundred years ago? It was difficult to believe it, for certainly greater gaiety and good-humour a crowd never displayed before. The noise it made was stupendous. Everybody was cheering, singing, laughing, chattering at once. And there did not seem to be an angry thought in the mind of anyone. Paris was clearly at peace with itself, and therefore at peace with all the world. Of course there was plenty of buffoonery in the universal merriment. The ape, seemingly, is not so easily repressed as the tiger in the Parisian nature; but no true Frenchman when he is excited is afraid to be ridiculous, and so men and women alike played the fool to their own intense enjoyment and without harm to anyone. On the other hand, the police arrangements were miserably inadequate. No attempt was made to control the traffic, and it is almost a miracle that hundreds were not crushed beneath the wheels of the cabs which forced their way through the densest portions of the crowd. But, taken as a whole, it was a great day, and its keynote was emphatically the spontaneity of the enthusiasm which bubbled over from a million joyous lips. Long after I had retired to rest the shouts and songs of the multitude beneath my window prevented sleep, and assured me that Paris was still keeping it up.

My comparison of Tuesday's scene was with that fateful Sunday in October, 1877, when the great struggle between the Republic and its enemies was settled in the polling-booths. Then, as now, after the first results had been made known, and it was seen that the Reactionaries were defeated, Paris gave itself over to a delirium of joy. The boulevards were thronged by the same laughing, shouting, enthusiastic multitude. The Republic was saved, and every true child of France rejoiced in the belief that their country's salvation was assured. As I recall

that memorable scene and the splendid hopes which then filled every breast, and bear in mind all that has happened since to convince Frenchmen that even under the Republic the ideal state has not been attained, I breathe a prayer that to the generous emotions and all-pervading aspirations of the present hour—aspirations which are wholly on the side of peace and goodwill—there may come no chilling frost to nip the bud of hope which the great nation is once more venturing to put forth.

A CHRISTIAN PESSIMIST.

MR. PEARSON'S outlook on the future is frankly agnostic, where it cannot be described as positively pagan. A cheerless stoic himself, he anticipates a future from which Christianity, already in his judgment a failure and a ghost, will have utterly vanished, and if he thrills with any faint stir of lugubrious enthusiasm, it is for a worship of the State, a statolatry, if we may use the term, which is quite as pagan a conception as the deification of Caesarism in the person of the Roman Emperor. The causes of his pessimism are in the main the result of his unbelief. The "impending doom," the approach of his dull, drab cushioning divinity, the Socialistic State, no doubt depresses him, but he is still more surely driven upon brooding and despair by that hideous new sense of the annihilation of free-will which is forced upon the modern sceptic by his touchingly ready faith in the latest notion of science, which happens just now to be heredity: "the belief," as Mr. Pearson himself puts it in this month's *Fortnightly*, "that the individual has his energies indefinitely circumscribed by the facts of his birth." To sum up his attitude in one proposition, he holds that "the faith in progress is based upon an assumption as to the Divine purpose in creation, which is not only gratuitous but opposed to facts."

The phenomenon of pessimism is thus comparatively simple in Mr. Pearson's case. It becomes more complicated when we find it existing with the same intensity, as we all know it does, amongst men whose belief in the Divine purpose in creation is quite firm. A new volume of essays by the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé ("Heures d'Histoire." Paris: Colin) gives us an opportunity of examining the phenomenon in one of the most prominent of these Christian examples. M. de Vogüé is a Catholic champion, yet he is as pessimistic as Mr. Pearson. Indeed, there is a remarkable parallelism between his brand of pessimism, so to speak, and that professed by our own Jeremiah. He differs in many respects from other pessimists and other Catholics. He is not a reactionary like Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who thinks civilisation is about to be engulfed in a new Armageddon. He is not a Christian Socialist like the Count de Mun. He is not a mere philosopher of the closet, though he does belong to the Academy. He is a man of action; soldier, diplomat, traveller, and now—since the recent elections—member of Parliament. Moreover, there sounds through all his writing a note so virile and stimulating that he has become, in spite of himself, a sort of apostle to those younger French writers who are turning away from naturalism and seeking through "Symbolism" and half a dozen other by-paths some satisfaction for the spiritual hunger which has begun to beset them. They besiege him with demands for a solution, for a remedy for their disease, which he declines to prescribe, knowing their enfeebled and vitiated constitutions will not yet stand it. His faith keeps him individually secure from the fatal current in which he sees his age being swept along; but he is sad because he has a profound sympathy with his age, and he mourns over it like a Hebrew prophet.

He of course has his explanation for the baffled plight of the contemporary mind in the havoc

wrought by the spirit of negation and analysis during the past three hundred years. But into that we will not follow him here, being for the moment concerned rather to find his correspondences with Mr. Pearson, who views the situation from so typically different a standpoint. M. de Vogüé, too, notes the "sense of impending and inevitable doom," and the consequent despondency which Mr. Pearson cites as one of the immediate causes of pessimism, and he acutely remarks that to-day that sense of doom is confined to the intellectual classes. "If it be true—the learned question it nowadays—that the world believed it was entering upon its agony on the approach of the year 1,000, it was then a case of superstitious terror amongst the crowd; at the present time the crowd knows not its malady, or mistakes its causes; it is the intellectual *élite* who are giving signs of fright." He might have added that side by side with the pessimism of the elect there is rampant amongst the masses an exuberant optimism which all but dreams again of the Millennium, and the gloom of cultivated minds is, perhaps, in part a sensitive recoil from the horrors of these crude Utopias. M. de Vogüé, however, says something more pregnant than this when, like Mr. Pearson, he comes to picture the on-rush of Socialism. Socialism has grown strong of recent years because it has "captured the current of idealism" which has during these same years been rising again. This is the source of all its new power. "A tacit, unconscious conspiracy," he says, "has been going on between people whom everything should separate—from the proletarian who flings himself blindly against the social machine to the licensed conductors of that machine itself. The conspiracy commences with hate from below and ends with vague pity from above; it unites the efforts of the man of action and the complaisances of the man of thought, it brings together, without their knowing it, all those who suffer from the old order of things and all those who enjoy it and despise it; by the most diverse roads it drives them pell-mell towards the same end—an end aimed at by some, dreaded by others, who travel thither nevertheless, unperceived by the greater number. Thus canalised by Socialism, and in default of any other object on which to seize, the current of idealistic reaction which is carrying us on resembles at all points that of 1848; it is formed by the same causes, the same disgusts, the same protestations of the empty soul." But forty years ago democracy was only lisping, the world, issue of the Revolution, had still confidence in itself; the "rational folly" had not finished its demonstration of impotence. The present current finds a bed better prepared, it is attacking dams entirely dilapidated; more general, more impetuous it recalls in other respects the débâcle of the last century when a whole society "hurled itself into the unknown through weariness or horror of living under the ruins of an ended world."

But M. de Vogüé, as we have said, notwithstanding his pessimism, is no reactionary. He believes neither in a return to the past, nor in the magic virtues of reforming legislation. "Nothing can restore the past nor abolish the consequences which it has engendered." The chief hope, in his eyes, lies in the reserves of moral energy, hidden amongst the people; and Socialism, he points out is not the sole gainer by the present uneasiness of mind and heart. The Church will not exert herself further to protect a social order which has not respected her principles; she is "visibly dissociating herself from what she feels to be condemned; with a movement insensible and prudent, she is passing to the side of the assailants; she is preparing to gather them together after their victory, the day when they will recognise their powerlessness to organise the conquered country." But whether that day will come without one of those great cataclysms which have always brought back mankind to the consideration of superhuman destinies, when "the earth failing them, they lean upon heaven"—he cannot

say. "C'est le secret de Dieu." "Society at the present time may apply to itself the fine image of Plotinus; it also resembles those travellers lost in the night, seated in silence on the shores of the sea waiting for the sun to rise above the waters."

Note that neither M. de Vogüé nor Mr. Pearson is a pessimist in the absolute, the Schopenhauer sense. Mr. Pearson, too, indulges in hopes, and, in a turn not unlike that image of Plotinus, he describes his pessimism as "that of the poet who can see the light flushing the west though the sun has not yet climbed above the eastern hills;" which is not pessimism at all, but what we have already ventured to style paulopost - future optimism. But the bottom promptly falls out of the agnostic's hopes. He recognises that "when man has subdued the forces of Nature to his will, and is 'ransacking the infinite seas of knowledge, and figuring that knowledge in æsthetic forms eternally new and bright,' there will still be a sinking of the heart, because that which stimulates the brain cannot of itself stay the soul." Whereas the Christian's hope is staunch, being fixed in the thought of sustenance for the soul itself and in faith "in the Divine purpose in creation." He is ready to await the unknown, but the unknown, whatever it may bring, is "l'âme qui se réserve quelque part dans l'ombre et le silence." For him, as Lowell has it, "Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

A RAY OF LIGHT IN ULSTER.

BY AN ULSTER CORRESPONDENT.

THE loss of three seats to the Unionists and the defeat of Mr. Dickson and Professor Dougherty in Tyrone at the last election were, undoubtedly, very discouraging to the Home Rulers of the northern province. Though Ulstermen are said to be very stubborn, they are also very shrewd; and the cult of the jumping cat has as many devoted adherents there as anywhere else. A defeat involved the defection of some lukewarm Home Rulers, and gave a temporary set-back to the work of organisation. But, though I am not too sanguine, I believe there are now indications of a turn in the tide. The Catholic Nationalists of the North, who have been accustomed to struggle against almost overwhelming odds, were not in any way discouraged. In so far as the loss of seats was due to defective registration work after the split in the National ranks, they set about in manful way to remedy it, and this year's registration seems to have gone strongly in favour of the Nationalists in every constituency which was stoutly contested except East Tyrone. Even if there was no change of opinion, the mere rectifying of the register would mean the transfer of two, if not three, seats.

But the more hopeful symptoms to which I have alluded are not the mere transfer of seats. The Ulster difficulty is not, and never has been, a mere matter of Parliamentary votes. Even in their greatest strength after the last General Election the Ulster Unionists could only muster twenty-one in a division. The difficulty—and it is one THE SPEAKER has never attempted to minimise—was rather in the intensity of the feeling behind the votes; the bitter bigotry, if you will, which threatened to wreck all rather than be ruled by a local Parliament with a Catholic majority. Ulstermen are habitually intense, but their intensity seemed to have reached its climax at the time of the last election. Nothing in the history of the previous six years had tended, as it is better frankly to admit, to soften the antipathy of the Unionists towards Home Rule. Neither the Liberals nor the Nationalists had done much work of propagandism in Ulster. The most ignorant mistakes as to what Home Rule meant were allowed to flourish uncorrected among men who had no great natural unwillingness to learn the truth. The campaign against Coercion in the South,

however necessary and defensible, involved incidents which startled Ulster business men. The fall of Mr. Parnell with its consequences disgusted others. The judicious use of the vast patronage of the Irish Government had a good deal of effect in less worthy directions. The farmers, who were the most inclined to become Home Rulers, were grateful to the Tory Government for the Land Act of 1887 and the Land Purchase Acts, and were dissatisfied at the inability of the English Liberal leaders to promise compulsory sale. The lingering difference between the Tories and the Liberal Unionists was for the time removed by a tremendous effort of organisation. The Ulster Convention of June, 1893, was a first-rate bit of electioneering. It was well designed, well timed, and well executed. The design and a good deal of the execution were due, I believe, to Mr. E. S. Finnegan, an expert organiser, whose early exploits are in evidence in the report of the County Down petition of 1874. A man without strong prejudices, but with a most complete knowledge of Ulster, he is entitled to claim the credit for a very notable triumph. The Convention ensured the solidarity of all the Ulster Unionists at the last election.

But in attempting to follow up the effort of 1892 the organisers have gone perhaps a step too far. A fussy nobleman named Lord Templetown started "Unionist Clubs," which were intended to combine Orangemen and non-Orangemen in an organisation with military potentialities. This was a gross blunder. It invited the rowdy element to take a predominance which disgusted the quieter men whose votes were the more necessary and the more difficult to get. "From the first," says the *Presbyterian Churchman*—a journal which may almost be called the organ of the General Assembly—"there was a rush into the clubs of landlords, agents, sub-agents, bailiffs, Episcopal clergymen, and men of an extreme type. In view of these facts the wonder is—not that so few, but that so many Presbyterians have seen their way to join these clubs. It is difficult to see any other fate in store for them than that of being utilised as the tool, and wagged at the tail, of the organisation, whose head and body will be made up in the way indicated. It will be hard to convince men of intelligence and liberal sentiment, on either side of the Channel, that an organisation composed predominantly of such an extreme type, and bent confessedly on such extreme courses, is deserving of their confidence."

At the same time the committee which had organised the Convention of 1892, organised partly for mere effect, partly with the laudable desire to restrain the rowdy and riotous elements, the series of demonstrations which took place during the passage of the Home Rule Bill. With the exception of the reception of Mr. Balfour, these demonstrations were not successful. The Albert Hall Demonstration especially was a failure. The delegates were entertained by aristocratic hosts, but neither host nor guest was always happy. I heard of one good man who, in the confidence that an Ulsterman is at least as good as any other man, wished to accompany his host to the Park on the Sunday afternoon, but was sent off instead with a footman to the Zoo. This man, and others like him, returned to Ireland less West British than they had started. But, undeterred by these failures, the Convention Committee organised a body, to be called the Ulster Central Assembly or Parliament, which is to meet on the 24th of the present month. The members are elected by the Unionist electors in each polling district. Nothing in theory could be more complete; but, as the *Witness*, another Presbyterian paper, says, there is "an undercurrent of dissatisfaction at the composition of the Ulster Central Assembly." Though the Presbyterians are much more numerous than the Episcopalians in Ulster, the Unionist clubs have managed to control the elections, and quiet men have been set aside. "Not only," continues the *Witness*, "are the majority of the members

Episcopalians, but a very large proportion of those who have been chosen as representatives are taken from the landlord and rent-office classes." As soon as the elections were over, a controversy arose between Dr. Kane, who wished to have Colonel Saunderson as chairman, and the Unionists, who desired a quieter man. Even if a Liberal Unionist is elected, it will only be as a politic concession by the majority. In any case, the composition of the Ulster Parliament has done a good deal to reveal to the farmers the true inwardness of the opposition to Home Rule.

Meanwhile among the quieter men a feeling is growing in favour of a compromise with the Liberal party, the nature of which they have not very clearly defined in their own minds. When Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Asquith, during the second reading debate, made a conditional offer of separate treatment for Ulster, some of the resident Unionist members were in favour of closing with it. But they were outvoted. Less than half the Ulster Unionist members—eight out of twenty-one—are residents in Ulster. Actually there is only one out of the whole number who has a residence in his own constituency. Many of them are professional politicians. Others are landlords and Orangemen, and are opposed to any form of self-government which would diminish their present ascendancy. But many Ulstermen would be ready to accept Home Rule if they could be safeguarded against the administrative excesses which they fear from a want of temper or wisdom among the Nationalist leaders. Some have explained to me that they would be willing enough to see a subordinate Parliament established in Dublin if the police and the judges were left under Imperial control. Though this suggestion may not be practicable, it marks a very important advance in Ulster opinion. The passage of the Bill through the Commons, the fair administration of Mr. Morley, and his leaning even towards his opponents in the distribution of patronage, as well as dissatisfaction at the predominance of the dangerous element in their own party, make them inclined at least to parley. And the debate on Home Rule in the General Assembly has done more perhaps than fifty debates in Parliament could have done to show the masses of the people how moderate a Bill Mr. Gladstone's really is. Too much cannot be expected from this changed feeling in a moment. But it is at least a ray of light.

A NOTABLE RECONCILIATION.

THE hearty welcome which Liberal Oxford has given this week on the occasion of the opening of Manchester College to its professors, students, and friends is an event of considerable significance in the development of English religious thought. The guests, if we may call them so who have already been for several years upon the ground awaiting the completion of their new building, have, of course, their own point of view. If, jealous for their forefathers, they incline rather to a triumphant reflection upon the conquests of the last century, now crowned in the very citadel of the old intolerance, than to a measuring of the difficulties which lie ahead, it were graceless in us to demur. There is ample ground for their satisfaction. The justification of the men who in 1786 founded the "Manchester Academy" has its warrant in every chapter of our subsequent history. A great gulf seems to divide them, the Liberals of their day, from their heirs the Liberals of this, so far as the more spiritual theistic thought of the latter, and their recovered affection for the Founder of Christianity, removed from the crude rationalism of the last century. But, indeed, the bridging of that gulf had been prepared for in advance by these pioneers of the progressive idea. It was not simply that at the dawning of a new era they wished their sons to have the benefit of a free school and a free

church. They possessed a principle of universal applicability, which is as good to-day as it was when Dr. Barnes penned that original dedication which set "Truth" and "Liberty" even before "Religion." Like Richard Baxter a century earlier, they desired to see free thought allowed not only within the State, but also within the Church. They believed, when their belief was regarded as fateful and blasphemous, in a progressive revelation; and therefore a free road for progress was to them the essential thing.

In that, and in their zeal for knowledge, if in nothing else, they were the peers of the Drummonds, and Beards, and Martineaus of to-day. Faithful servants of the dawn, they made ready the paths by which the great reconstructors were shortly to come in the names of science, criticism, the historical method, and a philosophy relying upon reverent and sympathetic investigation of all obtainable evidence, with the conscience always for the ultimate authority. Some of the most distinguished leaders of English thought have been associated with the work which they set afoot. The lesser half of their demand was conceded twenty-two years ago, when the lay schools of the two great Universities were opened to men of all forms of belief. The welcome of their descendants to Oxford extends that attitude of toleration and sympathy to their distinctive work of undogmatic theological teaching, and it must pave the way for a still wider acceptance of their "open trust."

We are ourselves rather concerned with the occasion as one more illustration, from the most difficult field—that of theology—of the matured growth of a catholic spirit in this former hotbed of Toryism, and of this local development as part of a wider reconciliation of the newer and the older forms of Christian faith and culture. The University goes to the people; the people go more and more to the University. Each gives a precious vital impulse out of itself to the other. The mysterious influence of cloisters and courts and gardens does not suddenly disappear, it seems, when the old barriers are broken down. Even the heretic and the Philistine are amenable to such influences. As it has been in general education so it may some day be with the great central verities of religion. Manchester College, if we rightly understand it, wishes to hasten that time; and the least we can do is to join in the wishes for its future which have come so much more effectively from like men, Max Müller, Wallace, Froude, Dicey, Sayce, Burdon Sanderson, Cheyne, and Bryce.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

THE world has lost in Charles Gounod, the second of the three great composers—Wagner, Gounod, and Verdi—who have left their mark on the music of the period. Gounod had to wait many years for recognition; and it was not until after the production of *Faust*, when he was already forty-one years of age, that he made much impression in France, or any impression at all out of his native land.

Brought out at a secondary establishment—the Théâtre Lyrique—Gounod's masterpiece was not in the first instance regarded as such by his own countrymen. Its first great success was obtained in London, where it was performed, with excellent casts, simultaneously at Her Majesty's Theatre and at the Royal Italian Opera. *Faust* was followed at Her Majesty's Theatre by *Mireille*, at the Royal Italian Opera by *Romeo and Juliet*; and a third opera of Gounod's, *Le Médecin Malgré lui*, was produced about the same time, in English, by Mr. W. Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne.

Gounod knew English well, and passed in this country several of the best years of his life. In spite, or rather by reason, of his long residence among us, he can scarcely have preserved a favourable opinion of the land where *Faust*, after a cold reception at Paris,

acquired its first popularity: the land, moreover, for which, at the instance of a great publishing house, he composed two of his finest works, *The Redemption* and *Mors et Vita*. Gounod's first troubles in connection with England arose from his having entrusted to a certain English lady the manuscript score of *Polyeucte*, in which the principal part had been written expressly for her pure, if somewhat cold, soprano voice. The composer had reckoned without his *impresario*—also without his original *prima donna*; and when it was found necessary to take the part from the English lady for whom it had been intended and assign it to the principal soprano of the Paris Opera, Gounod's application for a return of the score was met by the English lady with a stern refusal. Happily, the lady and *Polyeucte* were both in Paris; and an order for the restitution of the latter was soon procured from one of the French law courts. It was thought necessary, however, that Gounod should claim his manuscript in person; and when he at length obtained it he found that at the top and bottom of every page the hated name of his former friend, now deadliest enemy, had been written. Descending the stone staircase of the house where he had been obliged to make his visit of reclamation, the unhappy composer, with the score of *Polyeucte* under his arm, lost his balance and fell, injuring himself seriously, so that for some time he was obliged to keep his bed.

When, in 1882, Gounod went to Birmingham to superintend the production of *The Redemption*, it was found necessary to protect him against the approach of the lady who now pursued him in the most relentless, Ortrud-like manner. Members of the committee were told off to guard the entrances of the hall, and Gounod was able to direct his work in peace.

Some years afterwards the much-persecuted composer was effectually prevented from ever setting foot in England again. He was accused by the lady who had not played the principal part in *Polyeucte* of having written against her a defamatory article published in the *Paris Figaro*. He was not within the jurisdiction of any English court; but he was served with a writ, and some overzealous friends entered an appearance for him. When the case was tried no defence was made, Gounod did not stir from Paris, and he was condemned to pay £10,000 damages for an article attributed to him by the plaintiff, but written, as a matter of fact, by the well-known Albert Wolf, and authenticated by his published signature.

In addition to *The Redemption* and *Mors et Vita*, Gounod composed for England, and to English words, a number of very beautiful songs; and it may be hoped that he did not allow himself to judge by one Englishwoman, Englishmen and Englishwomen in general.

THE DRAMA.

"A GAIETY GIRL." "THE LADY KILLER."

THE new production at the Prince of Wales's, *A Gaiety Girl*, is at once something less, and something more, than a play. It is less than a play, because it hardly pretends to have a coherent plot, because it alternates between meticulous realism and frankly fantastic improbability, because it is amorphous and discontinuous, resembling rather a series of turns at a music hall than any kind of artistic organism, one and indivisible. It is more than a play, because it is a manifestation of the Zeitgeist, the reflection, as M. Bourget would say, of a peculiarly modern "soul-state," an index to the public mind—if we take the word "public" in a somewhat narrow, and the word "mind" in a somewhat indulgent, sense. To consider a light-hearted vaudeville as something possessing an ethical and a sociological significance is perhaps, in the opinion of grave philosophers, to consider it too curiously; but the injunction to call nothing common or unclean

is especially laid upon critics, who should not be above extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, if they can, or food for reflection from an irresponsible absurdity like *A Gaiety Girl*. From this point of view the underlying idea of the piece seems to be the rehabilitation of the burlesque actress or chorus girl; and that by a double process. In the first place, the girl herself is represented as a model of the womanly virtues. While outwardly vulgar and noisy, flaunting garish costumes, talking slang, and courting the boon-companionship of raffish young men, she is put forward as inwardly refined and true-hearted, modest to prudery, and deaf to all suitors who do not intend honourable marriage. Well, there is something piquant in this contrast of external frivolity and internal worth of character; we must all hope it may be so, and that virtue may not be incompatible with an occupation which, at first sight, is not quite so noble as that of a sister of mercy or a hospital nurse. If we can persuade ourselves to believe that ballet-girls are, in their private capacities, only a little lower than the angels, so much the better; the cynic will be confounded, and the sour puritan silenced. In one respect, of course, the idea is as old as the hills. Are we not all familiar with the anecdotes of the professional merryman who goes home with aching heart and tear-bedewed eyes to support his aged mother? Have we not Shakespeare's sonnets to show us the real man as poet and philosopher, while making himself a motley to the view? Have we not Macready's Diary to show us the tragedian as gentleman and scholar? Have we not the *Kean* of Dumas père and the *David Garrick* of Mr. T. W. Robertson to show us the histrion as a man and a hero? Let us, then, consider the application of this process to the humble chorus-girl as a piece of tardy justice rather than a *reductio ad absurdum*. But if we were to view it in the latter light, I think the authors of *A Gaiety Girl* and its kindred play, *In Town*, would only have themselves to blame. For, as it seems to me, they harm their case by overstating it. That virtue is to be found in the third row of the chorus at 25s. a week is probable enough, but that just in that quarter of all others it should be found at its purest and iciest, somewhat overtaxes our credulity. The eponymous heroine of *A Gaiety Girl* is really too pure and good for human nature's daily food. She is as full of sentiments as Joseph Surface. She emerges from a nightly shower of bracelets and bouquets (which she keeps, by the way) in the spotless condition of Cæsar's wife. Even when marriage is offered her by a gallant and enormously wealthy captain in the Life Guards, she beseeches him to "think of his social position." When it is suggested that she has been "hired" to dance, she quivers with virtuous indignation at the taunt. One's common-sense inevitably revolts at this sort of thing. It borders perilously upon cant. After all, one feels inclined to say, the young woman earns her living by the exhibition of a pretty face and shapely limbs at so much a night before a crowd of men who are not exactly anchorites; this profession may not be incompatible with virtue, but it is rather "too steep" to insinuate that it is of all occupations for women the one most conducive to virtuous living.

Not content with representing the supernumeraries of the burlesque stage as saints and martyrs, the author of *A Gaiety Girl* would persuade us that the orthodox respectabilities of this world are all hollow shams. In this, he will perhaps say, in the jargon of his heroines, he only "goes one better" than Ibsen, who makes Pastor Manders a "great baby" and Judge Brack a great blackguard. Accordingly, he presents us with a clergyman of the day who attended "a Church Congress at Paris," in order, it is hinted, that he might study the art of high-kicking at the Moulin Rouge, who disguises himself as a Pierrot in a carnival-ball on the Riviera, thrusts his head into ladies' bathing-machines, and, generally, combines the attributes of Don Juan

and Sir Pandarus of Troy. This worthy divine is accompanied by a luminary of the judicial bench, who cracks jokes with free ladies who have officiated as "respondents" in the court over which he presides, and eagerly makes the acquaintance of ballet-girls because he is "sure to meet them later on." The judge has married his housekeeper and has a learned brother, "Mr. Candlewick, Q.C."—you see the allusions, and would doubtless have seen more, had not the character been toned down in deference to the objections of the Examiner of Plays. The author's recipe for satire has evidently been suggested by a false etymology; it consists in making his victims satyrs. Add a chaperon, whose knowledge of the Divorce Court is extensive and peculiar, a naughty French maid (with song), officers of the guards who bring down a posse of Gaiety girls to be introduced to the chaperon's young charges (called in the bill by the curious American term, "society ladies"), and a chorus of guardsmen, nursemaids, betting-men, and carnival dancers—and you have the motley crowd by which *A Gaiety Girl* is played.

And yet, notwithstanding the vulgarity of its tone and its flagrant disregard of Dr. Johnson's injunction never to confound virtue and vice, this vaudeville, there is no gainsaying, is distinctly amusing. It has spirit and a certain impudent wit; it is in touch with the actualities of the day; it is set to joyous music; and it is not likely to harm the mundane public for which it is designed. A Kiplingese ballad in praise of Tommy Atkins, sung by Mr. Hayden Coffin, and a chansonette by Miss Juliette Nesville, may be selected for special praise. The humours of Miss Lottie Venne as the chaperon, Mr. Harry Monkhouse as the clergyman, and Mr. Eric Lewis as the judge, may be easily imagined.

A neat adaptation of M. Alexandre Bisson's farce, *115, Rue Pigalle*, has been produced at the Strand under the title of *The Lady Killer*. It is founded on the really comic notion, not unworthy of Labiche, of the consternation caused in a peaceful household by the supposed discovery that a young bridegroom has murdered his first wife—a supposition which colours his most innocent actions with the suspicion of deadly intent. The trifle is cleverly played by Mr. Harry Paulton ("delicately sub-acid," as Mr. Gilbert's King Paramount would say), Mr. Willie Edouin (an admirable comedian when he chooses, as he chooses here), and a company which displays hearty good-humour, if, like the famous invective, it "lacks polish."

A. B. W.

IN NYASSALAND.

BLANTYRE, B.C.A., July 24, 1893.

KATUNGA'S, where my last letter, or, at all events, the close thereof, was written, is a not very large native village, lying a little way from the Shiré bank, in the alluvial ground at the foot of the Shiré highlands, and about twelve or fifteen miles from the Murchison Cataracts. I did not see the latter, which were hidden by a bend, or, more probably, several bends, of the river; but the prospect, as it was, formed a picture that was good to look on—the level plain, here covered with cotton plantations, there with maize or Kaffir-corn (*mapira*) gardens, and here others dotted with round, grass-thatched huts, the forest-covered hills on one side, on the other the river, and the grass-lands beyond, with the blue Angoni Mountains in the distance; and, in the near foreground, the *John Bowie*, anchored under the big tree (where the monkeys pursued their diversions with so much vivacity during the night), in face of Mr. Sharrie's store. This is a square building with a verandah, built of reeds, plastered with mud, and thatched with grass. This does not sound very sumptuous or artistic, but the store presents quite a respectable appearance: it is surrounded, on the land side, by a coma of stakes, and in the yard thus enclosed—surrounded by packing-cases and bales of calico—sits Bismarck, at a table, engaged in paying

off the men. I must hasten to add that Bismarck's "given name" (for the matter of that, I suppose, both were given him, though when, or why, he assumed the latter, I do not know) is Joseph; that his complexion is of a deep copper-colour, and that he is a tall, honest-faced, pleasant-mannered native—a Chikunda, from Quillimane, I believe, as to his tribe and nation—who speaks excellent English (and, moreover, Portuguese, Yao, and Mang'anja as well), and goes about in a white suit and sun-helmet. He was educated at Blantyre, afterwards went to the training institution at Lovedale, and subsequently acted, for some years, as a teacher at Domasi station. He has now been for some time in Mr. Sharrie's employment, and sends his two children to school at Blantyre. Sometimes Bismarck comes out in a different capacity, as we shall see presently.

Besides the store there are two other Mzungu houses at Katunga's, belonging respectively to the Blantyre Mission and the A. L. C., each surrounded by its accessories: kitchen (which, as in India, is always detached), hen-house, oven, boys' houses, etc. The native village, named after its chief, Katunga, lies behind, and to the right of, the Lakes Company's premises. It consists of round grass huts, grouped irregularly about an open space shaded by a big tree, under which, I suppose, the village councils are held, and all local *mandus* decided. The houses are interspersed with other queer little erections—fowl-houses (clay-built), conical or pyramidal ovens, and the *nkokwe*, or grain-store, like an exaggerated basket mounted on stilts. It is usually about five or six feet high, and as much, or a little more, in diameter, with a conical grass roof. The late Katunga has not been dead many months; he seems to have been a good sort, and to be sincerely mourned by his people. The new chief—a younger son or nephew (I am not quite sure which, and the natives seem to consider the one quite as near a relation as the other)—has also succeeded to the name of Katunga, according to the general rule in these parts, which thus assures a permanent designation to the village, the latter being always known by the name of the chief. Katunga's principal widow called to see me—*kucheza*, as they phrase it here, which means that you need not be at any trouble to entertain your visitor. You may talk or not as you like, or as linguistic knowledge on either side may permit; but if you don't feel "so disposed," he or she will not feel hurt, and will be quite content to sit and gaze at you, while you talk to your white compatriots. The lady, who gave her name as Mbanda, was a stout, pleasant-looking person, with a great many blue beads on her neck and brass bangles on her arms and ankles—the former reaching from wrist to elbow. The polished brass ornaments these people delight in are very effective against the rich dark brown of their skins, and I am reminded of the remark of a friend long ago, who praised brass as much more artistic in colour than gold. The favourite shades in beads, also—more especially the turquoise blue (*chingulungulu*)—harmonise admirably. Her arms and shoulders were carefully tattooed all over in small round spots, but the effect was not happy; it suggested, more than anything else, a piece of cloth hopelessly spotted by a shower of rain. In her hair she wore a very fashionable ornament; it was like a little flag (about 2½ in. by 3½ in.), neatly worked in beads of various colours. I have seen them with a pattern approaching that of the Union Jack. Mbanda is not the mother of the new chief; she told us she had only had one son, who was dead. He had gone out into the bush, she said, and broken his leg, and died before anyone found him.

I have one very lively recollection of Katunga's village. Bismarck held a service there on Sunday afternoon. (It was Saturday morning when we arrived, and I did not proceed till Monday, which gave me the opportunity of looking about a little.) Somebody having been sent on in advance, as usual on these occasions—to tell the people what was toward,

and ask them to attend—we sauntered down, in due course, from the A. L. C. house, where we had been spending the early part of the afternoon, attended by two or three small boys. In the village we met Bismarck, a chair was produced from somewhere, and planted, for my benefit, in the shade of the big tree already mentioned, and the people came dropping in by twos and threes, and sat on the ground. Some, however, preferred to keep in the background, sitting under the eaves of their huts (which, being very deep, and supported at the edge by posts, form a rough kind of verandah) within earshot, but not appearing to take an active part in the proceedings. These began with a few words in explanation of the why and wherefore of the meeting, then a hymn (got through not very successfully, if the truth must be told) and a prayer, and then Bismarck borrowed my Bible—I suspect rather *pour se donner une contenance* than to read from it, for he recited his text from memory in Mang'anja—and launched into his discourse. It was earnest and eloquent—he was never at a loss for a word (and this, although he was speaking in Mang'anja, which is less familiar to him than Yao)—and apparently most telling, though I had not the remotest idea what it was about, being only able to seize isolated words here and there. But everybody looked extremely serious—Mbanda, sitting in a conspicuous place, more so than anyone—and by-and-by her stately head drooped, and she began, not exactly to fidget—she could no more have done that than the Egyptian Sphinx—but to become absorbed in the contemplation of the hand which lay on her knees, and, in a slow and abstracted manner, to move the fingers of the other—resting on the ground beside her—through the sand. It was not till we were walking away after the meeting that I understood the reason for all this. Bismarck had been exceedingly personal, and had denounced them all roundly, singling out the widow by name for especial condemnation. It seems that they had been making offerings to the manes of their late chief—setting out little jars of pombé on his grave—and he upbraided them vigorously for conforming to this idolatrous custom. They seemed very much ashamed of themselves, and, I suppose, Bismarck *connaissait son monde* and knew the most effectual way of putting things to them; but one could not help thinking that a little sympathy might not have been out of place. From all I could gather, they were really attached to Katunga, and mourned his loss sincerely; and one felt inclined to regret that a fuller recognition of the feelings that prompted their conduct (while pointing out the impossibility of its benefiting the dead man in any way) had not preceded the exposition of the ethics of the practice. But that is a point on which, perhaps, I have no right to pronounce.

AN IMPRESSION.

AWAY to the north of Ben Bulben and Cope's Mountain lives "a strong farmer"—a knight of the sheep, they would have called him in the Gaelic days. Proud of his descent from one of the most fighting clans of the Middle Ages, he is a man of force, alike in his words and in his deeds. There is but one man that swears like him, and this man lives far away up on the mountain. "Father in heaven, what have I done to deserve this?" he says when he has lost his pipe; and no man but he who lives on the mountain can rival his language on a fair-day over a bargain. He is passionate and abrupt in his movements, and when angry tosses his white beard about with his left hand.

One day I was dining with him when the servant-maid announced a certain Mr. O'Donnell. A sudden silence fell upon the old man and upon his two daughters. At last the elder daughter said somewhat severely to her father, "Go and ask him to come in and dine." The old man went out, and then came in looking greatly relieved, and said, "He says

he will not dine with us." "Go out," said the daughter, "and ask him into the back parlour, and give him some whisky." Her father, who had just finished his dinner, obeyed sullenly, and I heard the door of the back parlour—a little room where the daughters sat and sewed during the evening—shut to behind the men. The daughter then turned to me and said, "Mr. O'Donnell is the tax-gatherer, and last year he raised our taxes, and my father was very angry; and when he came, brought him into the dairy, and sent the dairy-woman away on a message, and then swore at him a great deal. 'I will teach you, sir,' O'Donnell replied, 'that the law can protect its officers,' but my father reminded him that he had no witness. At last my father got tired, and sorry, too, and said he would show him a short way home. When they were half-way to the main road, they came on a man of my father's who was ploughing, and this somehow brought back remembrances of the wrong. He sent the man away on a message, and began to swear at the tax-gatherer again. When I heard of it, I was disgusted that he should have made such a fuss over a miserable creature like O'Donnell; and when I heard a few weeks ago that O'Donnell's only son had died and left him heart-broken, I resolved to make him be kind to him next time he came."

She then went out to see a neighbour, and I sauntered towards the back parlour. When I came to the door I heard angry voices inside. The two men were evidently getting on to the tax again, for I could hear them bandying figures to and fro. I opened the door; at sight of my face the farmer was reminded of his peaceful intentions, and asked me if I knew where the whisky was. I had seen him put it into the cupboard, and was able therefore to find it and get it out, looking at the thin, grief-struck face of the old tax-gatherer. He was rather older than my friend, and very much more feeble and worn, and of a very different type. He was not, like him, a robust successful man, but rather one of those whose feet find no resting-place upon the earth. I recognised one of the children of revery, and said, "You are doubtless of the stock of the old O'Donnells. I know well the hole in the river where their treasure lies buried, under the guard of a serpent with many heads." "Yes, sur," he replied, "I am the last of a line of princes."

We then fell to talking of many commonplace things, and my friend did not once toss his beard about with his left hand, but was very friendly. At last the gaunt old tax-gatherer got up to go, and my friend said, "I hope we will have a glass together next year." "No, no," was the answer, "I shall be dead next year." "I, too, have lost sons," said the other, in quite a gentle voice. "But your sons were not like my son." And then the two men parted, with an angry flush and bitter hearts; and had I not cast between them some common words or other, might not have parted, but have fallen rather into an angry discussion of the value of their dead sons. If I had not pity for all the children of revery I should have let them fight it out, and would now have many a wonderful oath to record.

The knight of the sheep would have had the victory, for no soul that wears this garment of blood and clay can surpass him. He was but once beaten; and this is his tale of how it was. He and some farmhands were playing at cards in a small cabin that stood against the end of a big barn. A wicked woman had once lived in this cabin. Suddenly one of the players threw down an ace and began to swear without any cause. His swearing was so dreadful that the others all stood up, and my friend said, "All is not right here; there is a spirit in him." They ran to the door that led into the barn to get away as quickly as possible. The wooden bolt would not move, so the knight of the sheep took a saw which stood against the wall near at hand, and sawed through the bolt, and at once the door flew open with a bang, as though someone had been holding it, and they fled through.

W. B. YEATS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"AURANGZIB."

SIR,—In your notice of my sketch of the life of *Aurangzib* you refer to "a rather unlucky misprint" by which "the name of an Englishman well known in the annals of those days is spelt Sir George Oxindon." In justice to my printers I must state that I wrote the name "Oxindon" because Oxindon did so himself, as the India Office records conclusively prove. I am not the first, however, to revert to the original spelling, for Mr. Archibald Constable has employed it in his valuable edition of Bernier's "Travels" (1891).

It may be a question how far a man knew how to spell his own name two hundred and fifty years ago, but surely, in the present day, at least, the title of a book should be quoted correctly? You cite my little volume as "Aurangzebe," whereas it is entitled "Aurangzib." To be quite English, you should use Dryden's spelling, "Aureng-Zebe."—Your obedient servant,

STANLEY LANE POOLE.

Athenæum Club, October 17th, 1893.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AND M. ZOLA.

SIR,—Your talented contributor, "A. T. Q. C.," has penned an admirable article on this topic, but I pray you to let me set him right upon a point of fact. He says:—

"It is just conceivable that M. Zola was invited as a journalist—though why, in that case, he was selected from among the many more distinguished journalists of France will need some explanation."

M. Zola was invited for a plain and simple reason—that he is the President of the Société des Gens de Lettres. He came to our shores as the official representative of seven hundred of the most eminent journalists in France; and I for one fail utterly to see aught but the most transparent and unquestionable fitness in the nature of the invitation, coming as it did from the Institute of Journalists to a kindred organisation across the Channel. May I also remind all those who are agitated upon this matter of the fact that quite a bevy of distinguished French journalists were also invited, and actually came over, including no less a giant of the Press than M. Magnard, editor of *Le Figaro*, as well as several others whose names are widely known and honoured in their own country, but would convey no impression on English non-readers of Parisian journals. The action of the Institute of Journalists throughout has been markedly clear and justifiable; what is less defensible is the attitude of those London daily papers which ignored the meetings of the Congress as such, but thrust into undue prominence the presence of M. Zola.

Mr. Welldon can safely be left in "A. T. Q. C.'s" hands, but I could wish that the *causerie* had contained a biting rebuke upon the Bishop. Plain-speaking in high places is what we all would desire, but it must be founded upon the rock of certain fact. The credit of the episcopal bench is not enhanced by the fulmination of such a colossal libel as the statement that M. Zola

"has spent his life in corrupting the minds and souls, not only of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, and especially of the young, but also, by the translation of his works, thousands and hundreds of thousands of young souls elsewhere."

When Bishop Perowne delivered himself of this astounding diatribe he had not so much evidence to back it as would wrap round a mustard-seed. So great a perversion of the facts deserves the scorpion lash of righteous rebuke. It is either wickedly false, or it is solemnly silly.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

C. L. F.

National Liberal Club.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE ART OF PLUCK.

THE new edition of the famous "Art of Pluck" just issued by Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster, the new publishers of Craven Street, suggests reflections which, if not altogether ashen and sere, are at least sub-autumnal in tone. This may have something to do with the new cover, which is almost unpardonable. "The Art" on its title-page avowed itself to be "a treatise after the fashion of Aristotle," and its old wrapper of sober greyish paper was entirely appropriate. In its native window, in the shop of Mr. Vincent of the High—reposing between a copy of the *Oxford Spectator* and a couple of dusty ink-bottles—it wore its true local colour. It looked as demure as a tract on the Greek Accents, and this demureness was at least half of the attenuated joke. The crust of antiquity, too, had

become part and parcel of the jest. The young men of merry England are no longer plucked. The same things happen to them still: but lest one good custom should corrupt the world, they ingeniously disguise it from time to time under new names. In some places they are ploughed; in others (I understand) they are spun: but nowhere and under no conditions are they plucked. The goose as a lampoon upon Pallas Athene's owl has utterly lost point.

Yet this unconscionable goose occupies the pedestal of honour in the flaring modern design of the new cover. On its one flank we behold Music, symbolised by a bust of Pallas, a college-cap, a little midnight-oil burning in a little Greek lamp, and two books, the one shut, the other open at the text "*Vita sine litteris mors est.*" On its other side we behold Gymnastic; a cricket bat and stumps, two oars, a billiard-cue, some billiard balls, a pair of boxing-gloves, a pack of cards and a tankard of treble X. Or perhaps the design represents Industry and Idleness. In any case it is vulgar, and in its small way, as a dedecoration of Caswall's little treatise, is as sad a case of the confounding of things essentially different, as I have seen for a long time.

"The Art" was first published in 1836. Its author, Edward Caswall, had been an Undergraduate of Brasenose College, and had just taken his B.A. degree. The little tract obtained a sudden popularity, "not only amongst the Undergraduates of that day, but even with the more sober Bachelors, and in part too at the very High Tables. By all which," confesses Caswall, "surprised and delighted as I was at the time, I little expected The Art would ever survive the term, much less continue to this period"—"this period" being 1843, in which year an eighth edition was called for. Even then—just fifty years ago—its author was wiser than the publishers who have just given it the new cover. "Generations," he writes, "which in the great world are reckoned three to a century are in the Universities of but a brief date. There every term beholds as it were a fresh race ushered in, and an old race depart; an evanescent population of gownsmen grows up, flourishes, and dies away with marvellous rapidity. And, as Lucretius has it,

Angescunt alie gentes, alie minuantur:
Inde brevi spatio mutantur sæcla animantum,
Et quasi cursores vitam lampada tradunt.

Hence it comes to pass that, on looking back upon the origin of this little book, and perceiving through how many terms it has survived, I seem to behold it already invested as it were with an ephemeral antiquity"—a neat phrase, in a dedication which throughout is a piece of clean and manly English.

This dedication was dated from the Vicarage House, Stratford Sub-Castle; and its purpose was to make public Caswall's remorse for certain irreverent allusions to Holy Writ which he had made use of in The Art and the "Pluck Examination Papers." Whether or not the offence was as heinous as he came to believe, we need not inquire: the apology in any case is a noble one. Four years later Caswall became a Roman Catholic, and in 1850 was received into the Birmingham Oratory. He died in 1878 at the age of sixty-four, and was buried at Rednal, where Newman now lies close beside him.

Methods of humour change: and some of the methods employed in The Art are sadly belated. There is every reason to believe that for hundreds of years mankind was honestly tickled by puns. The finest wits used them, from Aristophanes to Shakespeare, from Cicero to Charles Lamb. Sir Thomas More punned: so did Latimer and Fuller; Swift is supposed to have made the most splendid pun in the world: Hood racked and tortured his exquisite brain over puns by the thousand. But does anybody laugh at one nowadays, save out of mere politeness? And if not, what is the matter with the pun? Or what is the matter with us? Is it possible that Lamb's

enthusiasm was "only his fun," or at the best a purely antiquarian passion? Or can it be that the pun continued for hundreds of years to be funny *ex hypothesi*, and was taken for granted and laughed at regularly because nobody chose to examine the hypothesis? I have a similar suspicion about many Academic epigrams. There is, for instance, that famous one about Doctor Fell. Is it really funny, or even so very clever as it is commonly assumed to be? And there is Porson's epigram on Hermann and the Germans; a frigid piece of wit, if ever there was one. And for the last week or so it has been impossible to take up the *Times* without being pestered by conflicting versions of that unusually pointless epigram:—

"Little Doctor Jowett a little garden made,
And fenced his little garden with a little palisade," etc.

Or whatever it is. It is foolish enough in every version.

And here I break off to express a hope that others will join me in protesting against a singularly stupid fashion that has sprung up of late. When a great man comes to die, the papers are haunted for months after, not with testimony to his good deeds or good influence, but with more or less accurate versions of some silly rhyme that was made upon him, or his father, or his uncle, or the works of either, by somebody whose cleverness astonished a number of nincompoops in their raw youth. How did the press in this country honour Tennyson? Why, by a tedious discussion of the different readings of that rhyme about a cassowary on the plains of Timbuctoo. The rhyme, let it be granted, was funny. But I submit that the fun of it was easily exhausted; and I further submit that none but irredeemable Philistines would make Tennyson's death an excuse for a prolonged wrangle over that cassowary's exact behaviour. Then, again, when Lord Sherbrooke died, the dignity of his career was as far as possible obscured by another tussle over—

"Here lie the bones of Robert Lowe;
Where he's gone to I don't know," etc.

—and its Latin rendering; neither of them a great achievement of human wit, and both an impertinence at such a time. Again when poor Nettleship, the younger, perished on Mont Blanc we had to listen to a similar discussion. And now the friend of Lowe and Nettleship, the great Master of Balliol, has hardly gone to his grave before our Philistines dispute, not only concerning his parentage (about which any man can certify himself, if he wants to, at the smallest expense of time and trouble), but over a weakish jest that was made at Cambridge many years ago, and neither on him nor on his father. *Semper ego auditor tantum?*

If a 'stunning Cantab' write a set of stunning rhymes,
Need a dozen Cantabs write about it to "The Times"?
Need they write, at any rate, two generations after,
Stating cause and date of jest, and reasons for their laughter?

But to return to the consideration of ancient methods of raising a laugh:—Does anyone nowadays take a warm interest in "macaronic" verse? There are some excellent specimens in "The Art of Pluck":—

"Oh fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint
Sleeveats bachelors! neque enim sub sidera nightæ
Ad bookas sweatant; nec dum Greattomia quartam
Lingua horam strikant, saveall sine candel tenentes
Ad beddam crepunt semasleep . . ."

—but again the artifice is frigid. Surely Calverley's "Carmen Saeculare" is far funnier, or Mr. Godley's Prize Poem on Alaric:—

"Alaricus, vel Alaricus, vel Alaricus audit?
Non equidem curo: nec res flocci est facienda:
Nomine nam quoquo rex est ferus ille vorandus
Arma virumque cano, Vice-Cancellarius ipse
Quem cecinisse jubet . . ."

Yes, the methods of humour change, and much of "The Art" has a musty tang. The wonder of it is that so much has kept good for fifty-six years—enough certainly to justify Messrs. Bliss, Sands, and Foster in reprinting it. Everyone should procure a copy of their new edition—after he has tried and failed to procure one of the old edition; for the book contains some of the best of University quips, and its parody of the Aristotelian manner, in places, has hardly been beaten; as here:—

"For horses; a man may ride a white horse, a black horse, and a bay horse; as also a mixture of these, as a grey horse, a horse skewbald, a horse piebald; each of which admitteth this further subdivision: a horse with a long tail, a horse with a short tail, a horse with no tail, a horse with one eye, a horse broken-kneed, a horse that plungeth, a horse broken-winded; of which last are many in Oxford. The same also of ponies. Then for the manner of riding, there is this further difference: for it is possible to walk, to amble, to trot, to canter, to gallop, to race, and to leap; which last may be done, first, with the rider on the horse; second, with the rider over the horse; third, with the rider under the horse, as in Oxford."

This is parody more closely restrained but hardly funnier than Mr. Godley's famous fragment on Golf. Experts may decide between them.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF MR. SELOUS.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN S.E. AFRICA. By F. C. Selous. London: Rowland Ward.

THIS book comes out at a very opportune moment. South Africa is again to the fore with yet another "little war"; and Matabeleland and Mashonaland (or as Mr. Selous prefers to spell it, Mashunaland) are centres of momentary interest.

And no one knows the country, its people, and its chiefs, better than Mr. Selous, who for ten weary years has travelled through it, intent on sport, adventure, exploration, and prospecting. The friend of Khama, the traveller who has more than once bearded Lobengula in his royal kraal, the pioneer of the first Mashonaland expedition, cannot fail, especially at the present juncture, to be interesting, and his book cannot fail to be of solid value.

At the same time, we are bound to say that Mr. Selous' bulky volume is somewhat of a disappointment to us. The book is inartistic. It is too diffuse. There is no sense of proportion. The reader becomes bewildered among the various "travels," covering some eight years; and the sporting adventures, graphically described, are often overlaid with trivialities and over-minute descriptions. Much is good, much is interesting; but there are many brown as well as many purple patches in the narrative.

The real interest in the book, and that which differentiates it from most books of African adventure, arises to our mind from the fact that Mr. Selous is not merely a "mighty hunter"; and that sport, as such, is not even the main object of his travels. He is a sportsman—a true sportsman, and a marvellous shot—but he is more. He is a naturalist, an ornithologist, a keen collector of "specimens" of big game, an ethnologist, and a very observant and accurate topographer. He does not travel simply for the sake of killing; he kills, not indiscriminately, but with discretion. If the big game he meets is for the moment valueless to him, either as food, as a specimen, or for its skin or head, he spares it. With a restlessness of disposition, as he says himself, nearly equal to ten of the Wandering Jew, the spirit urges him to repeated expeditions, the main object of which is usually the collection of skins and skeletons of huge mammals for mounting in museums, combining this object with elephant-hunting—for the ivory—trading, and occasionally prospecting. Some of his expeditions are nearly profitless: one, indeed, ended in dire disaster, nearly in death at the hands of the natives; others are highly successful and well

repay the time and money expended upon them. Indeed, both the London and the Cape natural history museums are largely indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Selous for valuable specimens.

Some of the sporting stories are most exciting, especially the adventures with lions and elephants. The most thrilling to our mind is the account of one elephant hunt, when, mounted on a singularly obstinate horse, he shot six elephants, was repeatedly charged by the wounded beasts, and through the obstinacy of his horse was over and over again within an ace of capture and death. One of these escapes is thus described:—

"I fired at the cow-elephant, but did not hit her where I ought to have done. She walked on again and went right through a broad open valley covered with long grass, like the place where I had first seen the herd of elephants that morning. As long as she was in the open I dared not go near her, but as soon as she entered the machabel bush, on the farther side of the valley, I followed as fast as I could get my horse to go. I was still a hundred yards away from the bush, but could see the wounded elephant walking slowly along, skirting just within its edge, when she must have got my wind, for she suddenly swung round, and, raising her head and ears, came out into the open, trumpeting loudly. I had already got my horse's tail towards her, and was doing my best to get him into a gallop, but it was useless, and as it was at least two hundred yards to the other side of the open valley, I knew she would catch me long before I reached the shelter of the trees where I might have dodged her. Of course, directly she emerged from the bush she saw me plainly in the open before her, and came on two yards to my one, screaming shrilly all the time. I did not hesitate an instant what to do, but resolved to sacrifice the horse, and try to get away myself in the grass. Catching him by the mane, when he instantly stopped dead, I jumped past him and ran forwards through the grass as hard as I could, which was not very hard, as I was now much exhausted. I had got some forty yards beyond him, when the elephant suddenly stopped screaming and commenced making the rumbling noise I have spoken of as being made by the first elephant that came up to him. Turning my head, I saw that she was standing exactly like the first one, alongside of the horse, who remained perfectly motionless, but that she had not yet touched him. . . . The fact remains that this wounded and furious elephant ran screaming up to my horse, and, finding his rider gone, stood alongside of him without touching him."

On another occasion a wounded lion came straight for him "with open mouth and flaming eyes, growling savagely"—he held nothing but a discharged rifle in his hand. The narrator stood stock-still, and the lion "came straight on to within about six yards of me, looking, I must say, most unpleasant, and then suddenly swerved off, and passing me, galloped away."

But the real interest of the book lies, not in the sport, but in the descriptions of Mashonaland, its climate, natural resources, and mineral wealth; in his account of Lobengula, our opponent, and of Khama, our ally; of the Matabele, and of the Bechuanas. Khama is evidently a favourite of his, and all we have heard of him goes to show that he is enlightened, gentle, kind, and just. Lobengula is a very different character: a man of considerable intelligence, but by tradition and by surroundings necessarily of a ferocious disposition; a ruler who himself would probably desire to keep well with the whites for fear lest evil befall him, but who cannot always curb the warlike ardour of his "young men." Of the manifold cruelties of the Matabele, of the devastation they have caused in all the region round about, Mr. Selous gives a graphic account. Fort Salisbury was founded in September, 1890, and the occupation of Mashonaland by the Company dates practically from that time—three years ago. Whatever may be thought of chartered companies in general, or of the British South Africa Company in particular, it cannot be denied that this company, by their resolution, enterprise, and courage, have developed this portion of their kingdom in a marvellously short period of time.

The real question in regard to the British South Africa Company is whether, to use an Americanism, they have not bitten off more than they can chew; and whether, apart from Mashonaland itself, their practical monopoly of enormous tracts of country

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which they will probably be unable to develop for a long time to come is not a serious drawback.

As regards Matabeleland, whatever may be the upshot of the present conflict, we may be sure that the Imperial Government will have a voice in the settlement of the policy to be pursued as regards Lobengula and his country. The Imperial Government, such is the anomaly of chartered companies, has been unable to keep itself altogether free from entanglement in the company's quarrels; it equally cannot avoid interference in the final settlement of the position arising from those quarrels.

One final point we may notice in connection with Mr. Selous' book—throughout, wherever he has occasion to mention the Boers, he speaks well of them and of their relations to the Kaffirs. Disagreeing on this point with many observers, he is convinced that the Dutch element will never become swamped by the English element; while he is sure that Englishmen and Dutchmen are so alike in thought and feeling that all that is required to make them act harmoniously together is a better knowledge of one another than at present exists. This greater knowledge we are in a fair way of attaining, both at the Cape and in the Transvaal; and we may believe that it is no idle dream to anticipate that, at some not very distant date, all the different Dutch and English countries which comprise what we usually call "South Africa" may be federated into one Union—under the English flag.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENT OF JAMES II.

THE PATRIOT PARLIAMENT OF 1689. By Thomas Davis. With an Introduction by Sir C. Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. The first volume of the New Irish Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THE New Irish Library is not interesting to Irishmen only. Though English readers may have had enough and too much of current Irish controversy, with its statistics and its recriminations, they are ready to welcome any new light on the by-ways of Irish history, or the still more interesting by-ways of Irish character and Irish romance. For the Englishman, though he may be the most insular of men, is the most cosmopolitan of readers. Some people, and some publishers, think it is useless to interpret Ireland to England until Ireland produces a Burns or a Scott. But the promoters of this new series of little books believe that with good printing and a pretty binding and a good organisation and much love of their work, they can get along some way without waiting for a genius, and we believe that they are right. At the same time they hope to stimulate in Ireland a healthy practice which was very prevalent there a hundred years ago, but is now, we fear, well-nigh extinct—the practice of habitually buying books. Partly because the Irish weekly newspaper always tries to give its readers nearly as much literature as news, the Irish peasant, though a voracious newspaper-reader, is one of the worst book-buyers in Christendom, and this little library is an endeavour to make him mend his tastes. We wish the promoters good speed, both with the English public who buy books about every country except Ireland, and the Irish public who read so much about Ireland but do not buy books at all.

The first book of the series is in many ways excellent. The print is good, though the proof-readers must be a little more careful before Dublin rivals Edinburgh. The binding is tasteful and not in that very vivid grass-green, which is better for grass than for book covers. And the book is one which many people will be glad to possess. Fifty years ago, exactly, Thomas Davis published in the *Dublin Magazine* a series of articles in defence of the Irish Parliament, which met in Dublin in 1689. The *Dublin Magazine* was an obscure periodical, and has long since been extinct. But Mr. Lecky found it worth his while to search out Davis's articles, and used them to good purpose in disposing of Macaulay's studiously unfair description. Mr.

Lecky's commendation was alone sufficient to justify their republication. We have no doubt that the promoters of the new series also chose to republish them because the name of Thomas Davis is still a name to conjure with in Ireland. Though he died nearly fifty years ago, at the age of thirty-one, before he had time to do anything in the ordinary sense of doing, before he had time to write anything except short articles and short poems for newspapers and magazines, no other Irishman of the century—not even O'Connell—is held in fonder recollection. Nothing in the articles now republished will, as literature, increase the fame of Davis—they are inferior, for instance, to those recently republished by Mr. Rolleston—but nothing that Davis wrote can be willingly let die.

And the episode Davis wrote about is one of which we would gladly learn more. The Scotch Jacobites have had their full meed of historic whitewashing. But the Irish defenders of King James are still to many people merely the kerns and gallowglasses of Macaulay's brilliant inaccuracy. Those of them who did not die in the field led in after years either a life of penury at home or a life of wild campaigning abroad, which was equally unfavourable to the quiet composition of an *apologia*. The Frenchmen who saw the Irish Parliament had no liking for Parliamentary institutions. When, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the descendants of the Williamites developed a keen national feeling in Ireland, they could never quite forget the origin of the titles to their lands and the bitterness of religious difference. Even the men of 1782 were never quite Irish enough to do justice to the Catholics of 1689. And Englishmen of both parties have been equally unfair. The Whigs held a brief for King William, and the Tories have always had a leaning to the doctrine of Irish original sin. The very Acts and Journals of King James's Parliament were ordered to be destroyed, and we have fewer materials to judge it fairly than we have for judging the Parliament of Barebones. Even Davis has to collate most of his facts from the hostile and Williamite King. Yet it was a very notable gathering.

It was called together at a time of war, when Ireland was the cockpit of a European conflict. It was composed of men who had for the most part no training in affairs, and who had had no opportunity of parliamentary experience. Yet it conducted its business on the whole with praiseworthy moderation, and the statutes which it passed compare favourably with those of any other Parliament of the time. Even the Act of Attainder, which is the blot upon its history, is paralleled by a similar Bill introduced some days earlier in the Convention Parliament in London. It passed an Act for Liberty of Conscience which could not at that day have been carried in any other legislative assembly in the world. It established schools, and in particular mathematical schools in the seaport towns. It introduced many non-controversial legal reforms, such for instance as the Statute of Frauds, and an Act for the better settling intestates' estates. It looked to the water supply of Dublin and to the ironworks of Sir Henry Waddington. It encouraged trade, partly by an Act giving the free trade with the colonies which was afterwards won with such difficulty in 1779, partly by less wise measures of protection, such as the curious Act prohibiting the importation of coal. It did as much as King James would let it towards establishing the legislative independence of Ireland. All this is not a discreditable record.

Its enemies have alleged that it was a mere collection of Tyrconnell's nominees, but there is much in this volume to disprove such a contention. In the House of Lords, Dopping, the Protestant Bishop of Meath, carried on a vigorous opposition. The Archbishop of Armagh, and four other Protestant Bishops also sat there. A number of Protestant peers, such as Forbes, Lord Granard, and Hamilton, Lord Strabane (the ancestor of the Duke

of Abercorn), were active. In the Commons, though the system of election was narrow judged by modern notions, there was on the whole a wide representation. Davis shows clearly that the number of electors was much greater than has been alleged. Still more conclusive proof of freedom of election is afforded by the list of members. Armagh county sent a Brownlow and a Hovenden, plantation names. Dublin University sent two strenuous Protestants. And the other names are almost always local names. The chief representatives of the various septs were sent as members for the counties in which the septs prevailed. This is especially notable in the Ulster and Munster counties. In Leinster and Connaught Norman families had the preponderance. But the important proof of free choice is the fact that in almost every case it will be found that the names of the members correspond with local names familiar in the same place to-day. The Parliament was certainly not composed of Tyrconnell's carpet-baggers.

Nor is there any sign of undue clerical influence. The Catholic hierarchy seem to have had very little to do with it. The ecclesiastical settlement was of that rough but equitable kind which would occur to the lay mind. Tithes of Protestants were to go to the Protestant clergy, and tithes of Catholics to the Catholic priests. Though a small stipend of £100 to £200 a year was reserved to Catholic ecclesiastics, it was made conditional on their appointments being ratified by the King. The Pope, as we know, had given his assistance to William, and King James, though a fervent Catholic, probably leaned to the Gallicanism of Louis, and found it easy to bring the Irish with him. So far as any professional influence was predominant it was that of the lawyers. The careful and workmanlike drafting of the Acts bears witness to the skill in their profession of the Catholic lawyers who had been exalted by Tyrconnell. But it would be idle to deny that the main influence was that of the descendants of the landowners who had been dispossessed by Cromwell and had not been restored by Charles II. The repeal of the Act of Settlement was the main purpose of the Parliament. We hardly think it worth while to inquire at this time of day whether the repeal was justified. It was at least very natural. Among the present generation of Irishmen, who have no liking for landlords of any kind, an Act transferring rights in land which, as against the tenant, no landlord should ever have had from landlords of one race to those of another, can awaken only a remote historical sympathy. But it would have been very surprising if the Parliament of 1689 had done anything else. The criticism of Davis on the way the thing was done seems eminently fair and judicious.

THE CAREER OF A GREAT INVENTOR.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WERNER VON SIEMENS.
Translated by W. C. Coupland. London: Asher & Co.

THE interesting volume just published by Messrs. Asher is a careful translation by the Secretary to the Goethe Society of the German edition of Dr. Werner Siemens' Autobiography, recently issued at Berlin. It forms an excellent supplement to the well-known life of his eminent brother, Sir William Siemens, by Dr. Pole, issued by Mr. Murray in the year 1888.

Ernest Werner Siemens was born at Lenthe in 1816 and received his education at the Gymnasium of Lübeck. In the year 1823, a few months after the birth of William, the family removed to Menzendorf, near Lübeck, where the father, Ferdinand Siemens, engaged in cultivating a large tract of land. A few years after his death, in 1839, the farm at Menzendorf was given up and the children were dispersed amongst relatives and friends.

Werner showed an inclination for the military profession, and in 1834 entered the Prussian Artillery as a volunteer. His great talents opened to him the

doors of the Military School in Berlin, where he studied for three years, devoting his chief attention to mathematics, mechanics, and chemistry. In 1838 he received his commission as lieutenant and went to Magdeburg for active service, where he continued his scientific reading. He was next transferred to the Technical Division of the Artillery at Spandau, and soon afterwards to Berlin.

The young lieutenant now endeavoured to turn his scientific knowledge to some account by the application of electricity to the deposition of metals. Later on he established a small factory in Berlin for carrying out the process.

The "Recollections" contain an interesting account of the manner in which Werner Siemens' attention was directed to electro-plating. At one time, during his service in a small garrison town, he acted as second in a duel, and, in the result, was sentenced by a court-martial to five years' imprisonment in the fortress of Magdeburg, which, as usual, was mitigated to a few months, during which period he set up a small laboratory in his cell and there succeeded in coating a German silver tea-spoon with gold. This discovery caused a great sensation, and he immediately concluded a bargain with a Magdeburg jeweller, selling him the right to use the process for forty louis, which supplied the means for further experiments. These were suddenly cut short by a royal order-in-council announcing a pardon and the consequent expulsion of the inventor, with his apparatus, from the fortress.

To his great delight he was ordered to Berlin for service in the ordnance department. By this transfer he not only obtained time and opportunity for further scientific studies and for increasing his technical knowledge, but for making some provision for the education and maintenance of his younger brothers and sisters, which duty now devolved upon him, after his father's decease, as the senior member of the family—a duty which he faithfully performed. In this article we can but glance at the vast works which Messrs. Siemens undertook in all parts of the world or the strange adventures by sea and land which attended their journeyings in pursuit of their execution, some of which are graphically described in the "Recollections."

In 1844, Werner Siemens began to pay special attention to electric telegraphs, and was named a member of the commission for introducing them into Prussia. He then founded, in conjunction with his friend, Mr. Halske, a manufactory for electrical apparatus in Berlin, but still remained in the military service, and in 1848 was sent to Kiel, where Danish men-of-war threatened the defenceless coast. Werner Siemens was the first to apply submarine torpedoes to the purpose of harbour defence. The insulation of the wires at Kiel was due to a coating of gutta-percha, of which substance his brother William had recently sent him a sample from England, where he was engaged in negotiating a sale of the electro-plating patent to Messrs. Elkington for fifteen hundred pounds, which then appeared to Werner to be a colossal sum.

The invention of nickel-plating and printing from cylindrical zinc plates, termed "anastatic printing," followed rapidly, but proved unremunerative. Werner came over to endeavour to overcome the difficulties. This was his first visit to England, where, fortunately for this kingdom, William had now decided to remain. The return journey of the "Berlin Siemens," as he was called, was made by Paris, and owing to the knavery of a hotel porter, a letter containing money for his expenses was not forwarded for a time, so that he had to study the art of living in a foreign city without funds. "I saw little of Paris beyond the streets in which I tramped away my hunger," he writes sadly. This led to his deciding to abandon for a time the costly chase after inventions in order to devote himself more thoroughly to serious scientific studies by attending the mathematical classes at the Berlin University. Dr. Werner modestly states that imperfect

original schooling in scientific study has always kept him back and crippled his efforts. "My affection," he writes, "has been given to pure science as such, but my labours and achievements have been for the most part in the domain of applied science." As an inventor—and perhaps the most prolific inventor the world has ever seen—he could no more keep from the study and production of technical improvements than a serious-minded hen can keep from laying eggs. It is now impossible to enumerate the useful inventions which teemed from his fertile brain, especially in connection with electricity. It is not generally known that the discovery of gun-cotton is due to him, and that its great value to the Prussian Government saved him from being sent from Berlin to join his brigade as a punishment for an imaginary offence, which at the same time seems to have finally determined his resolution to quit military service and resume the business of a manufacturer of telegraphs and their appliances with his partner, Mr. Halske. Their workshop was opened in Berlin on the 12th of October, 1847, in the back part of a house, where they also lodged, and grew rapidly into the world-known establishment of Siemens and Halske. The year 1852 formed a decided turning-point in his personal and business life. In that year he became engaged to a daughter of Professor Drumann, of Königsberg, and undertook the construction of the St. Petersburg to Moscow telegraph line for the Russian Government. The account of his posting journeys and adventures in old Russia is interesting, and exhibits his fertility of resource and determination.

In 1854 the Crimean War broke out, when Werner Siemens and his brother Charles were engaged in laying down a net-work of telegraphic lines over the country; and in 1855 he was suddenly commanded by the despotic Emperor Nicolas to undertake the extension of the system to the fortress of Sebastopol, and to furnish an estimate therefor "before seven o'clock next morning!" When the learned doctor mildly represented his doubts as to the possibility of constructing a line to the actual seat of war, he was overborne by the words, *The Emperor wills it!* He curtly sums up the situation by stating that *the line was made*. The first message transmitted from Sebastopol to St. Petersburg over this line announced the probable fall of the fortress. How the work was carried out in an incredibly short time must be gathered from the book itself. It was singular that in the two hostile camps of Sebastopol and Balaclava telegraph appliances constructed by Siemens and Halske were simultaneously at work. In 1857 Dr. Siemens engaged personally in the laying of deep-sea telegraphic cables, and brought to bear on the difficult problems involved his great scientific knowledge and practical experience. His adventures in Egypt and the Red Sea are graphically narrated, and he appears to have had some strange experiences. At Suakin he found a Berlin tailor in the disguise of a white-bearded Turkish Pasha. On the return journey through the Red Sea, on board the steamer *Alma*, Werner Siemens suffered shipwreck on a coral bank, and, with his fellow passengers and the crew, endured severe privations for four days, when they were rescued through the efforts of Mr. Newall.

On a subsequent occasion, in laying a deep-sea cable from Cartagena to Oran, paid out from a huge drum fixed in an unsuitable steamer, the brothers Werner and William twice encountered a fearful waterspout and lost the cable. A second cable shared the same fate and brought about a small crisis in the Berlin firm, from which Mr. Halske retired, and the firm of Siemens Brothers, which has its domicile in England, was formed.

Following more particularly the fortunes of Dr. Werner Siemens as detailed in the "Recollections," we cannot fail to notice his bold undertaking in the development—with his younger brothers, Walter and Charles—of the great Kedebug copper mine in

the Caucasus, situated at a height of 2,400 feet above the level of the Caspian Sea.

In voyaging down the Danube he met the famous Omar Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces, and was surprised to learn that he had been originally a sergeant in the Austrian army, and delighted more in speaking of the ladies of the ballet at Paris and Vienna than of his victories elsewhere.

The history of the "mosaic of nations" settled in the picturesque valleys around the great mine and the description of their underground dwellings is most interesting. Dr. Werner's personal adventures form a strong element in the latter portion of the book, which is a remarkable addition to scientific literature both in Germany and England.

SOME VERSE AND A PROSE BOOK.

SEERS AND SINGERS: A STUDY OF FIVE ENGLISH POETS.

By Arthur D. Innes. London: A. D. Innes & Co.

POEMS. By Arthur Christopher Benson. London: Mathews & Lane.

IDYLS AND LYRICS OF THE OHIO VALLEY. By John James Piatt. New Edition. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

LITTLE NEW-WORLD IDYLS. By John James Piatt. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

SONGS OF THE COMMON DAY. By Charles G. D. Roberts. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

VALETTE: TENNYSON AND OTHER MEMORIAL POEMS. By H. D. Rawnsley. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons.

LONDON SKETCHES, AND OTHER POEMS. By D. M. B. Maidstone: Young & Cooper.

VERSES OF LOVE AND LIFE. By R. E. Irroy. London: Reeves & Turner.

WHEN paradox is in vogue a commonplace becomes a striking remark; in times like ours, when perversity and the point of view shake us all like a fever-and-ague, insight into the obvious is as rare, one is tempted to say, as a healthy European cheek in Sierra Leone. Mr. Innes's excellent prose book contains more than sensible commonplaces; but it is a book primarily intended for ordinary people, and, while its frank, staid criticism and pleasant table-talk style cannot fail to attract its special public, age-end people, jaded with playing at the "Décadence," may be glad to find a breath of fresh air in it. Mr. Innes's five poets are the Brownings, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold, and of them all he says things one is glad to read, to applaud, and to dispute. It is not often that a publisher turns author, and we have pleasure in welcoming Mr. Innes among the ranks of his natural enemies. Every author, it is said, desires to shoot his publisher. Mr. Innes—But it is too obvious. It is certain that, whatever quarrel Mr. Innes may have with his publisher, it cannot be about the printing, paper, or binding of the book—all admirable, "of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a."

Mr. Benson's poems are in the main intended for the same public as Mr. Innes's prose. "Life," thinks Mr. Benson, "is very real to the ordinary man, and duty very plain"—i.e., for those who have ceased to think, to wonder, to try; and such readers will find much agreeable verse in Mr. Benson's volume. In his preface—a very questionable performance—"Oh that mine enemy had written a"—preface!—he asserts that "the poems make no claim to be a coherent philosophy," and it is not difficult to agree with him. He also says, "The almond-tree blooms, the rook strides over the new-turned furrow, and the streams hurry through the meadows with a singular indifference to the promises of Socialism and the mysteries of Home Rule." Nonsense like this in the porch of a book is not inviting, but we took the guarantee of the publishers' name, and read it through with considerable pleasure. Perhaps the best poems are "By the Glacier," and "In the Iron Cage." Of the high quality of the latter we have no doubt. It is in itself a remarkable performance, and quite amazing when compared with the rest of the book.

"But those wild eyes dwelt ever on the hills,
Unmoved and unregarding—and a child
That strayed alone came idly to the cage,
And pushed a wondering finger: growing bold
She smoothed the ruffled down, and felt the mail
Of those black horny claws: but when she saw
The sad bird heeded not the young caress,
Grew vexed, and reached, and smote him on the wing,
So that he staggered sidelong on the perch,
But gript again and never turned his head.

Up to the hills he lifted longing eyes,
And waited for the help that never came;
Too proud to wonder what had torn him thence,
Too sad to mourn, too strong to be consoled."

This approaches the great style: with the right subject Mr. Benson should excel. Let him not be misled by his facility in *vers de société*.

In the "Songs" of Mr. C. G. L. Roberts, the Canadian poet, and in the "Idyls and Lyrics" of Mr. J. J. Piatt of Ohio, we have praiseworthy attempts to see—

"What beauty clings
In common forms, and find the soul
Of unregarded things."

These are Mr. Roberts's words; but out of all his pieces the most satisfactory is "Marsyas," a subject loaded with the imaginings of two thousand years. He fails entirely to enlist our sympathies for his unregarded things, his "Frogs" and "Buckwheat." Mr. Piatt's mowers, milestones, wells, and apple-gatherings are more pleasing; but he never commands attention. They are not, however, common poems; no verse can be wholly common in which ring authentic sounds of the cannon at Gettysburg and Richmond.

Mr. Rawnsley is a strange man. Besides a series of twenty-two poems on Tennyson, he has written and published, and doubtless expects people to read, close upon a hundred funeral poems, mostly sonnets, in memory of notabilities and private individuals, who have died any time within the last fifty years. Truly a laureate of the hearse; and one full of ingenuity, "always varying the phrase" like the diner-out in Montesquieu, who wished his friends joy upon pensions amounting in the aggregate to two millions six hundred thousand livres.

D. M. B. came out of Kent one day and saw London, saw—

"The lights down Piccadilly swell,
And gather to a golden knot,"

and was constrained to sing about it; not altogether unsuccessfully, though seldom so successfully as in the couplet quoted—if it were not for that unfortunate "swell." The reader suggests "flit," or "troop," or "dance." Yes; but you have to rhyme with "spell."

Mr. Irroy dedicates "with reverence and devotion to the beloved memory of Master François Villon of Paris." His reverence and devotion take the form of imitation:—

"I promised to Jones—and I lied—
At Brighton this day I'd him meet;
In Mersea I hear him deride,
And the cries of the gulls at my feet."

It might be deemed impossible to surpass that, but Mr. Irroy can:—

"Scotland may boast of moor and hill,
Of blue lakes and of mountains high,
Of bagpipe with the pibroch (*sic*) shrill,
John Barleycorn to slack the dry,
That these are well few will deny,
With Edinburgh passing fair;
Still, at my peril, I must cry—
No land with England can compare."

Mr. Irroy can even surpass himself:—

"Where is fair Helen?—the jade—
Who fled with Paris' quick feet,
In his strong arms her limbs laid;
Where are the great armies' fleet
Which sacked Troy town so complete?
The heroes with sword or lance?
The goddess they looked for aid?
Gone like the lilies of France."

It is seldom that ineptitude is so amusing.

FICTION.

ROPES OF SAND. A Novel. By R. E. Francillon. In 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

ANABEL. A Military Romance. By Cathal Macguire. In 3 vols. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

A CAPITAL story, of the good old-fashioned sort, is Mr. Francillon's "Ropes of Sand." No lurid cloud of pessimism obscures it, no abstruse questions of psychology perturb it; indeed, pessimism and psychology would be alike out of place in a novel whose date is 1793—a period when "the vapours" had not yet been exalted into the region of scientific inquiry. No such anachronism, therefore, confronts the reader in "Ropes of Sand;" which, in sooth, is a lively narrative, brimful of high spirits and good humour, possessing a stirring plot, plenty of adventure, and—rarest of all—a happy ending. With these agreeable qualities, the book is sure to please readers of a temperament preferring incident to introspection, and gaiety to gloom. The scene is laid on the north-west coast of Devon—a coast rendered infamous by the dark deeds of the "wreckers" who seldom hesitated to add murder to pillage when the prospect of gain balanced the risk of punishment. In this den of wreckers, smugglers, and poachers, the principal personages of the story are found in the opening chapters. Francis Carew, the hero of the tale, is Squire of Stoke Juliot, and, at twenty-two years of age, is fast deteriorating into an idle spendthrift of the most deplorable type. But the lad is no profligate at heart, and is only going to the dogs for lack of any serious purpose or ennobling influence. At his lowest ebb of self-respect, a motive for reforming comes into his life, and at once he casts his slough of indolence, and springs into action. The constraining motive is love, and its object is Mabel Openshaw, the adopted daughter of the parson. Chivalry awakens in the young man's heart at first sight of her fair face, and he vows himself to her service like a knight of old. But Mabel is only a shallow coquette, unworthy of such devotion; so her lover is set to weave "ropes of sand" as the price of her favour. That is to say, she bids him voyage to the West Indies on an apparently hopeless quest, from which he vows never to return until successful. His appointed task is that of discovering the secret of Mabel's parentage; for she had been a nameless waif, cast up by the sea, when adopted by the parson of Stoke Juliot, with no clue to her identity save the name of the wrecked vessel, and the fact of its having sailed from the West Indies. Having thus cruelly banished Francis Carew, Mabel is left free to continue a flirtation, tending to elopement, with a certain Captain Quickset, a mysterious stranger, whose martial pretensions and insinuating manners have had their intended effect on the rustic beauty, and roused her vanity to dreams of pomp and pleasure. The self-styled Captain, however, is revealed to the reader as an impudent impostor, whose advances to the silly maiden are merely the schemes of a fortune-hunter. He has, in fact, come to Stoke Juliot as the paid spy of her real father, Sir Miles Heron, now anxiously seeking some trace of his long-lost daughter. Quickset, unearthing the object of his search, cunningly determines to inveigle Mabel into a secret marriage, by means of which he hopes to live in clover ever after. But the Nemesis of the romantic novelist is on his track. Francis Carew returns from his perilous quest at the precise moment when Sir Miles Heron is making himself known to Mabel; and it is also the moment when the wily Quickset has come to urge instant flight to Gretna Green. The situation is strongly dramatic. Coincidence is undoubtedly pushed to its extreme limits, but the author manages the scene with so much spirit and picturesqueness that its improbability is easily pardoned. How the ultimate happiness of young Carew is secured, despite his first love's unfaithfulness, we must leave to the author's own pen to reveal. The story is altogether an excellent specimen of its kind, robust and breezy in style, healthy in tone, and strong in execution. The character-

drawing is firm and consistent, specially good being the entertaining sketches of the rascal Quickset, and Parson Pengold, the sottish, slovenly scholar. In the pathetic figure of "Cucumber Jack," the half-witted man of the woods, we recognise originality of conception as well as skilful workmanship. "Ropes of Sand" should score a decided success.

A happy mingling of romance and realism combines to render "Amabel" a fascinating story. For the realism never degenerates into sordidness, nor the romance into melodrama; whilst a thoroughly healthy and human interest pervades the book. Idyllic pictures of rural existence in the remote wilds of Cornwall alternate with brisk and graphic sketches of military life, drawn by the hand of one evidently at home in such surroundings. Indeed, the military flavour of the story is a potent factor in the success achieved by "Amabel." That the author has studied the British soldier, with all his virtues and all his failings, at first hand is palpable. They are figures of real flesh and blood that move before us in this story—not the wooden puppets of the conventional novelist. Cyril Morshead, a handsome, dashing young sergeant in a cavalry regiment, goes to visit his rustic relations in the little Cornish village of Landulph, and there encounters a lovely girl, of obscure birth but exquisite refinement and grace. This is Amabel, the heroine of the tale, about whose parentage a mystery has clung from the opening chapter of the book. Her girlish fancy is quickly attracted by the martial glamour of the young Hussar, and their marriage speedily ensues, only to bring bitterest disillusion to the poor little bride. Morshead's fleeting passion burns out all too soon, and his neglect of Amabel is cruelly accentuated by the unwelcome attentions of his comrades and his officers. But her tender and loyal heart clings, through all trials, to her unworthy and unappreciative husband. Suddenly a stroke of fate comes between them, changing their relative positions at once and for ever. Amabel, the nameless orphan, is discovered to be a great heiress, of noble birth and magnificent position. Nay, more startling than all in its effects is the transformation by which she is revealed as the sister of her husband's commanding officer, thus rendering Morshead's position in the ranks one of unbearable mortification. Tortured by remorse for his past misconduct, which flashes upon him too late in its true light, goaded by reviving love for Amabel, and stung to madness by suspicions of her loyalty, he exchanges into a regiment bound on foreign service, and vanishes from his wife's ken. But Amabel learns in time the reason of her husband's desertion, hitherto inexplicable. He has been misled by slanderous reports, and she must find him and assure him of her undying faith. Thus the truant husband is found at last, and his atonement is completed in an unexpectedly tragical manner. We have made no allusions to the side-issues of the plot, because it is by no means in point of plot or construction that the story shines. Its strength lies in the blended simplicity and vigour of style, the delicacy of touch, the careful and life-like delineation of character, which distinguish "Amabel" from the ordinary novel of barrack-life. Morshead's complex nature is portrayed with real subtlety, whilst Amabel herself is the sweetest of heroines, and the story of her chequered life is told with singular refinement and charm. We can cordially recommend the book as one of genuine interest and decided talent.

TREASURES IN SINAI.

HOW THE CODEX WAS FOUND: A NARRATIVE OF TWO VISITS TO SINAI. Cambridge: Macmillan & Reeves.

ALL the world knows the story of the two brave and learned ladies who went to Sinai to photograph ancient manuscripts in the library of the convent, and who came back with a photograph of a Syriac palimpsest, which was discovered to be on its lower and almost faded script a codex of the Gospels. The following year the two ladies, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, returned to Sinai with the late Professor Bensley, Mrs. Bensley, Mr. and Mrs. Burkett,

and Mr. Rendell Harris, and succeeded in transcribing the whole document. The story of the discovery and transcription is now published. It consists of a reprint from journals kept by Mrs. Lewis during the two journeys, and there have been added translations of parts of a Greek description of Sinai and St. Sylvia's account of her visit to the monastery between A.D. 385 and 388. So that the book serves as a practical guide to Sinai, as well as being a narrative of what we trust is only the beginning of a series of discoveries in the same wonderful collection of manuscripts. The incidents of Semitic life are interesting. The ladies witnessed an outbreak of Arab indignation at cruelty to a horse (p. 26). Mr. Gröte, a missionary to the Bedouin, reported to them—as all desert travellers do—of the hunger of the nomadic life. Mrs. Bensley tried to teach the Bedouin women to knit. It was impossible: "the stupid creatures refused to learn, but some men and boys took up the work so eagerly that their kind teacher could not supply them all with materials."

AN INDEX TO THE STATUTES.

INDEX TO THE STATUTES IN FORCE. Twelfth Edition. Printed for the Stationery Office by Eyro & Spottiswoode.

THE Index to the Statutes has hitherto been published at intervals of, on the average, about two years, and has consisted of two parts. The first part contained a chronological list of the statutes, repealed and unrepealed, showing, in the case of those repealed (in whole or in part), by what statute the repeal was enacted. The second part contained an index in alphabetical order to the unrepealed statutes. The two parts together made a considerable quarto volume. Owing to the progress made in statute law revision since 1889, when the last volume was issued, a new volume was prepared under the directions of the Statute Law Committee, and has now been published as a Government publication. Unfortunately, the Council of Law-Reporting refused to co-operate in the new issue, as they had done in previous issues, by purchasing a large number of copies for distribution among their subscribers. The reason assigned is that three years is too short an interval since the last issue—a reason which we take leave to call absurd and quite in keeping with the Council's general want of enterprise. Under their direction law-reporting in England is entirely unprogressive. Cases are often not reported until six months after they were decided, and the digest of cases from 1885 to 1890 was not issued until two years after the completion of that period. Left in the lurch by the Council of Law-Reporting, the Statute Law Committee did not feel justified in issuing the list of statutes, and have printed the index alone in an octavo volume. The index is carefully, but not very intelligently, done. It is inferior in many respects to those issued in America and the Colonies. The classification of sub-heads is often inexplicable, and in practice misleading. The editor seems to have taken little notice of implied repeals. The Local Government Act of 1888 contained no specific repealing schedule, but a general clause repealing inconsistent provisions in previous statutes without specifying them. We find administrative powers attributed in the index to Quarter Sessions. We suggest, for the anxious consideration of the legal profession, whether steps should not be taken to prepare an improved index. The fact is that the pitifully small amount granted by Parliament for the drafting of Bills and the revision of the Statute Book is a national disgrace. Good drafting is the most laborious of legal work. It cannot be done in a hurry. The insufficiency of the staff assigned to this purpose has caused a vast deal of trouble, anxiety, and expense to those concerned in the administration of the law. The want of a really good index to the statutes is among the results of this insufficiency.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE secret of the two ardent and mysterious letters found in Beethoven's desk after the great composer's death, and commonly believed to be addressed to the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, is at length revealed in the modest and pathetic little volume, entitled "Recollections of Countess Theresa Brunswick."

*RECOLLECTIONS OF COUNTESS THERESA BRUNSWICK. (Beethoven's "Unsterbliche Geliebte.") By Mariam Tengor. Translated by Gertrude Russell. Portraits. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE BOOKWORM. An Illustrated Treasury of Old-Time Literature. Vol. VI. (London: Elliot Stock.) 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

AN ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK OF AGRICULTURAL BOTANY. By M. C. Potter, M.A., F.L.S. Illustrated. University Extension Series. (London: Methuen & Co.)

HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH CATHEDRAIS: CANTERBURY, PETERBOROUGH, DURHAM, SALISBURY, LICHFIELD, LINCOLN, ELY, WELLS, WINCHESTER, GLOUCESTER, YORK, LONDON. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Illustrated with Drawings by Joseph Pennell. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo.

OUR ENGLISH MINSTERS. By Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., and others. With Illustrations by Herbert Raiton and other artists. (London: Isbister & Co., Limited.) Crown 8vo.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN IN RELATION TO THE NATURAL LAWS. By George Combe. (London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited.) 12mo.

The Master became secretly engaged to that lady in May, 1806, and only her brother, Count Franz, was aware of the fact. The Countess Theresa was a remarkably beautiful woman, and Beethoven paid her homage in one of his greatest works, "Fidelis," and she, perhaps, more than anyone else, is believed to have been his inspiration in many other of the superb achievements of his life. In these pages the story of Beethoven's romantic attachment is told with delicacy and simplicity—avowedly from the lips of the Countess Theresa Brunswick herself. The engagement lasted four years, and then the lovers were parted; but there is evidence enough in these pages that, in spite of separation and the dividing years, love in each heart was stronger than death. The book throws some welcome side-lights on Beethoven's troubled but wonderful career, and it helps to clear up some obscure passages in the story of his life. Here is a passage which speaks for itself—it is almost too sacred for comment. The Countess Theresa is looking back in her old age—she died in 1861. "A picture was found among his belongings—no one knows that it is of me—and that first letter, which he wrote to me in July, 1806, after our engagement. So he had saved that one. And I had copied it before returning it to him with all the other letters. I can only humbly say to myself: That man loved thee! And thank God for it. I am nearly eighty; those I loved most have gone home before me. Daily I count the treasures which await me there." As for Beethoven, we know now that the Countess Theresa was the lady whom he styled his "Immortal Beloved," and of whom he said, with tears, as he too looked back, "She was too good for me!"

It is with the byways rather than the highways of literature that "The Bookworm" is concerned. The new volume—the sixth, by the way—admirably sustains the reputation which its predecessors have won, for it contains cues from all quarters on the making and distribution of books, as well as much pleasant library gossip. There is, in truth, scarcely a dull page in the volume, and there are many which are full of droll and entertaining literary information, and that, moreover, of a kind for which the bibliophile might search in vain elsewhere. Amongst the most attractive topics discussed are the almanacs of three centuries ago, French and English book-plates, the "Ingoldsby Legends," the management of books, the library of James VI. of Scotland, some recent book-finds, an eighteenth-century chap-book, old books in America, Paris as a book centre, and other topics which appeal at once to all lovers of literature who possess an antiquarian turn. It appears that two fine specimens of the genuine bookworm were recently discovered in a valuable copy of "Seneca," which was published in London in 1675. "One small white worm had entered at the lower right-hand corner, the conical cocoon from which it had emerged still adhering to the leaves of the book without. With its fellow, which was working towards it from the back of the book, no cocoon was found. The former, three-eighths of an inch long and one-eighth of an inch in diameter, was unwittingly killed by the disturbance of its shell; but the remaining member of the family is still alive and healthy." This insect pest is now, we are assured, extremely rare. In fact, when Mr. Bernard Quaritch discovered one a few years ago embedded in one of his treasured volumes, he celebrated the event by giving a dinner to a large party of more intelligent, though scarcely less aggressive, "bookworms."

We like the plan which Professor Potter has adopted in his "Elementary Text-book of Agricultural Botany"—the latest manual which Messrs. Methuen have added to their useful University Extension Series. It is difficult to discuss the various problems suggested by the life and structure of a plant, in a brief and simple treatise which appeals exclusively to beginners in the science of botany. The principles of vegetable physiology must, of course, be made clear to the student; but they can only be thoroughly grasped, as these pages point out, after a knowledge of the structure of the plant has been gained. Accordingly, the nature and properties of the plant-cell are first of all described; and afterwards, in a series of carefully graduated and progressive lessons, the root, the leaf, the stem, the flower, the fruit, the seeds, the rotation of crops, and other practical points are explained. Professor Potter is endowed to an enviable degree with the art of lucid exposition, and, though the use of some technical terms is unavoidable, to ensure accuracy, he avoids scientific nomenclature whenever such a course is possible. The book contains in its closing pages a brief summary of the classification of plants, and also an adequate account of the chief characteristics of the different groups. The aim of the work is to lay a foundation of exact knowledge which may serve to guide the student of agricultural botany in his future operations in field and farm. Scattered through the text are many diagrams and other illustrations, and in this, as in every other respect, the real and not the imaginary needs of the beginner have manifestly been studied.

Two books have reached us at the same moment on the great historical churches of the land, one of which is called a "Hand-book of English Cathedrals," whilst the other bears the more simple title of "Our English Minsters." The first is written by an American lady, and is illustrated by an American artist—Mr. Joseph Pennell, who is unquestionably one of the most accomplished living artists in black-and-white. The other volume is of more restricted scope, for it describes only seven of "Our

English Minsters"—namely, Westminster, Canterbury, Durham, Wells, Lincoln, Winchester, and Gloucester; whereas its transatlantic rival deals with all of these cathedrals and five others beside—Peterborough, Salisbury, Lichfield, Ely, and St. Paul's. Both books, oddly enough, omit Norwich, Hereford, Chester, Carlisle, Chichester, St. Albans, and Exeter—the latter a cathedral of great architectural claims and high significance in the annals of England. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's book has grown out of a series of articles which she contributed some years ago to a well-known American periodical; and we imagine that the companion work, for which Archdeacon Farrar and other clerical dignitaries are responsible, had its origin in a group of essays to an English magazine. The appeal of both volumes is to amateurs and not to architects, though Mrs. Van Rensselaer, with a zeal which is not always according to knowledge, handles the problems which lie at the basis of Gothic art and architecture. She writes in the main, however, with knowledge and care, as well as with enthusiasm, and the book can scarcely fail to gratify those who merely wish to skim, with some degree of intelligence, the surface of a difficult but attractive subject. The other volume is more superficial, more picturesque, and, we are bound to add, more readable. The story of the seven cathedrals we have named is told with considerable literary art, and in such a manner as to include, at least in brief outline, the most salient characteristics in the history, religion, and architecture of our ancestors. Dr. Farrar's account of Westminster Abbey states perhaps all that can be stated in a hundred pages concerning that wonderful structure, and Dean Spence does something like justice to the majesty and grace of the glorious cathedral at Gloucester. In each book the artists have caught the most impressive and beautiful aspects of the buildings, and Mr. Railton, no less than Mr. Pennell, has thrown the spirit of poetry into his delicate and imaginative drawings.

It is thirty-five years since George Combe—the disciple of Spurzheim and the valiant champion of the now largely discarded theories of phrenology—died, at the age of seventy; and it is sixty-five years since he startled the scientific world by the publication of his memorable treatise on "The Constitution of Man," of which a revised and condensed popular edition has just appeared. The book made a deep impression on thoughtful minds when it was first published, but it was not until 1835 that it obtained a widespread vogue. No less than fifty thousand copies were, however, printed between that year and the year 1838, and in 1843 it was still in steady demand at the rate of two thousand five hundred copies a year. There is truth in the assertion that the central idea of the book is independent of the claims of phrenology, and therefore the present editor has done well to retain only as much of that system and of its terminology as "seemed to be wanted by the estimate of its scope and utility now adopted by men of science." Most of the explanatory notes have been retained, and though needless illustrations have been excised, nothing has been omitted that was necessary for the continuity or the completeness of Combe's remarkable argument or ethical appeal.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- CONVIVIAL CALEDONIA: INNS AND TAVERNS OF SCOTLAND, AND SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE WHO HAVE FREQUENTED THEM. By R. Kempt. (Chapman & Hall.)
- WHAT NECESSITY KNOWS. By L. Dougall. Three Vols. (Longmans.)
- POEMS HERE AT HOME. By James Whitcomb Riley. (Longmans.)
- POEMS OF NATURE AND LOVE. By Madison Cawein. (Putnam.)
- UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH. A Book of Verses. By Michael Field. (Bell.)
- THE BOOKWORM. An Illustrated Treasury of Old-time Literature. (Stock.)
- THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN. By G. Combe. (*The Select Works of G. Combe.*) (Cassell.)
- THE COUNTERS OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA. By Sir Philip Sidney. (Sampson Low.)
- LANDMARKS OF A LITERARY LIFE. 1820—1892. By Mrs. Newton Crosland. (Sampson Low.)
- TALES OF THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS. By J. Keighley Snowden. (Sampson Low.)
- STORIES OF A WESTERN TOWN. By Octave Thanet. (Sampson Low.)
- BARABAS: A DREAM OF THE WORLD'S TRAGEDY. By Marie Corelli. Three Vols. (Methuen.)
- BURN'S "CHLORIS": A REMINISCENCE. By James Adam, M.D. (Glasgow: Morison Bros.)
- SYLVIA'S ANNUAL, 1893. (Ward, Lock & Co.)
- MEMOIRS. By Charles G. Leland. Two Vols. (Heinemann.)
- LETTERS, REMAINS, AND MEMOIRS OF EDWARD ADOLPHUS SEYMOUR, TWELFTH DUKE OF SOMERSET, K.G. Edited and arranged by W. H. Mallock and Lady Gwendolen Ramsden. (Bentley.)
- BIBLICAL ESSAYS. By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D. (Macmillan.)
- JOTTINGS ABOUT BIRDS. By C. Dixon. (Chapman & Hall.)
- ELEMENTARY PALEONTOLOGY FOR GEOLOGICAL STUDENTS. By H. Woods, B.A., F.G.S. (*Cambridge Natural Science Manuals.*) (Clay & Sons.)
- ULRICH'S GERMAN PROSE. By Anton J. Ulrich. Revised by J. Gibson, M.A. (Williams & Norgate.)
- REFLECTIONS UPON MUSICAL ART. By Joseph Goddard. (Goddard & Co.)

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- A LATTER-DAY ROMANCE. By Mrs. Murray Hickson. (*The Modern Library.*) (Bliss, Sands, & Foster.)
- A CHILD'S RELIGION. By the Author of "Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth." (Kegan Paul.)
- AS GOLD IS TRIED. By Harriett Boulwood. (Jarrold.)
- BLACK, WHITE, AND GREY. A Story of Three Homes. By Amy Walton. (W. & R. Chambers.)
- IN THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN PLUME. A Tale of Adventure. By D. L. Johnstone. (W. & R. Chambers.)
- EARLY AND LATE POEMS. By C. J. Riethmüller. (G. Bell.)
- TO HIS OWN MASTER. By Alan St. Aubyn. Three Vols. (Chatto & Windus.)
- SUCH A LORD IS LOVE. A Woman's Heart-Tragedy. By Mrs. Stephen Batson. Two Vols. (Innes.)
- THE LETTERS OF LADY BURGHESSE FROM GERMANY AND FRANCE DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF 1813-14. Edited by her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall. (Murray.)
- IVAR THE VIKING. A Romantic History. By Paul du Chaillu. (Murray.)
- SCOTLAND YESTERDAY. Some Old Friends. By William Wallace. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
- MICHAEL LAMONT, SCHOOLMASTER. By Jessie P. Findlay. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
- THE OUT-DOOR WORLD. By W. Furneaux, F.R.G.S. (Longmans.)
- THE PRACTICAL GUIDE TO ALGIERS. By George W. Harris. Fourth Edition. (G. Philip.)
- THE TRAGEDIES OF SOPHOCLES. Translated into English Prose from the Text of Jebb. By Edward P. Coleridge, B.A. (G. Bell.)
- ON THE INDIAN HILLS; OR, COFFEE-PLANTING IN SOUTHERN INDIA. By Edwin Lester Arnold. New Edition. (Sampson Low.)
- CLAUDEA'S ISLAND. By Esme Stuart. (Sampson Low.)
- THE LORD'S PRAYER. Sermons Preached in Westminster Abbey. By F. W. Farrar, D.D. (Isbister.)
- NURSERY LYRICS. By Mrs. Richard Strachey. (Bliss, Sands, & Foster.)
- THE BUCCANERS OF AMERICA. By J. Esquemeling. (Swan Sonnenschein.)
- PICTURES OF GREEK LIFE AND STORY. By the Rev. A. J. Church, M.A. (Hutchinson.)
- THE BOY PATRIOT. By Oliver Dyer. (Hutchinson.)
- THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY. By the Right Rev. P. Brooks, D.D. (Macmillan.)
- THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND RECENT RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. By Charles A. Whittuck, M.A. (Macmillan.)
- ASPECTS OF THEISM. By William Knight, LL.D. (Macmillan.)
- ESKIMO LIFE. By Fridthjof Nansen. Translated by W. Archer. (Longmans.)
- A ROMANCE OF LINCOLN'S INN. By Sarah Doudney. Two Vols. (Hutchinson.)
- CAMBRIDGE SERMONS. 1889-1892. Edited by C. H. Prior, M.A. (Methuen.)
- A MEMOIR OF EDWARD CALVERT, ARTIST. By his third son. (Sampson Low.)
- FROM THE ARCTIC OCEAN TO THE YELLOW SEA. By Julius M. Price, F.R.G.S. New Edition. (Sampson Low.)
- A LEGEND OF MONTROSE. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. (*The Manchester Library.*) (Sampson Low.)
- THE MAGAZINE OF ART. Volume for 1893. Vol. XVI. (Cassell.)
- BARNCRAIG. By Gabriel Setoun. (Murray.)
- WITH THE WOODLANDERS AND BY THE TIDE. By a Son of the Marshes. Edited by J. A. Owen. (Blackwood.)
- ANTHRA. By Cécile Cassavetti, a Russian. New Edition. (Cassell.)
- CHRIST AND OUR TIMES. By William Macdonald Sinclair, D.D. (Isbister.)
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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, with commendable determination, has been keeping up his oratorical campaign, notwithstanding the carping objections of the *Times* and certain other Tory newspapers. He has spoken twice during the past week, once on Licensing Reform and once in reply to Mr. Asquith's speeches in Scotland. As between those critics of his own household, who object to his campaign, and himself, we must say our sympathies are on the side of Lord Randolph. There is a frankness about his method which contrasts favourably with the pompous disingenuousness of the regular exponents of Tory and Liberal Unionist public opinion; and we shall be glad when he recovers his old form and really begins to contribute to the gaiety of politics again. He has not recovered his old form yet; his speeches are still more or less entitled to that description which he himself has absurdly applied to the speeches of Mr. Asquith—"a labyrinth of nonsense." But they are showing some signs of improvement. There is, for example, a gleam of the old Randolph in the plain, blunt way in which he treated Mr. Redmond's supposed offer of help to the Unionists in his speech at Yarmouth. "I am sure," he said, "that the Unionist party would not disdain Mr. Redmond's votes if they tried to force the Government to go to the country." The regular Tory publicists would not put it in that way to the world. For some years past they have been covering the Liberal party with righteous obloquy because it has not "disdained" Nationalist co-operation in furtherance of a policy on which both Nationalists and Liberals are agreed. Lord Randolph, who was one of the chief engineers of the Tory-Nationalist alliance of 1885, and who knows his party well, disdains such hypocrisy, and speaks with an honester if ruder tongue. But how completely such an admission on Lord Randolph's part spoils the effect of the extravagant abuse which, in the same speech, he heaps upon the "Irish majority" of the Government.

WHATEVER political opinions men may hold, there are few, we believe, who will not regret that the refusal of his certificate to Mr. Michael Davitt should prevent his sitting as a member of the House of Commons. We should have said, indeed, that nobody could have failed to regret this fact, if we had not read the harangue which Judge Boyd delivered when availing himself of his powers in order to put an end to Mr. Davitt's political career. We know

nothing whatever about Mr. Boyd, beyond the fact that he has been a successful Irish place-hunter, but it is impossible to read the extraordinary "judgment" he delivered in Mr. Davitt's case without feeling that in one respect, at all events, he cannot be regarded as a specimen of judicial sagacity. He has not learned the wisdom of refraining from giving his reasons for his decisions. The reasons he gave for refusing a certificate to Mr. Davitt seem to us to have been something worse than merely inadequate. It may be Mr. Boyd's misfortune, rather than his fault, that the reporter should have made him seem to visit Mr. Davitt with a heavy penalty under the Bankruptcy Laws for a purely political offence. Nor is the case improved by the fact that this offence was not committed by Mr. Davitt himself. It seems incredible that Judge Boyd should have used the language attributed to him; but he has not yet disowned the report of his speech in the *Times*.

WE deal elsewhere with the question raised by Mr. Redmond's recent speeches in Ireland. Most Irishmen will be as ready to repudiate some of Mr. Redmond's expressions of opinion as English Liberals themselves are. Fortunately, there is not the slightest reason to suppose that the oratorical licence which Mr. Redmond allows himself when speaking in Ireland will be translated into action. Nobody knows better than he does that the fortunes of Home Rule are bound up with those of the present Government and the Liberal party, and he has yet to convince us that he is ready to betray the cause he has espoused so heartily. But, whilst we regret his verbal indiscretions, we have no right to forget that there are Englishmen who can also be indiscreet, and that some of them are to be found in the Liberal ranks. If the fortunes of Home Rule depend upon the present Government, it is equally certain that the Government and the Liberal party are in turn dependent upon the Irish members. Mr. Redmond's speeches, foolish and regrettable as they are, may at least serve to remind some amongst us that the alliance between the British and the Irish is one which imposes obligations upon both sides.

THE *Westminster Gazette* has taken us rather strongly to task for our remarks last week on the Matabele question. It seems to think that we have become somewhat muddled in our ideas as to the policy of English Liberals with regard to that question; and it charges us with encouraging the "kid-glove fallacy" that a great Power can deal with a savage tribe without either smashing it or being

smashed. We confess we do not see much of the kid-glove in the relations of the Imperial power with the natives of South Africa. But again and again we have seen, during the last forty years, mere muddleheadedness bring about costly and cruel wars which might easily have been avoided. Our view of the Chartered Company and its position has never varied. We have approved of those merchant adventurers who, by fair agreement with native chiefs, have secured for themselves the right of developing valuable tracts of territory. But we are not, and never have been, prepared to admit the right of these commercial speculators either to enter upon wars of aggression on native chiefs or to drag the Imperial Government into such wars. The Chartered Company may plead that it is only acting in self-defence, but that plea is still to be proved; and in any case it is for the Imperial Government, and not for a party of financiers in the City, or a company of adventurers in South Africa, to control the relations between the British Empire and its dependencies of every description on the one hand, and aliens on the other. The *Westminster Gazette* will, we are sure, agree with us in thinking that a causeless war is the worst of crimes; and perhaps, when it can rid itself of the glamour which Mr. Rhodes casts over so many persons, it may even be brought to admit that the Imperial Government is a better judge in the disputes between the Chartered Company and the chief from whom it secured its concession, than the Chartered Company itself can ever be.

THERE is one other point upon which our opinion has never varied. That is, that if the forces of Great Britain are to be employed against Lobengula, the Chartered Company must disappear. We are not going to spend the blood or the treasure of Englishmen for the purpose of enriching a parcel of English and African speculators. If, unhappily, we have to fight, and to destroy Lobengula, it must be in the name of the Imperial Power, and the spoils of the conflict, such as they are, must fall to the Crown alone. We do not care to enter into any discussion here as to the financial condition of the Chartered Company. It is possible that it is in such a condition that war may be its last hope of avoiding ruin. But whether that be so or not, it is clearly the business of Great Britain, if she has to interfere in this struggle at all, to interfere, not in the interests of a private company, but in those of the nation as a whole. This opinion we have stated again and again, and we confess that we find it difficult to understand where the muddleheadedness our contemporary attributes to us is to be found.

WE suggested, in announcing the partial close of the coal strike four weeks ago, that a good deal of suffering might still be in prospect. Events since have fully justified our fears. There have been a few more secessions from the Coalowners' Federation and more reopening of pits. In one case, Lord Vernon's, it is announced that the opening is in self-defence, as prior seceders are reaping the benefits of the continuance. The coalowners have offered at last to submit their books to the inspection of chartered accountants, one to be named by Mr. Pickard, M.P., and the rest by the mayors who recently proposed mediation. But Mr. Pickard will not accept the suggestion, and negotiations are again at a standstill. A joint conference seems in sight as we go to press; but it is as well not to be too hopeful as to its immediate results. The coalowners who are still standing firm are probably better prepared to hold out now than they were in July. The distress among the men is terrible, and the relief funds can hardly increase much.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

Prices have risen again, and the supply of London has threatened to fail almost entirely, and the public still—after three months of struggle—has not yet enough facts before it to permit of an unbiassed judgment as to the rights of the case.

WE are glad to learn that a movement is on foot among London Liberals in view of next year's School Board elections. It was never more necessary than it is now that the Liberal party of the Metropolis should unite in a determined attempt to put an end to the reign of the present majority on the London School Board. That majority has devoted all its energies to the double task of lowering the education afforded by the Board, and of importing sectarian bitterness into its training and methods of administration. Backed up by the overwhelming majority of the Church clergy, by the Tory press, and by all the enemies of national education, it has succeeded in inflicting an irreparable wrong upon the present generation of London children. That it has done this in the name of religion does not certainly lessen the evil. Every friend of a national system of education, as well as all advocates of religious liberty and equality, ought to combine with those who are leading the movement in favour of the election of a Liberal majority on the next School Board.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL has this week been dispersed owing to an attack of the scarlet-fever epidemic. With some three thousand cases in the Metropolitan hospitals it is not surprising to find a school of six hundred boys showing some twenty cases. But a special cause is assigned for this outbreak in the unsanitary condition of a part of the school premises. It seems to be generally felt that the seat of the mischief will never be properly reached until the school-buildings are removed. This removal will probably not take place for three or four years, and meanwhile, temporary expedients will have to be employed; but it is certainly unfortunate that when all kinds of causes are operating together to drive the governors into financial straits, they should be burdened with the cost of expensive alterations. The dispersion of the boys need give no ground for alarm, as every boy will be carefully inspected before being allowed to leave for his home, and it has been duly impressed upon parents that every precaution must be used in the oversight of their boys.

THE conviction of the Phelans at Chester for systematic and atrocious cruelty to their two babies, coupled with Mr. Labouchere's recent exposure of another professional flogger of girls, suggests some reflections as to the immense change in the treatment of children which is manifest from the most cursory reference to the literature bearing on childhood. It is true that the cases above cited are exceptional—the one exhibiting a delight in cruelty for its own sake, thinly veiled, as in Mrs. Montagu's case, under the pretext of parental duty; the other the deliberate adoption of brutality as a trade. But instances might probably be quoted by the dozen from history—or, what is more important as an illustration of popular feeling, from literature—which if they were to occur to-day would draw at least a warning notice from the excellent society to whose persistence the Phelans owe their just punishment. One of the poems of Herondas—the “dramatic sketches” of the variety theatres of Alexandria under the Ptolemies—exhibits a mother taking her naughty boy to a schoolmaster and detailing his misdoings. Despite his vigorous protests and yells he is soundly cowed at her request (it is amazing how much amusement has always been obtainable in literature from the beating of small boys). “Give him ten more,” says his mother at last. “Why,” answers the operator, “he has many more stripes than a snake, as it is,”

Yet the Greeks, in all ages, were a genial, kindly, domestic people, whom the existence of slavery ought to have made as sensitive to the application of the rod to their own sons as the "Southern chivalry" were before the War of Secession.

IN modern times, no doubt, a too literal interpretation of the advice of Solomon has had much to do with hardening the conscience of parents and guardians in the matter. A good instance may be cited from Mrs. Sherwood's "Fairchild Family"—a book popular in many an Evangelical household during the middle third of this century, and written as a religious story for children. There Henry, the only son (aged seven), begins the Latin Grammar under his father's tuition. With remarkable forethought he stubbornly declines to learn his lesson, because, though the first pages are easy enough, he looks at the syntax and is sure he will never be able to learn *that*. Hereupon he is whipped periodically and kept for three days in solitary confinement on bread and water until his self-will is broken down. The religious observances with which the process is accompanied are at least more sincere than that "reading of the chapter in the Bible" which is one of the most nauseous items in the procedure of Mr. Labouchere's girl-flogger. When public opinion in the upper classes began to disapprove the corporal punishment of girls, we do not know; but even so excellent a person as Lady Jane Grey at the age of fifteen complained to Roger Ascham that whenever she was in presence of either father or mother [whatever she did], she had to do it "even so perfectly as God made the world," or else she had to suffer "pinches, nips, bobs," and other ways of torment which she would not name for the honour she bore her parents.

THE Russian officers have departed from ABROAD. Paris happy, but exhausted, to meet with greetings of smaller scale but equal intensity in the various provincial towns of France. Their reception in Paris has come to an end amid unexampled splendour and unparalleled enthusiasm, and has been diversified—fortunately, but unexpectedly—by the introduction of just that note of sombreness which was needed to give variety, contrast, and dignity to the artistic effect of the whole. Nothing could have been more impressive amid the brightness and gaiety of the series of festivities than the solemn episode of Sunday last. The ceremony was admirable in every way—in the dignity of the pageant, in the unwonted self-restraint of the Parisian populace, in the excellent tact with which the Premier extolled the honesty, the simplicity, the devotion to his duty and his country of the dead man, while veiling those unhappier features of his public career which might even at his funeral have raised some bitter feelings in the minds of supporters of the Republic. The scene at the funeral of Marshal MacMahon has at least suggested a moral basis—in loyalty to country and Sovereign—for the alliance and the sympathy between peoples otherwise so unlike as those of Russia and France.

MEANWHILE, the scene of the exchange of courtesies between the representatives of the navies of England and Italy has been transferred from Taranto to Spezia. Our sailors have assuredly had no occasion to question the cordiality of the reception; and it is satisfactory to see that the proceedings have been entirely denuded of that significance which the attitude of a portion of the Continental Press—and, it must be added, of some high personages in Italy and Germany—had been only too well calculated to suggest. Even the semi-official organ of the Italian Ministry, after maintaining till the end of last

week, in spite of all official denials, that the King and the Prince of Naples would visit the fleet at Spezia, has now been constrained to accept the contrary. It is noticed again, and by some Italian Chauvinists deplored, that the Italian Premier's "programme speech" at Dronero on Wednesday week contained no syllable of reference to the English fleet; and the visit is interpreted on the Continent, especially in France, precisely as we should desire—as a mere testimony of the goodwill existing between the English and Italian nations, and manifested throughout the history of the Italian kingdom—a goodwill which stands wholly apart from the expensive blunders and ruinous "megalomania" of successive Italian Governments, and signifies absolutely nothing as to the precise share to be taken by this country in future complications in Europe. Unfortunately the students of *la haute politique* on the Continent are so numerous, so inventive, and often so fatuous that they are only too ready to find an international significance in events which are wholly destitute of it in fact.

WE wish we could say the same of a third fraternisation—that of the Italian and Austrian squadrons, which is said to be impending at Genoa. But it is even reported that an Italian squadron is to pay a visit to the Austrian navy at Pola in Dalmatia. Fiume is not to be visited because of the ancient enmity between Italians and Croats (the latter, be it remembered, were often an important part of the garrison of Venetia): nor Trieste, because of the awkward complications that might be created by the patriots of "unredeemed Italy." Here, in fact, is the weakest of the many points of the Triple Alliance.

THE speech of the Italian Premier at Dronero, on which we commented last week, has assuredly not improved the financial situation. Italian rents speedily fell, though not very greatly, in Paris and Berlin, and have since fallen more heavily, especially in London. The Premier is attacked on the one side by the ultra-military party because he will not spend enough on the army, and by the ultra-patriots because he has not made capital out of the visit to our fleet; and, on the other by Signor di Rudini and Signor Branca—both ex-Ministers—because he will not admit that the Army Estimates are capable of further reduction. Prophecies are freely made that there will soon be another shuffle of Ministers, from which a Zanardelli Cabinet more or less under the influence of Signor Crispi will result. But the Chambers only reassemble on November 23rd, and meanwhile a serious crisis is impending in Sicily. "Strategic points" have been occupied by troops as a preparation for the formal dissolution of the revolutionary associations—the "Fasci dei Lavoratori"—which are estimated to contain 300,000 members. It is said, too, that the command of the troops is to be given to General Baldissera, who earned an unenviable notoriety in connection with the atrocities by which it was deemed necessary three years ago to govern the "Erythrean colony," and whose appearance in Sicily to carry out a policy of coercion may easily create a state of things with which the Government will hardly be able to cope.

AFTER all, the announcement telegraphed from Vienna last Friday of the abandonment of Count Taaffe's Reform Bill was at least premature. Violently opposed though it is by the three great parties, he has declared that he intends to stand by it in view of the dangers inevitable with a large unenfranchised population. It remains to be seen how far the present machinery of the Dual Monarchy will stand the unwonted strain. We need only refer to the striking commentary on his action from the Czech point of view, which is printed elsewhere, to

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show that the party of centralisation and the *status quo* have some reason for their apprehensions.

THE German Emperor's speech this week, at Dresden, at the military jubilee of the King of Saxony, contains nothing specially noticeable. One cannot help suspecting, however, that his utterances just now are prompted in part by the desire of combating that Particularism which has been so conspicuous in South Germany, especially of late. It looks, however, as if Germany might find a new bond of union in Socialism. In the Parliamentary election in Saxony last week the Socialist candidates held all their seats and gained two. It is true that they are only 13 in a House of 82, but then the suffrage is restricted and the form of election very unfavourable to the artisan classes. The Socialist Congress at Cologne this week may well congratulate the party on its progress. In Baden, too, the Socialists gain a seat, while the Liberals there, as elsewhere, have suffered from the recent split. In Prussia the General Election promises ill for the German Liberals. A bitter feud has long raged between Herr Richter's orthodox party and the Secessionist Union; the latter, it is true, have had the worst of it, but it is hardly likely that the suggested alliance against the forces of reaction between these two sections and the National Liberals will be carried out.

At the end of last week a leading newspaper of Christiania published a statement in English, four columns in length, of the Norwegian case in the dispute with Sweden. Temperately enough, it lays stress on the essential separateness of the two kingdoms, maintaining that the control of foreign affairs by Sweden is in fact a usurpation dating only since 1885. It indicates, moreover, that the question may narrow itself down to this: Shall there be a joint Foreign Minister—either Swede or Norwegian, according to circumstances—as proposed in Sweden, or a joint Council for Foreign Affairs, as demanded in Norway? And it repudiates with remarkable fervour the imputation that Norway seeks to curry favour with Russia by offering her an outlet to the Atlantic.

FROM South America there is little to report. The revolution in Brazil drags on in desultory fashion at Rio de Janeiro and in Rio Grande do Sul, but no definite solution seems near. The population of the capital is said to be much exasperated against the insurgents. The postponement of the elections for two months may avert some bloodshed, but can only prolong the crisis. The American Admiral has been superseded, properly enough, for impartially saluting both sides—a proceeding which is probably more correct in fact than in international law. In Argentina there is an improvement—so much so, that certain "industrial firms" have actually demanded that measures shall be taken by the Government to stop the fall of the gold premium, which, it may be noted, is almost normally about twice as high in Argentina as it was in New York in the darkest days of the War of Secession. It is known that the depreciation of the currency among the people generally is not nearly so great as in the business circles of Buenos Ayres, and it is probable that these firms, buying labour and material in paper (at popular rates) and selling in gold, have excellent reason to complain if the premium on gold declines. Still, the complaint is odd, and, from the point of view of the foreign investor, a welcome sign of returning dividends.

LITERATURE, THE pocket edition of Thackeray's works which is promised by his old publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., will be welcome to many a man who has grown tired of referring to his favourite novelist

in an *édition de luxe* or some even less cumbrous form. What we would particularly like to see would be a handy edition of the Poems and Ballads of the author of "Vanity Fair." Thackeray as a novelist is still acknowledged (though grudgingly) by the superior lights of the new generation; but Thackeray as a poet seems to be known to them as little as Clough himself is. Yet there are lines of Thackeray's which deserve to live, and whole poems that we would not willingly exchange for all the effusions, now mystical and now brutal, of the modern school of *décadents*.

AMONG the most recent advances in methods of illumination, that which is now being successfully worked for increasing very considerably the illuminating power of coal-gas, is the most important. Mr. E. Tatham, about three years ago, seems to have originated the idea on which this method is based, he having proposed to add a quantity of pure oxygen to warm, heavy oil-gas. Dr. L. T. Thorne, in the same year, after a series of experiments, was led to the conclusion that rich oxy-oil gas *per se* was more effective as an illuminant than ordinary coal-gas, but that it would be better to use it to enhance the lower illuminating power of ordinary coal-gas. With such prospects of better illumination, works have been erected and the gas made in large quantities, the results attained being highly satisfactory. The admission of about six per cent. of oxy-oil gas has increased the illuminating power by an equivalent of five and a half candles, which will, no doubt, be exceeded when the plant is completed, the proper coal used, and the whole has been in working order a little time. A marked increase in the stability of the gas is also remarked, while the cost as yet estimated will amount to an increase at most of a fraction over a farthing more than the general price.

THE MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SINGH, the heir of a long line of Sikh princes, was long a conspicuous figure in English society as a "king in exile" who had frankly accepted his position and done his best to adopt the life of a great English nobleman. His game preserving and his *battues* of pheasants were the wonder of East Anglia. He often entertained Royalty; he was a conspicuous figure at Court functions; and, but for his extravagance, might have continued the pleasant, if ineffective, life which circumstances had made him accept. Want of money, however, drove him first to demonstrations against the Indian Government, then into unsuccessful intrigue with Russia, and finally into exile and comparative obscurity in Paris. The Most Rev. Dr. Knox, Archbishop of Armagh and Anglican Primate of All Ireland, was an excellent pastor and an admirable chairman and organiser, and, unlike some Bishops, even outside Establishments, never forgot either the rights of the laity or the duties of Christian fellowship. Lord Vivian, H.M. Ambassador to Italy, had done good service to England and mankind—especially in connection with the suppression of the slave trade—and was a distinguished and popular, if not exactly a brilliant, diplomatist. M. Lenoel, Senator for the Manche, had had his public career interrupted by the *coup d'état*, and had only resumed it in 1870. He had published some works on the confines of jurisprudence and politics, and initiated some philanthropic legislation for the protection of children. Professor Philip Schaff, a Swiss by extraction, was perhaps better known in America than in England as a voluminous and important theological writer and editor; he was an earnest promoter of the Evangelical Alliance. To Father Morris we refer elsewhere. Mr. James Hill had twice contested London constituencies, and was the accepted Liberal candidate for North Islington.

THE FUTURE OF HOME RULE.

THAT it would be a mistake in tactics from every point of view, but especially from the point of view of Home Rule itself, to waste next session firing off blank cartridge over another Home Rule Bill for the amusement of the Lords and the Opposition, seems to us so obvious that it is unnecessary to argue about it. We feel sure it is obvious even to Mr. Redmond, though he, tempted into those short-sighted obliquities of assertion which prove so dangerous a lure to the unguarded politician, has been trying to make some party capital out of the announcement that the Bill is not to be reintroduced. At the same time, it is only natural that that announcement should have given rise to a certain amount of disquiet in Irish opinion. The need for Home Rule being a reality in Ireland and not a sham, the longer the Great Remedy is postponed, the harder it becomes for the patient to hold out, the severer grows the trial upon her morale and upon her strength. It is essential for British Liberals, now that we are on the eve of a British session, to give due weight to this fact; and it is essential for Irish Nationalists to realise their position between this fact on the one hand, and their relations to the Liberal party on the other.

Politics is a practical science, and the vital or hinging fact which the practical politician will seize on in the present situation is that, so far as their immediate plans of action are concerned, Liberals and Nationalists have a common objective. That objective is a decisive Liberal and Home Rule majority at the next election. Home Rule is the foremost measure on the present Liberal programme, and one of the cardinal propositions of the Liberal position is that, until that measure is carried, Parliament will not be thoroughly free to undertake the greater works of British legislation for which the time is ripe. English Liberals, therefore, are as anxious as Irishmen can be to make Home Rule law as quickly as possible; and the main practical question to exercise the brains of both parties is, How is the decisive Liberal and Home Rule majority at the next election best to be obtained? This is so self-evident to those who understand politics, that it does not need to be demonstrated. It is not given to everybody, however, even every politician, to understand politics. There are probably Liberals here and there who do not quite grasp the fact that Home Rule is now so vital a part of Liberalism, that its being "shelved," discredited, or destroyed by any means would mean the defeat of the Liberal party itself; and, on the other hand, there are evidently Nationalists who do not quite realise that the defeat of the Liberal party would mean the ruin of the Home Rule cause for the present generation. Both sorts of politicians constitute so small a minority of their respective parties as to be, generally speaking, a neglectable quantity. But one of the less obvious peculiarities of the present situation which careful observers of the ground will perceive is this—that it would be possible for Irish members to pursue a course of action which, by working on men's tempers, would tend to reinforce the class of Liberals to which we allude; and it would be possible for Liberals, by taking too narrow or unsympathetic a view of the difficulties of their allies, to reinforce the camp of the intransigent Nationalists. The great bulk of Liberals and Nationalists are too sound, both in the head and the heart, to be affected in this way; but this interplay of the respective minor sections is an extremely interesting thing, and, at a given point, it might become important. We propose, therefore, to subject it to a little frank examination.

Let us first consider Mr. Redmond. Mr. Redmond has been going about for the past few weeks denouncing the Liberal party for what he calls "hanging up" Home Rule, and calling on the Government to reintroduce the Bill next session or else to dissolve Parliament at once: that is to say, echoing exactly the cry of the Unionists. He endeavours to make some collateral capital out of the position of the evicted tenants and the demand for amnesty, and he threatens that he and his eight colleagues will not help the Government with their British measures during the coming session. They will come over for critical divisions on the Employers' Liability Bill, he explained at Waterford, but only because that is a measure which affects Irish as well as British working-men; which is, to say the least of it, pushing the doctrine of particularist selfishness to a nice point. Now we confess we view these tactics of Mr. Redmond more in sorrow than in anger; for we do not take his utterances over-seriously for one thing, and for another, it is no part of any thinking Liberal's desire to see Irish political leaders discrediting themselves. We remember a pregnant saying of Mr. Parnell's in one of his speeches on the first Home Rule Bill—"We cannot spare a single Irishman." To tell the truth, Ireland, after her generations of misrule, is too poor in her supply of possible statesmen to afford to lose any of them on the eve of her great experiment in self-government. We had much rather see Mr. Redmond grow in reputation and in the sense of responsibility—save himself, as it were, for College Green, where the Irish democracy, like every other, under its various groups and parties, must work out its own salvation—than see him involving himself now in the consequences of folly. His present following includes a radix of the national sentiment—there is no wisdom in ignoring the fact—a radix which in perverted growth can throw out shoots both mischievous and tenacious, but which, healthily nurtured, can be productive of good. It is here his chief responsibility comes in; let him beware how he tills that vine. But not to go beyond the immediate situation, it is right to point out to Mr. Redmond that if he were supported by any large proportion of the Irish people—as happily he is not—in the course of action which he is at present threatening, he would be on the straight road to earning that sort of place in the history of his country which is occupied in the story of Ephesus by the man who burned down the national temple. Mr. Redmond, however, is more likely to lose than to gain supporters by such a course. We will not do the Irish people the injustice of supposing that they could have anything but resentment for the preposterous, the ridiculous suggestion that after an eight months' session devoted to Home Rule they would begrudge their allies the democracy of these countries, who for seven years have been waiting in the wilderness, as much as a bite at British legislation. The Irish are, above all things, a people of chivalrous and grateful sentiment, and the politician who would dream of persuading them to transform themselves into churls would dream against the laws of nature. The stupidity of the suggestion, however, as a mere matter of tactics, is more to the point than its churlishness; for stupidity is a commoner thing than want of right feeling, and it is possible some people in Ireland might think they know better how the campaign in this country should be fought with a view of reaching our common objective than the men on the spot themselves. As to that, the most elementary politician may learn something from the manoeuvres of the enemy. The avowed aim of the Opposition at this moment, and since the Parliament began, is, by obstruction and every device in

their power, to prevent the Government getting any credit with the country for British legislation. The aim of the Government has naturally been precisely the opposite; and it is agreeable to be able to quote here so high a testimonial to their sagacity as that which we find in the new number of the *Quarterly Review* which is just to hand. "The Lords," says the *Quarterly*, "will (to put it plainly) be placed in the dilemma of either having to pass Bills whose enactment would strengthen the hold of the Liberal party on the constituencies at the next election, or of throwing out these Bills and thereby causing their rejection of the Home Rule Bill to be attributed not to any conscientious disapproval of the particular measure, but to a general dislike of all popular reforms. The tactics adopted by Mr. Gladstone may be, and are, disingenuous, but they are certainly not wanting in ingenuity." The disingenuousness we deny, for the tactics are as open as the day; but we see no reason for not taking pride in the fact that they are well worthy of the ingenuity of the Old Parliamentary Hand. When Irish Nationalists find themselves in the position not only of censuring Mr. Gladstone for the way he has chosen to conduct his battle, but of recommending him instead the identical plan of campaign which the enemies of Home Rule want to force upon him, the fact, if they are capable men, ought to give them pause.

Having said this much, let us now express the conviction that it is vain to expect that during the next twelve or fourteen months the Irish question will not, as Mr. Gladstone put it at Edinburgh, reappear above the waves, that no matter how loyally the Irish members support our programme of British legislation, the Irish spectre, to use an image of Mr. Morley's, will not stalk now and then down the floor of the House. Even if the Irish members would, they could not produce a specious appearance of contentment in a country whose causes of discontent the Lords have just added to in the most emphatic way, and whose national hopes are still bidden to hang upon the uneasy hazards of the future. If they could, and if they came over to the House of Commons and spent a year or more walking through the lobbies at the tail of an English party without manifesting a sign of the Irish difficulty behind them, the irresistible conclusion would surely be that the demand for Home Rule was an unreal one, the creation of politicians for their own ends, a thing to yield to the manœuvres of lobby tactics, and of so tenuous and insubstantial a character that it would not be worth the while of Englishmen to undertake a mighty constitutional reform for the sake of meeting it. Let us not deceive ourselves, the Irish difficulty is deeper seated than that, and we must be prepared to hear something of it even during the British Session. While she waits the disease of which self-government has been recognised as the only cure grows further into Ireland's vitals; her population is ebbing away; though Mr. Morley may be in Dublin Castle, a white-robed angel promising peace, there is still beneath him, as his only instrument, the only eyes and ears and hands through which he can work, the same sinister system which defeated the best intentions of the Drummonds, the Forsters, and the Spencers before him; the evicted tenants are still upon the roadside; from certain districts of the West come ominous rumours of the likelihood of their numbers being increased by a fresh eviction campaign—under the régime of Mr. Morley!—during the winter. Napoleon said that people grow old soon on fields of battle. A weak, a sick nation, with an old mischief in its blood, in a long battle in which hope is repeatedly being deferred, in which it is repeatedly

being told to stand fire and not return it, grows older perhaps, but does not grow healthier or more patient. Let us strive to understand this. The feeling behind him which Mr. Redmond gives voice to in his peculiar way exists in no less degree behind the larger and more responsible body of the Irish members. Mr. Justin McCarthy has just issued a manifesto making a fresh appeal to the Irish people for funds for the evicted tenants, urging patience upon these sufferers anew, and reiterating the demand for legislation on their behalf. Next Sunday a meeting in support of this demand is to be addressed at Mallow by Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. Davitt. The strain which these gentlemen are enduring themselves, and which they are called on to put upon their people, is intense. It is another—indeed, the severest—proof of that loyalty to the Liberal party for which we already owe them grateful recognition; and our duty is to strive and understand that strain, and instead of increasing it by any harsh or shallow views of the situation, to do what we can to alleviate it. We feel some regret that Mr. Asquith in his speeches in Scotland omitted any reference to the Evicted Tenants Bill which the Government have promised to introduce next year. That is hardly to show that fine sympathetic insight into a complex situation which, as he remarked himself last week, is one of the signs of a statesman. The coming twelve months must eminently be a period of give and take, in which the allies on both sides must recognise that an alliance is an alliance, and that it involves the recognition of reciprocal duties and reciprocal rights.

THE SALISBURY MYTH.

PRINCE BISMARCK, who is an astute, if cynical, student of human nature, remarked during the Congress of Berlin that Lord Salisbury was "a lath painted to look like iron." The observation is as true as it is witty. Yet Lord Salisbury is generally regarded as a man of iron will and inflexible purpose; a man of decided opinions, with the courage of his convictions. Some, indeed, may think that his opinions are wrong on a good many subjects; but the prevalent impression is that he is a statesman who will neither be cajoled nor intimidated out of the path which he believes to be politically right. By his own party he is regarded as an ideal Minister for Foreign Affairs. They assure us, with unwearied iteration, that the influence of England rises abroad the moment Lord Salisbury resumes the seals of the Foreign Office, and falls below zero when he retires. The accession of Mr. Gladstone to office, on the other hand—so the spokesmen of the Tory party tell us—is a signal to every Power in the world, great and petty, to despise, insult, and rob us. In domestic affairs, perhaps, Lord Salisbury is not regarded by his own party with quite the same confidence with which he inspires them in the management of foreign affairs. But they regard him in that field also as a stable politician, who, having once put his foot down, may be depended on to keep it there. Such we believe to be, in brief, the Tory view of Lord Salisbury in his dual character of Premier and Foreign Minister—an innovation, by the way, which, if not strictly opposed to the letter, is certainly opposed to the spirit of the Constitution. For the traditional view and established custom in England since the system of Cabinet Government began, is that the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary should ordinarily have the control of foreign affairs, the one being a check on the other. But this check is

abolished when the two offices are combined in one person. It is one of the many illustrations which the Tory party so often give us of their contempt for Conservative traditions and precedents when it suits them to discard them. It is also an illustration of their hypocrisy in declaiming against the dangers of a one-man power. A Prime Minister who is at the same time Foreign Secretary, and has also the solid vote of the House of Lords in his keeping, is truly in possession of a despotic power which might in an emergency become a serious danger.

But let us examine the estimate which his political friends have formed of Lord Salisbury as a statesman, and let us begin with his record at the Foreign Office. We may, in fact, begin a little earlier. It is evident from published facts that in the earlier stages of the controversy on the Eastern Question in 1876-1880, Lord Salisbury's sympathies were on the side of which Mr. Gladstone was the great champion in this country. We all remember the ironical speech in which he recommended the Jingo panic-mongers to study large maps. And when he was sent as British Plenipotentiary to Constantinople, he received the benediction of the great Liberal Conference at St. James's Hall. The instructions which he carried with him, too—probably drawn up by himself—were admirable, and would have been cheerfully countersigned by Mr. Gladstone. His attitude at Constantinople also commanded the approval of the Liberal party in this country, while it naturally incurred the active, not to say malignant, hostility of the Jingo party. The Conference came to nothing, owing to the obstinacy of the Porte, encouraged—as the Grand Vizier and Foreign Minister of the Sultan afterwards declared publicly—by the underhand promises of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby. Lord Salisbury's return to England was signalled by a great debate in the House of Lords. In that debate Lord Salisbury vindicated the conduct of Russia. He declared that the Tsar was most adverse to war, and was, indeed, possessed with “a tormenting love of peace.” Nor did he hesitate to add that the mobilised army of Russia was “the motive power of the Constantinople Conference”—the only force, that is, which the Plenipotentiaries of the great Powers had at their disposal to bring pressure to bear upon Turkey. But Turkey rushed on her fate. Encouraged by the sinister influences already referred to, she rejected every effort of her friends to prevent a war in which, single-handed, she was certain to be worsted. War broke out, and Turkey was beaten. Meanwhile, Lord Derby left Lord Beaconsfield's Government, and Lord Salisbury succeeded him. The friends of the Christian provinces of Turkey hailed his advent to the Foreign Office as a good omen; but he speedily undeceived them. He signalled his entry into the Foreign Office by a circular dispatch, in which he denounced Russian aggression in strong language, and virtually cast upon the Tsar and his Government that very responsibility for the war and its consequences which he had previously cast upon the Sultan and his advisers; and Russia was menaced with dire calamities if she did not disgorge so much of her conquest as Lord Salisbury and his chief disapproved of. We all know the sequel. *Beati possidentes*. Russia was in possession and was resolved to remain in possession till Lord Salisbury withdrew his demands and menaces. Meanwhile she declined to have anything to do with the proposal of a Congress at Berlin. Finding Russia inflexible, Lord Salisbury became flexible, and the secret Salisbury-Schouvaloff Memorandum was the result—a document in which Lord Salisbury surrendered to Russia privately all that he had demanded so bravely openly. Thanks to the good memory and venality of a super-

numerary clerk in the Foreign Office, this secret surrender became public property. Then came the Berlin Congress, with its “peace with honour” bravado. The “peace with honour” meant the deliverance of a considerable population of Christians back again to the bondage of Turkish rule. It meant also the division of Bulgaria—the crowning triumph, we were assured, of the diplomatic skill and courage of Lord Beaconsfield and his Foreign Secretary. But the Bulgarians, by-and-by, took their destiny into their own hands, and decreed the political union of their severed principality in direct violation of the Treaty of Berlin; and Lord Salisbury was the first to applaud this effacement of the cardinal article of his recent diplomacy. In Afghanistan, in Egypt, in Africa, it has been the same: strong words and feeble performances. He denounced the internationalisation of the Suez Canal when Mr. Gladstone's Government proposed it. He came into office and proposed it himself. He stipulated in the Berlin Treaty that certain territories should be given up by Turkey to Greece and Montenegro, and he shrank from doing anything to enforce the decision of the Congress when Turkey set it insolently at defiance. He left to Mr. Gladstone the task and the credit of carrying out his own policy when that policy was on the side of justice and the observance of treaties. It is generally allowed that in the division of spheres of influence in Africa, Germany got the better of Lord Salisbury; and if Heligoland had been surrendered by a Liberal Government, Lord Salisbury would have been the first to denounce the surrender. The Tories thus enjoy a singular advantage in their foreign policy. When they are in Opposition, they harass and oppose by every available means the foreign policy of the Liberal Government. When they are in office, they carry out with cynical complacency the policy which they had denounced in Opposition, and receive the support of the Liberals. Where, then, is the record of Lord Salisbury's spirited and successful foreign policy? In so far as it has been successful, it has been the policy of the Liberals. In so far as it has been his own, it has not been successful. He retreated before Russia in the Secret Memorandum with Count Schouvaloff. He retreated before Turkey when she refused to cede the territories for which he had stipulated in the Congress of Berlin. He retreated before Russia again when he came into office in 1885 and found himself face to face with the sphere of delimitation between Russia and Afghanistan, which he had denounced in insulting language not long before. And the union of divided Bulgaria is a standing monument to his lack of courage or sagacity in the Congress of Berlin.

The limits of space will not allow us to examine his domestic policy in detail; but a few typical specimens will suffice. When Mr. Parnell pleaded for a revision of rents in September, 1886, with the support of the Liberal party, Lord Salisbury met the proposal with a peremptory refusal, on the ground of eternal and immutable morality. Next year his Government proposed and carried what he had previously denounced as a flagrant violation of the moral law. In 1885 he made little of boycotting, and declared that it was a species of social excommunication with which legislation could not deal. Within eighteen months his Government passed a Coercion Act in which boycotting was made severely penal. He now exhausts his vocabulary of vituperation in his denunciation of Home Rule. In his speech at Newport in 1885 he saluted Mr. Parnell as “the Irish Chief,” and expressed a “wish” that public opinion in Great Britain were ripe for a policy of Home Rule for Ireland on the lines of the Austro-

Hungarian Constitution; and when he took office his Irish Viceroy, with his sanction, had a private interview with Mr. Parnell with a view to legislation which would satisfy, according to Lord Carnarvon's own version of the interview, "the national aspirations of Ireland." Now we have these same Irish denounced by Lord Salisbury as the eternal and irreconcilable enemies of England. So enamoured indeed has he become of his own wild rhetoric that he includes among these eternal enemies "the fringe of Celts" who inhabit Great Britain—the Welsh, Cornish, and Scotch Highlanders, we presume. Where is the statesmanship, where the common-sense, of such irrational stuff as this? But it is a serious matter, because it is just your man of big swelling words and feeble nerve who may in a moment of panic or caprice fling on the table of the House of Commons a proposal that may shake the security of the Empire. If Lord Salisbury should chance to get a bare majority at the next General Election it is probable that we should have a repetition of the manoeuvres of 1867 on the Reform question—a Home Rule Bill far more extreme than that of Mr. Gladstone. That apparently is Mr. John Redmond's opinion.

FILIBUSTERING AND EMPIRE.

THERE is nothing in what has happened during the week in development of the Matabeleland crisis for which we need have been unprepared. We are experiencing some of the advantages of that method of delegating Imperial responsibilities to speculative limited liability companies which the late Government favoured to such an extent during its term of office. For the time being, our honour as a civilised nation, our choice for peace or war, our discretion as to the obligations of our taxpayers' pockets, are in the hands of a knot of desperate financial adventurers, who have chosen to invade the country of a friendly people as a device for escaping from the bankruptcy court. What we may be committed to we do not know. At the present moment we are in the position of waiting for news either of a victorious massacre in which the British name will be championed by Mr. Cecil Rhodes's freebooters, or of a disaster in which the British name will be so involved as to require an Imperial war to reassert its prestige. We shall have no control over the matter until after the event. After the event, yes—our authority will come in then, and then we must have no half-measures in exercising it. From the beginning of this trouble we have pointed out here three things: that the British South Africa Company was seeking this war itself; that nevertheless, owing to the unfortunate conditions of government by chartered companies, the Colonial Office could not prevent it if Mr. Rhodes chose to go on; but that at a certain subsequent stage it would be in the power of the Imperial Government to interfere and interfere to some purpose. We do not yet know as we write whether Imperial troops will be called for to complete the subjugation of Lobengula, a step which would render the forfeit of the Company's charter absolute in Mashonaland itself. The presence of the Bechuanaland police, and of those volunteers whom Sir Henry Loch has allowed to be drafted from British regiments, might be held as practically proving a requisition for Imperial assistance: that is a matter which must be cleared up when Parliament meets. But, however this may be, the nature of the British South Africa Company's position in Matabeleland is in no obscurity. It is there not as a defender of its

own territory, but as an invader of another's. It possesses no charter at all with regard to Matabeleland, and it will be for the Imperial Government to see that it does not get one. It will be for the Government to see that the invaded country is not divided up as "loot," as the "fruits of victory," between the British South Africa Company and its merry men; and that Lobengula (if he survives the invasion) and his people are not robbed of their country in the name of England, in a fashion which would be a disgrace not to England merely, but to the white race. If we cannot entirely stop the chartered company system in this instance, we can at least prevent its spreading out into "fresh fields and pastures new."

As we have said before more than once, we take no hypocritical or narrow view of the problems of Colonial expansion. The white race must expand, and it is the fate of inferior aboriginal races either to come under its yoke or to retreat before it. But there are various ways in which civilised governments can concern themselves in this process, and unquestionably the worst of all ways is by delegating their responsibilities to speculative chartered companies. If a government chooses to colonise, to annex and assume protectorates, we have at least the guarantee that its agents are responsible to a great authority, that the government is responsible to the nation, and the nation itself to the comity of civilised Powers. In some rough way we can be certain that in its dealings with inferior tribes the laws of necessity will be tempered by the laws of justice and humanity. But it has been found in practice that within its own dominions a chartered company in all matters save dividends is responsible to nobody. We delegate to a group of commercial speculators the most sacred and tremendous powers of government, the power of life and death, of peace and war, of the organisation and rule of society, and, save when they get themselves into trouble and compromise the national name, we practically leave them to themselves. Such a device was tolerable enough in a less developed age, but it is a barbarous anachronism now. It was tolerable, too, because the older chartered companies were, as a rule, *bonâ fide* trading concerns, with a genuine interest in developing their territory. The modern type may be the shadiest bubble project of the company-promoter; it may be, like the British South Africa Company, a mere gold-hunting speculation, whose distinct interest it is to discourage regular settlement. Such a corporation does not establish a free colony, but a jealous and unwholesome monopoly. That parity of laws and institutions which Burke used to say formed the true bond between the Mother Country and her Colonies has no existence in the case of the chartered company. Mr. Rhodes has formed not a community enjoying the spirit of British constitutional freedom, but a sort of Russian autocracy. Mr. Rhodes himself is a species of Czar whose ukase is the law. It is striking to see the peculiar features of a despotism reproducing themselves in this Czardom *in petto*. A censor is established at the telegraph office who will allow no despatch to leave the country which contains anything derogatory to the Company. In the post office letters are opened before they are forwarded or delivered to their destination. Settlers who wish to communicate the truth to the outer world, like Mr. Labouchere's correspondents, adopt the same devices as if they were writing from Warsaw or Odessa. The system is rotten and it breeds rottenness, and under the circumstances, we repeat, such stories as have shocked England during the week were no worse than might have been expected.

Two of these stories in particular stand out. One is Mr. Davis's narrative of a massacre of Matabele outside Victoria, which the *Chronicle* quoted from the *Pretoria Press*. As to this, we would only remark that Mr. Davis does not stand alone as an eyewitness and narrator of this affair. We have the *Pretoria Press* with his interview in full before us, and there is nothing in it which conflicts with the account of another witness which we quoted last week, or with the narrative in the private diary which the *Daily Graphic* published several weeks ago. For that matter the affair is no more cold-blooded and horrible than the account in the Blue Book of the attack on N'Gomo's kraal, an affair which even Lord Knutsford warned the Company was calculated to outrage public sentiment. The other story, that of the murder of two Indunas sent by Lobengula with Mr. Dawson of Bulawayo as envoys to the Company, is incredible even of a state of society such as that which exists at Fort Victoria, and until it is corroborated by the Government we must refuse to believe it.

RUSSIA AND INDIA.

ONE of the problems which the celebration of the Franco-Russian alliance brings into prominence for us in this country is the supposed designs of Russia upon our Indian Empire. These designs have been the standard excuse for every adventure and aggression of our "forward party," and, when it comes to close reasoning, they furnish the one seizable argument of politicians who would have England give herself up to the Triple Alliance. A double interest is given to this problem now, for it is just possible we may be within measurable distance of at least the danger of a new Afghan war. The Indian forward party have been advancing their schemes with a definiteness and boldness hitherto unattempted, and at this moment one of the most prominent champions of the policy is representing the Indian Government on a mission to the Ameer. The objects of Sir Mortimer Durand's mission have been carefully concealed. They doubtless include some arrangement with regard to the railway from Quetta to the Afghan frontier and some understanding with the Ameer as to the little forward policy of his own which he has been trying on in the neighbourhood of Beluchistan and the Kussam Valley. But these would be but minor and tolerably simple matters. If we are to take as a clue Lord Roberts's speech at the Mansion House last June, the principal object of the mission is no less than to further a scheme of the Indian Government to garrison with British troops the northern frontier of Afghanistan; and if such indeed be the case, it would be impossible to imagine a more serious situation. Such a scheme would be calculated to menace the Ameer's tenure of his throne, and consequently to arouse his alarm and resistance; while it would mean, on our part, the abandonment of the historic theory of the defence of India, and at the very least—and even though it were carried out with the Ameer's consent—an enormous increase in India's already crushing military expenditure.

We shall discuss presently the chimerical notions of Russian policy on the strength of which all these monstrous projects of our unchecked Indian statesmen are founded. But before doing so, let us remark for a moment on the way the forward movement has grown of late. During the past year or so we have repeatedly called attention to phases of its development. We have pointed the moral of the various frontier

exploits as they turned up—the Black Mountain expedition, the Hunza-Nagar expedition, the *coup d'état* at Chitral on the death of the Mehtar—and shewn that the natural, the impregnable frontier of India was steadily being forsaken in obedience to the wild designs of an ambitious, and to all intents and purposes perfectly irresponsible, military clique, who have for years been pulling the wires in Simla and Calcutta. The new policy has at last been officially avowed in the despatch laid before Parliament for the purposes of the "Madras and Bombay Armies Bill." Those who wish to see the meaning of that document fully discussed, and the sound frontier policy unanswerably defended, will do well to read Lord Chelmsford's article in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* of three months ago, and the reply to Mr. George Curzon with which he follows it up in the present number of that excellent publication. We shall quote here just one passage from Lord Chelmsford's article, as it sums up tersely the sound military view of the frontier question, and pointedly corroborates some of the opinions on the subject we have now and then ventured to express ourselves. "By a 'forward policy,'" says Lord Chelmsford, "we place our army with its back to a succession of most formidable defiles, which, in case of reverse, would most undoubtedly prove its destruction; and which, under favourable circumstances, would undoubtedly cause a tremendous strain upon the transport service, and a very serious addition to the cost of the campaign. By remaining within our own border, we oblige our enemy to commit himself to those dangerous defiles, and can meet him with every chance of success, as he debouches from them, on our side, in inevitably lengthened and straggling array." According to the policy which Lord Roberts now favours, and which Sir Mortimer Durand is probably seeking to further at Cabul, we should not only be at the wrong side of these defiles ourselves, but should go forward to meet the enemy at Herat, placing the whole distance of Afghanistan, with its barren mountains and its fanatical and treacherous tribes, between us and our natural base.

This policy we have no hesitation in describing as wild, and, having regard to the present situation, as distinctly dangerous. It is wild because it can only have the effect of weakening irretrievably the scheme of Indian defence; and it is dangerous because, if we force the Ameer into a position in which he will lose the prestige of independence in the eyes of his jealous subjects, neither his throne nor the *paz Britannica* in the East would be worth twenty-four hours' purchase. And it is all founded, so far as it is not downright reckless military exploitation, upon a grotesque fantasy. Our capacity for Russian scare, which the Duke of Wellington once stigmatised as our political nightmare, has ever been the national peculiarity which is least complimentary to our nerves and to our intelligence. Some of us have formed with our imagination a sort of amorphous bogie-man Russia, which assumes different aspects according to the state of our liver. At one moment we see the Northern Power with the eyes of a Nihilist (what should we say if England were judged by Europe exclusively from the point of view of an Irish dynamiter?); another time it is a colossal Bear going to swallow a diminutive Lion at one fell gulp; again, the Russia of our dreams is a portentous barbarism, a horde as of some Alaric or Ghengis Khan ready to break over our civilisation in a destroying flood. The simple truth is Russia is a Great Power—and a Christian Power—expanding, like ourselves, along the line of least resistance. She has no more notion of attacking India, where resistance would be at its maximum, than we have just now of attacking Siberia.

Her hands are more than full already, without her taking over the gigantic order of first overthrowing the British Empire, and then organising the princes and peoples whom we have been governing under the rule of her *tchinovniks*. No doubt she has her military party, like ourselves, who indulge in the usual military dreams; but the plans of campaign of her Churloffs and Skobelevs will remain dusty in her pigeon-holes, at least, for the present generation, if only for the simple reason that for the present generation any Russian campaign against India is flatly impossible. It is interesting to see a German writer (Herr Josef Popowski), who has just written a book to prove that England ought to join the Triple Alliance in order to be protected against Russia, showing clearly in his honesty that if a Russian army did succeed in getting as far as Cabul and Candahar, it would be 600 miles from its base, its resources heavily depleted, and it would still have the beginning of its task before it. This German critic does not want us to wait behind our natural frontier, nor yet behind that of Afghanistan, but to go forth and seize the Caucasus!—a conquest which, if made, he is free to admit, we should have to hold by the sword, like Alsace and Lorraine, for at least fifty years. Here is one of the advantages of being advised by the Triple Alliance. And here is at least one answer to the question so often asked—Where does the Forward Party want us to go forward to?

In point of fact, Russia is the Great Power with whom it would be most feasible and most advantageous for England to come to an understanding. It is demonstrable that every advance of Russia in the North-West, since the Granville-Gortschakoff arrangement, was distinctly provoked by some encroachment of our own military party—down to the last, the movement in the Pamirs, the *contre-coup* to our seizure of Nilt. These advances can be stopped, and a secure *modus vivendi* established between the two great Western Powers in Asia, Indian statesmen can be set free to attend to their more prosaic, but far more vital business of civil administration, and the Indian exchequer can be saved from the ruinous burden of never-ending little wars, if only our own military party be kept in check. But the puzzle is, how to check the military party. At present it practically “runs” the Indian Government, and at present the Indian Government is all but irresponsible. No greater work for India and the Empire can be undertaken by any statesman than the setting of the Indian Government on a proper basis and rescuing it from the reckless hands by which it is now controlled.

THE FACILITIES FOR MURDER.

FROM time to time we are forcibly reminded of the horrors which underlie so much of the veneer of our boasted civilisation. Just now we have a fresh reminder before us in the shape of the report of the Committee on Death Certification, which was appointed in March last at the instance of two Liberal (and medical) members of Parliament, and which, it is no secret, has benefited greatly by the presence upon it of another medical man, Sir Walter Foster, the Secretary of the Local Government Board. The present Ministry has deserved well of the country in many ways—not least for its efficient performance of those administrative duties which are an elementary, if not a showy, function of every Government. The report makes valuable suggestions—it depends, we fear, on the strength of Unionist feeling whether they will be carried out—towards stopping the ugly gaps which exist in the

provisions for the safety of human life in the United Kingdom.

As most people know, throughout the British Isles deaths are usually certified by a medical practitioner, or, in comparatively rare cases, by the verdict of a coroner's jury. Where no medical practitioner has been in attendance, however, information must be given to the registrar as to the supposed cause of death by relatives or other “qualified persons.” There is considerable variety of detail in the three kingdoms, but the above statement may pass as a generalisation. Deaths of the latter class are technically known as uncertified deaths, and amount in England and Wales to 2·7 per cent. of the whole. We do not follow the simple procedure that recently obtained in the Channel Islands, of registering all deaths of which no medical explanation is offered, and which are not *prima facie* suspicious, as “due to decay of nature.” But the report suggests that in many cases this simple fatalism could hardly be more unsafe than the existing practice. Death certificates (as we all know from a recent *cause célèbre*) are given by some medical men very loosely indeed. Sometimes the giver has never seen the patient at all, and does not even profess to have done so. Sometimes he has seen him as he says, but only as a hospital out-patient, or several months before.

Yet even this loose system is a safeguard as compared with the procedure in uncertified cases. These, it is a significant fact, occur chiefly among old people and children—especially illegitimate children. Can we doubt that many of both classes have died of neglect, and that some have been assisted into their graves by more active methods? Burials may take place in these cases with no other security than an *ex post facto* notice to the Registrar. That official need not be competent to understand the terms of a certificate. The coroner's officer, the coroner himself, may be quite as incompetent as he. Stillborn children, too, may be buried with singular ease. From time to time a London police-court is startled by the gruesome discovery of unburied bodies of infants on the premises of some cheap undertaker. Is it not certain that for one scandal of the kind which is revealed half a dozen at least escape notice? And is there the slightest ground for supposing that none of these infants were born alive, and owe their deaths to neglect or murder?

As things are, in fact, a corpse which it is desired to dispose of can be buried readily enough. An adult can be buried as someone else (by a little juggling, which one of the witnesses explained); a stillborn child can be slipped into the coffin of an adult, and no man be wiser. If the corpse is buried in its own name, it may (especially in Scotland) be buried in a common grave with a score or two of other corpses—one would think oneself living in the days of the Great Plague—a grave whence exhumation is obviously futile. Or, again, it is perfectly possible, if the medical man be careless, to procure a false certificate of death for the purpose of defrauding an insurance company. A story is told in the report of a patient of the late Dr. Lyons, M.P., who had severe asthma. He was reported dead, and a certificate of death applied for. Dr. Lyons very properly went to see for himself, and found the patient “sitting up in bed.” But how many of the overworked, underpaid doctors who attend the London poor, often through unqualified deputies, would have hesitated to give a certificate of death?

The recommendations of the Committee may be summarised thus:—There should in future be no burial in common graves; there should be much greater stringency as to medical certificates; first-hand evidence of death should be exacted; “still-

births" should be registered, and no body should be buried or disposed of at all (save in time of epidemic) without an order from the registrar, to be checked by him after its execution, specifying the place and mode of disposal. Most important of all, there should be no burial without a medical certificate, to be given, if it cannot be otherwise obtained, only after due investigation by a new official analogous to the French *médecin des morts*—a provision, by the way, which is only half as strict as that required by the Cremation Society, whose regulations are mentioned with special approval.

Of course, it cannot be said that these provisions ensure complete security. Child-insurance will still number its victims, murders will still pass unsuspected, and suicides still appear as deaths from heart-disease. Even a *médecin des morts* is not absolutely above the suspicion of error or corruption; we know what was said—unjustly, no doubt—in the Reinach case in France. But unless we are to adopt the elaborate system provided by the Cremation Society—which the expense alone would render impracticable—the plan proposed is satisfactory enough.

Let us conclude the recital of these horrors with two verdicts quoted in the reports, which show that "crown's quest law" is sometimes little better now than in the days of Shakespeare:—

"Child, three months old, found dead, but no evidence whether born alive."

"We find that the deceased died of stone in the kidney, which stone he swallowed when lying on the gravel walk in a fit of drunkenness."

The doctrine that only medical men should be coroners is one of the many extraneous topics dealt with in George Eliot's novels. It is difficult, however, to understand how the most unmedical of coroners could have accepted either of these verdicts.

THE SILVER STRUGGLE.

THE opposition to the repeal of the Sherman Act in the United States Senate seems to have played its last card and lost. At the end of last week a Caucus of the Democratic Senators was called together and a compromise was agreed upon, enough of votes being secured to carry it on a division. It consisted of two parts. The first proposed that the Sherman Act should continue in force until the 1st of October, 1894. The Sherman Act, our readers will remember, requires the Secretary of the Treasury to buy every month $4\frac{1}{2}$ million ounces of silver at the current market price of the day, and to pay for the bullion in Treasury notes, which are legal tender for all debts, public and private. If the compromise had been accepted, therefore, about 54 million ounces of silver would be bought during the next twelve months; and, assuming that the price remained about what it is at present, that would add, in round figures, nearly 7 millions sterling to the Treasury notes already issued under the Sherman Act. Furthermore, the compromise proposed that the whole of the silver bought from its passing until the 1st of next October should be coined into legal tender dollars, and that if the dollars could not be forced into circulation, then the Government should issue silver certificates and pay them away in discharge of its own liabilities. In round figures, the new silver certificates so issued would amount to about 13 millions sterling; so that under this portion of the compromise alone it was proposed to add about 20 millions sterling to the circulation of the United States; and as that circulation is already so redundant that for years past it has

been driving gold out of the country, it is not surprising that the President made up his mind to veto the Bill at whatever cost to himself and to his party. It was a bold decision on his part, for the compromise was arranged by the Democratic Senators, and the attitude he took was sure to give great offence to many of his supporters. Probably he felt that not only would great mischief be done by so large an increase in the money of the country, but that, moreover, if the Sherman Act were to continue in operation for another year the Silver Party would manœuvre all through the interval for the purpose of carrying some other compromise in the course of the regular session, which begins in December.

The second part of the compromise was even worse. The Sherman Act came into force on the 13th of August, 1890, and according to the return issued by the United States Treasury on the first day of this month there were then, in round figures, 30½ millions sterling of Treasury notes issued in the purchase of silver under the Act. It follows that the average price paid for the silver during the three years and a month and a half was very nearly a dollar per ounce. But an ounce of silver, according to United States law, is coined into one dollar and twenty-nine cents; so that, roughly, the price actually paid for the silver is about a third of a dollar under the mint value of the silver when coined. The compromise proposed that silver certificates should be issued for the excess of the mint value above the actual price paid; roughly, that is to say, that about 10 millions sterling of silver certificates should be issued to represent what is called the seignorage, or the amount by which the mint value exceeds the price actually paid. Consequently, if the compromise had been carried, about 7 millions sterling of Treasury notes would be issued between now and next October in the purchase of silver, about 13 millions sterling of new dollars would be coined, and about 10 millions sterling of new silver certificates would be issued—making the total addition to the circulation about 30 millions sterling; and, moreover, the silver bought would be made to do duty twice as a basis for the notes issued. The Treasury notes would represent the real market value of the metal, and the certificates would represent the artificial value attached to it by the mints. Even the Caucus felt that the proposed addition to the money of the country was largely in excess of what could be safely got into circulation, and therefore it proposed as a counterbalance that all notes, except silver certificates, of a nominal value of less than 10 dols. should be withdrawn and cancelled. What the notes under 10 dols. amount to we do not know, but it is hardly probable that they are more than a mere fraction of what would have been added to the currency under the compromise; and therefore, as soon as its terms were communicated to the President, he made known to the Democratic Senators that at any cost he would veto the measure. The Democratic Senators, not being numerous enough to override the veto, felt that it was useless to go farther with the proposal, and, accordingly, it is understood to have been dropped; and one of the Southern Senators has announced that his friends feel it useless to continue any longer the opposition, and that therefore they will very soon now allow a vote to be taken. There seems to be no doubt that when this is done there will be a large majority for repeal.

Thus the President has once more exercised an extraordinary influence over Congress. In doing so there can be no doubt that he has public opinion with him, and that he has very greatly increased his own reputation throughout the country. The deadlock in the Senate has had a most injurious effect

upon all kinds of business in the United States. As nobody knew what the money of the country would be by-and-by, everyone was afraid to enter into new enterprises. The ordinary routine trade had, of course, to go on—people must live, under any circumstances—but everything was postponed which could in any way be put off. Bankers were afraid to lend, and merchants were afraid to borrow. Employment became very scarce, and serious fears were entertained that the winter would be one of the most trying ever known in the United States. The public naturally had grown impatient, and there is no doubt, therefore, that the President has earned the public gratitude by the firmness he has displayed throughout the crisis. And it seems reasonable to conclude that the Presidential office has itself risen in estimation at the expense of Congress. The mere repeal of the Sherman Act, however, will not restore prosperity. There is very much to be done before the finances of the United States are once more restored to order. It is generally understood that the President intends to invite the great European Powers to another Monetary Conference. Apart from that, however, there is a great deal to be done at home, both in regulating the currency and in reforming the banking system. Besides, even if the money question were satisfactorily solved, there is the tariff reform to be got through. Over and above all that, it is not probable that the country will immediately recover from so great a crisis as it has gone through. That crisis had been growing in intensity for fully two years, until at last credit generally was destroyed. It will take time, therefore, before there can be a complete recovery. At the same time, the resources of the United States are so vast that we may reasonably hope that the revival will be quicker than in older and less fortunate communities.

FINANCE.

AT the beginning of this week there was a sudden and very sharp rise on the New York Stock Exchange, brought about by the announcement that Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt had bought such a large number of Delaware and Lackawanna shares as practically gives him a commanding voice in the Councils of the Company. Instantly a report was spread that Mr. Vanderbilt is about to renew the coal combination which so disastrously broke down a few months ago. We believe there is not the slightest foundation for the report. Mr. Vanderbilt and his relatives and friends are the chief shareholders in the New York Central and the Lake Shore Railway Companies, as well as in several of the coal-carrying lines, and he naturally desires to secure for his own Companies the profitable traffic which hitherto has been given to one of the Canadian Companies. Furthermore, he wishes to prevent the Lackawanna from disturbing the friendly arrangements that subsist between the other coal-carrying lines. But it is in the highest degree improbable that he has any intention to try to fix the price of coal by regulating the working and the traffic. The rise was accentuated by the breakdown of the silver compromise in the Senate, which has led to a general belief that the Sherman Act will be repealed next week. It is too soon, however, for successful speculation, and we trust that the British investor will not be induced to join in it. After so great a crisis business of all kinds must continue depressed in the United States for some time to come, and it is impossible that speculation can succeed when trade is bad and credit paralysed. The depreciation in silver is very injuriously affecting Mexico. The finances of the Government are disorganised, and there appears to be a banking crisis. In Brazil the civil war continues; but the Argentine Government seems to have completely established

its authority, and it is announced that the President intends to visit the several provinces of the interior. On the Continent the Italian crisis is deepening. This week there has been another sharp fall in Italian Rentes. Business in Paris has been nearly suspended during the Russian *fêtes*. The German Bourses are depressed. The losses have been very great through the American crisis and the depreciation of silver. In Spain the Government is vigorously endeavouring to improve the finances, but very little hope is entertained of its success. At home the coal strike is not yet at an end, trade is depressed, and nobody is inclined to engage in new enterprises; while the Trust crisis is working itself out. In India, too, the closing of the Mints has disorganised trade and led to a great falling off in the exports; and Australia is suffering still from the banking panic.

The failure of the silver compromise in the United States Senate makes it probable that President Cleveland will before long raise a considerable loan in gold. It is understood that he has put off doing so until the Sherman Act is repealed, but that as soon as that is done he will borrow at least 10 millions sterling. There is much uncertainty as to whether the loan will be brought out at home or in Europe; but that really is not of very much importance, for if the Sherman Act is once repealed, the loan will be easily placed, and it will be possible to obtain gold from London. Therefore bankers and bill brokers in the City are not willing to go on doing business as cheaply as they have been doing for some time past, and this week the rate of discount in the open market in consequence has risen to about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. There is already a very considerable demand for gold for the Continent; but that would probably not have led to a very great rise in rates here were it not for the fear that an American demand may spring up and may become very large. It is certain that the Bank of England is not in a position to lose very much of the metal, and therefore, if it becomes likely that gold will be taken to New York, we shall certainly see a very sharp rise in rates. The silver market is inactive, and the price tends downwards, as everyone expects a further fall as soon as the Sherman Act is repealed. The India Council, too, is still unable to sell its bills and telegraphic transfers. On Wednesday it offered as usual forty lakhs of rupees for public tender, and there was not a single application. Seven months of the financial year have now almost expired. It is in the highest degree improbable that in the coming five months it will be able to obtain by the sales over 11½ millions sterling, and therefore another loan in London has become necessary. On Thursday afternoon, accordingly, the expected invitation to tender for India six months bills on Friday next was issued to the public.

MALTA.

TO the ordinary Englishman who has passed along the Mediterranean, Valetta is sufficiently familiar under one aspect, and one only. The Maltese capital on the day when a "P. and O." boat is in harbour, and the passengers are stretching their legs on shore after a week at sea, presents a sufficiently striking appearance. Every Briton, as he passes along the narrow Strada de Reale, finds himself the object of unwelcome attentions from shopkeepers, cabmen, beggars, and urchins innumerable. At every step he is importuned to buy so-and-so's cigars, or to take a cab, or to purchase the flowers miraculously grown upon the barren rock, or to minister to the necessities of the mendicants of both sexes who follow him wherever he goes. It seems to such a visitor that the entire population of Malta is engaged in one or other of these occupations, and he finally quits the place for the deck of the outward-bound "P. and O." with a feeling of unmitigated relief. But no sooner is he

gone than a change comes over the scene. The shopkeepers retire to doze behind their counters for another week; beggars and flower-sellers instantaneously disappear, and it is only the coachman who remains to accost the Englishman with a cry of "Keb, sir?" that recalls the familiar voices of Piccadilly. The real Malta then asserts itself, and is a place well worth knowing. To the English officer, the station is one of the most unpopular in the whole world. If you wish to know why, you must spend, say, a week at Valetta when the "sirocco" is blowing. That alone would suffice to counterbalance all the external attractions and conveniences of the place. Then it is that you begin to realise that, after all, Malta is a prison—a prison with the temperature at 95° in the shade, swept by a damp and poisonous wind which saps the energies of the strongest, sows the seeds of fever and malaria, and wrecks the constitutions of young and old alike. Happily the sirocco does not always blow, and in the winter months the climate of the island is fairly enjoyable and healthy. But try the place, as the present writer did, during September or October, and you will wonder not so much that men grumble at being sent there as that even the power of grumbling should remain to them.

Yet, apart from this hateful feature of life in Malta, the place seems to have many things to recommend it as a residence for Englishmen. Living is cheap, rents being absurdly low; English sanitation has been established in Valetta; food is excellent, and there are some luxuries which the exile from home seldom meets with. You can have your hair cut at Truefitt's, if you like, and artificial ice is produced in abundant quantities. The Union Club—most hospitable of all such institutions—is really excellent; and after dinner, one can smoke a cigar there as pleasantly as in Pall Mall. The combined mess of the Artillery and Engineers in the Auberge de Castile is probably the finest mess-house in the world. The Auberge was formerly the residence of the Spanish knights, and it is a veritable palace, the windows of which command a noble view over the finest harbour in Europe. The lofty dining-room is an apartment that vies in dimensions with any in the Reform Club, and the diner sits in comfort beneath a punkah which fans his fevered brow and enables him to enjoy the hospitality by which here, as elsewhere, the British officer is distinguished. Boating and yachting, too, are amusements that can always be commanded; for even when the Mediterranean is lashed by a Levanter there is ample room within the harbour for aquatic sports. The Opera House, built and owned by the Government, is a finer building than any of the kind in London, and during the season Valetta is gay with nightly balls, dances, and dinner parties. Many of the houses, notably the residences of the Governor and the Naval Commander-in-Chief, are magnificent, and bring home to the mind, more vividly than any written book can do, the glories of the illustrious order which once held so high a place among the world's chivalry.

Valetta, as most persons know, has long been regarded as the strongest fortified harbour in the world. The great forts which dominate the narrow entrance are backed up by a whole series of other forts, not less formidable. The biggest fosse in the world cuts off the town from the mainland, and now a triple line of fortifications on the landward side makes it absolutely impregnable. Within these fortifications is stored in underground chambers a sufficient quantity of grain to feed the inhabitants of Valetta for six months in case of siege. The grain is constantly examined and renewed, and it is at least certain that Valetta will never be starved into submission. But what was once true only of Valetta is now equally true of the island as a whole. The present writer made its circuit the other day in one of the Government tug-boats which the Admiral-superintendent had kindly placed at the disposal of a small party. On almost every side the place

abounds in fine natural harbours, where the biggest iron-clads in the world could find a secure anchorage. But, wherever such a harbour exists, fort after fort, with its grim row of burnished muzzles, meets the eye, and proves that the warders of St. George are on the watch. On either side of the entrance to the grand harbour of Valetta, a hundred-ton gun commands the scene, the gun in each case being painted of such a colour that at a distance of half a mile or so the strongest field-glass would fail to detect its position. That latest and most wonderful of the weapons of modern warfare, the Brennan torpedo, is installed beneath the shadow of the forts of Ricasoli and St. Elmo; and woe betide the iron-clad that comes within the reach of this tremendous implement. I was present the other day at a trial of its qualities. Fired from Ricasoli, it sped upwards towards the inner extremity of the harbour; and, as it did so, it was steered from right to left at the word of command, avoiding every obstacle and eluding every danger until it reached its destined mark. No other nation possesses the secret of the Brennan; and, armed with it, Great Britain may rest assured of the safety of her harbours. Driving across the island under the glaring sun, and through the suffocating dust, the visitor comes upon long ranges of barracks, upon camps where Tommy Atkins is vainly wooing sleep under canvas, and upon a hundred proofs of the fact that the hand of England has been laid with an iron grasp upon Malta and is prepared to hold it against the world.

"Malta would not be a bad place if it were not for the Maltese." So said an officer who seemed almost proof against even the sirocco. It was a crude way of stating one of the facts which make the island so unpopular with our army. Here England divides her rule. In all military matters, in all that concerns the safeguarding of the splendid harbour and the island itself, the Imperial authority is supreme; but in civil matters power rests largely, if not entirely, with the local population. So we have the canon law of the Church of Rome administered under the shadow of the Union Jack, and strange customs and regulations, relics of a semi-barbarous past, maintained side by side with the latest developments of naval and military administration. Perhaps this would not matter so much if the Maltese were different from what they are; but, taken as a whole, it must be admitted regretfully that they show a strange indisposition to assimilate themselves to English ideas, or to work in harmony with the Imperial authorities. The noble families, like the poor fishers and traders of the streets, cling to the rock like limpets. They increase and multiply more quickly than the peasants of Connemara; but they absolutely decline to amalgamate with their English neighbours, or to abandon old traditions in favour of modern ways. Let it be remembered that we are in Malta not as the conquerors but as the guests of the Maltese. It was they who invited us thither to oust the French invader, and who handed over to us the finest fortress and harbour of the Mediterranean. When they did so, they made certain stipulations regarding their own affairs and local laws, which Great Britain, having accepted, is bound honourably to observe, but which, it must be confessed, not only run counter to modern English ideas, but tend to keep alive a constant friction between the Imperial and the local authorities. It is to be regretted, but it is nevertheless true, that few English residents in the island believe that they would have much chance of obtaining justice from Maltese courts and judges if they came in conflict with a native of the island. Here, indeed, there prevails a very different state of things from that which obtains in India. The Englishman is supreme in fort and arsenal and harbour. So far as the outside world is concerned, the island is his, to have and to hold. But in municipal matters, in the streets and grog-shops of Valetta, and even more emphatically in those of the old capital, Citta

Vecchia, it is the Maltese himself who is master, and the Englishman must cede the wall to him and abate the natural imperiousness of a conquering race. All this is inevitably galling to British pride and self-respect, and not even the fact that it is the English flag which flies at every salient point, and that the old palaces of the knights are now converted into English clubs and mess-houses and residences, can reconcile our countrymen to the conditions under which they have to live in the lonely island. Sometimes, indeed, these conditions give rise to grave questions, such as that now raging of the mixed marriages, which demand the attention of the Colonial Office, and even evoke the influence of public opinion at home.

A volume might be written, as many volumes have been, regarding the history, the archaeology, and the topography of this most interesting island. There are single buildings in it, such as the Governor's charming summer palace at Verdala, or the house of the Chief of the Inquisition at Citta Vecchia, every stone of which has a tale of its own to tell. But here neither space nor knowledge is at command for writing the story. One has but wished to set forth some of those superficial aspects of life in Malta which strike the eye of the English traveller whose sojourn is not limited by the six-hours' stay of a mail-steamer in the port.

FATHER JOHN MORRIS, S.J.

BY the sudden and unexpected death of Father John Morris, which took place, as he always hoped it might, while he was in the pulpit, last Sunday, those who knew him have lost a faithful friend, the Catholic Church a devoted adherent, and the ranks of English men of letters a learned antiquarian and an eloquent writer. When the history of the Catholic revival in England during the last half-century comes to be written, he will hold no small place among its foremost thinkers and preachers. The names of the famous converts from the University of Oxford who were received into the Catholic Church after the Oxford Movement have somewhat cast into the shade the recollection of the Cambridge converts of the same period, of whom the most eminent were Father Morris and F. A. Paley, the distinguished classical scholar. Both of them were doubtless influenced by their antiquarian and historical studies, and were led, by careful investigations into the early growth of the English Church and into the character of the Reformation in England, to the important decision which so profoundly influenced their after lives.

Father Morris was the eldest son of a Madras civilian, and the grandson of a Director of the East India Company. He was born in India in 1826, and during the absence of his parents in that country was entrusted to the care of the Rev. Henry Alford, afterwards Dean of Canterbury. This accomplished student was, as his biography by his widow shows, much interested in the "Tracts for the Times," and in the progress of the Oxford Movement, and his brilliant young pupil was thus led to the consideration of the theological questions of the day. He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1844, and soon afterwards declared his adherence to the doctrines of the Catholic Church. He was at once requested to take his name off the college books, and left Cambridge with the intention of entering the priesthood. His intellectual abilities and lovable qualities attracted the attention of Cardinal Wiseman, whose secretary and intimate friend he eventually became. On the Cardinal's death, he wrote a short account of his "Last Days," and at the time of his own death he was engaged in the preparation of a memoir of the life and times of the predecessor of Manning. But his predilection was rather for historical and antiquarian researches. There is no space here to give a detailed list of his various

publications, but special mention should be made of his "Life of Archbishop Becket" and his "Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers." In the latter work he set himself to prove from documents the horrors of the Elizabethan persecution of the Catholics. English historians had too long minimised the cruel effects of Elizabeth's anti-Catholic legislation while exaggerating the severity against the Protestants during the reign of Mary. He proved his point up to the hilt from the accounts of contemporaries, and fair-minded historians, like J. R. Green, for example, have adopted many of his conclusions and used his works among their authorities. He also published an interesting "Life of Father Gerard;" but the work on which he most prided himself was the Letter-Book of Sir Amias Paulet, the jailor of Mary, Queen of Scots, which he himself discovered. He was an expert palæographer, and issued many pamphlets and papers in the "Transactions of the Society of Antiquarians" which exhibit ripe learning and exceptional literary ability. It is to be hoped for the sake of English scholarship that his opuscula may be collected and reprinted.

But Father Morris was no mere antiquary. He was a man of the keenest human sympathies, and was ever ready to put his cherished work aside to befriend those who were in distress or to cheer the unhappy. Possessed of a winning grace of manner which, joined to the wide extent of his knowledge and the brilliancy of his conversation, made him an honoured guest in many a home, he was always ready to hearken to the calls of the humblest upon his sympathies, and to give the most attentive ear to the recital of the petty troubles of his friends. As a preacher, he was remarkable for the simplicity of his style and his direct appeal to the human heart; and no one who heard, for instance, his funeral sermon on his old friend, the late Bishop Cornthwaite, of Leeds, could forget the ring of his voice or the tender simplicity of his manner. In 1868 he became a member of the Society of Jesus, and from that date commenced, in his own words, the happiest and most placid period of his life. He was enabled to devote himself to the work of teaching the young and comforting the unhappy without being tied to any special parish or mission. He was particularly happy in his relations with boys and young men, and his visits to Stonyhurst were always looked forward to by the pupils and their teachers. Cambridge also held a warm place in his heart. A few weeks ago, when stopping there, he was brimming over with the recollection of an interesting Sunday he had spent with Mr. Gladstone at the house of Mr. Bertram Currie, and his admiration of the personality of the Prime Minister was freely expressed. In the universality of his interests, in the width of his human sympathies, and in the brilliancy of his conversation, he somewhat resembled the statesman whose acquaintance he had just made. England has lost in Father Morris one of the most learned antiquaries and historians of the present generation, and the Catholic Church a faithful and loyal adherent; but his friends—and their name is legion—know that they have been deprived of one whose heart was ever open to them, and who can never be replaced.

H. MORSE STEPHENS.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF WOMAN.

HAVE you ever remarked a curious thing—that whereas every day we hear women sighing because they have not been born men, you never hear a sigh blowing in the other direction? I only know one man who had the courage to say that he would not mind exchanging into the female infantry, and it may have been affection on his part. At any rate, he blushed deeply at the avowal, and his friends look askance at him ever since. Of course, the obvious answer of the self-satisfied male is that

he is the lord of creation, that his is the better part which shall not be taken from him. Yet this does not prevent his telling his wife sometimes, when oppressed with the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, that "it is nice to be her. Nothing to worry her all day long. No responsibility." For, of course, in his primitive vision of female existence, his wife languidly presides for ever at an eternal five-o'clock tea. And evidently it is not in the province of this article to turn to him the seamy side of that charming picture. Rather is it its mission to convince him of the substantial truth of his intuition. He is quite right. It is "nice to be her." And if men had a little more common-sense in their consequential skulls, instead of striving to resist the woman's invasion of their immemorial responsibilities and worries, they would joyfully abdicate them—and skip home to Nirvāna and afternoon tea. Foolish women! To want of your own free will to put yourselves in painful harness; to take the bit of servitude between your rose-leaf lips; to fight day-long in the reeking arena of bacon-merchants; to settle accounts instead of merely incurring them; to be confined in Stygian city-blocks instead of silken bedchambers; to rise with the sparrow and leave by the early morning train. What fatuity! Some day, when woman has had her way and man has ceased to have his will, she will see of the travail of her soul and be bitterly dissatisfied; for, unless man is a greater fool than he looks, she shall demand back her petticoats in vain.

For what is the lot of woman? The first superficial fact about a woman is, of course, her beauty. Secondly, as the leaves about a rose, comes her dress. To be beautiful and to wear pretty things—these are two of the most obvious privileges of woman. To be a living rose, with bosom of gold and petals of lace, a rose each passer-by longs to pluck from its husband-stem, but dare not for fear of the husband-thorns. To be privileged to play Narcissus all day long with your mirror, to love yourself so much that you kiss the cold reflection, yet fear not to drown. To reveal yourself to yourself in a thousand lovely poses, and bird-like poises of the head. To kneel to yourself in adoration, to laugh and nod and beckon to yourself with your own smiles and dimples, to yearn in hopeless passion for your own loveliness. To unpin the sunny fleeces of your hair, to stand within its rain as Danae in that wondrous rain of gold, to pile it in thick gold rounds about your little head, to prison its soft abundance with amorous clipping pins. To finger silken garments, linings to the casket of your beauty, never seen of men, to draw on stiff embroidered gowns, to deck your hands with glittering jewels, and your wrists with bands of gold—and then to sail forth from your boudoir like the moon from a cloud, regally confident of public worship; to be at once poet and poem, painter and—painted: does not this belong to the lot of woman?

But it was of nobler privileges than these that the candidate for womanhood of whom I have spoken was thinking. It is fit that we skim the surface before we dive into the deeps—especially so attractive a surface as woman's. He was, doubtless, thinking less of woman as a home comfort or a beauty, and much more of her as she once used to be among our far-off sires, Sibyl and Priestess. Is it but an insular fancy to suppose that Englishmen, beyond any other race, still retain the most living faith in the sanctity of womanhood? and, if so, can it be doubted that it is an inheritance from those wild, child-hearted Vikings who were first among the peoples of Europe to conceive woman as the chosen vessel of the divine? And how wittily true, by the way, how slyly significant, were both the Norse and the Greek conceptions of the ruling destinies of man, the Norns and the Fates, as women. To speak with authority, one should, doubtless, first sprout petticoats; and meanwhile one must rest content with asking the intelligent women of our acquaintance whether man inspires them with anything like the

feelings of reverential adoration, the sense of the presence of a being holy and supernal, with which woman undoubtedly inspires man. He is, of course, their god, but a god of the Greek pattern, with no little of the familiarising alloy of earth in his composition. He is strong and swift, and splendid—but seems he holy? Is he angel as well as god? Does the dream of him rise silvery in the imagination of woman? Is he a star to lift her up to heaven, with pure, importunate beam?

I seem to hear the nightingale-laughter of women for answer. Man neither is, nor would they have him, any of these things. But though some men, by a fortunate admixture of woman silver in their masculine clay, may be even these, there is one sacred thing no man can ever be, a privilege by which nature would seem to have put beyond doubt the divinity of woman—a mother. It is true that it is within his reach to be a father; but what is "paternity" compared with motherhood? The very word wears a droll face, as though accustomed to banter. Let us venture on the bull: that, though it is possible for most men to be fathers, no man can ever be a mother. Maybe a recondite intention of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was the accentuation of the fact that man's share in the sacred mystery of birth is so small and woman's so great, that the birth of a child is truly a mysterious traffic between divine powers of nature and her miraculous womb—mystic visitations of radiant hallowed forces hidden eternally from the knowledge of man.

We stand in wonder before the miraculous germinating properties of a clod of earth. A grass-seed and a thimbleful of soil set all the sciences at nought. But if such is the wonder of the mere spectator, how strange to be the very vessel of the mystery, to have it moving through its mystic stations within our very bodies, to feel the tender shoots of the young life striking out blade after blade, already living and wonderful, though as yet unsuspected of other eyes; to know the underground inarticulate spring, sweeter far than spring of bird and blossom, while as yet all seems barren winter in the upper air; to hear already the pathetic pleadings of the young life and send back soothing answer along the hidden channels of tender, tremulous affinities; to lie still in the night and see through the darkness the little white soul shining softly in its birth-sleep, slowly filling with life as a moon with silver—it was a woman and not a man that God chose for this blessedness.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT would be absurd to call "Les Opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard" (Paris: Calmann Lévy) an elaborate mystification, for, although the fiction that the book is a posthumous publication of the memoirs of an eighteenth-century abbé is well sustained, he who runs may read between the lines of the abbé's discourses the views of that most engaging of modern writers, M. Anatole France. The volume is really a sequel to another by the same author, published earlier in the year, "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque," which told us, in a style compounded of wit not far short of Voltaire's and epicurean license too closely approaching Casanova's, of the life and adventures of the Abbé Jérôme Coignard, sometime professor of eloquence at the college of Beauvais and librarian of M. de Séze, *Sagiensis episcopi bibliothecarius solertissimus*, and of his violent death on the Lyons road at the hands of a Jew cabbalist (*Judæa manu nefandissima*). Therein we were shown the anything but reverend abbé as a sort of philosophic vagabond, given, sad to say, to wenching and the wine-cup, but redeeming the weaknesses of the flesh by rare elevation of spirit and mansuetude of temperament. It is in his

strength rather than in his weakness that M. Anatole France invites us to resume our acquaintance with the abbé. We now get the merest glimpse of that baggage Catherine, the daughter of joy, and of the roystering crew who nightly haunt the cellar of the "Petit Bacchus" and the steps of Saint-Benoît-le-Bétourné. The rascally Capuchin Friar Ange, who stole the vicar's ass, and Catherine's heart into the bargain, is now only a dim memory. For the most part we are in the far better company of M. Blaizot, bookseller at the "Image-Sainte-Catherine," and of the philosophers, pamphleteers, professional libellers, and other worthies who frequent his shop. Here it is that the ex-librarian of M. de Séziz is found again in all his glory, liberating his soul in genial discourses *de omne re scibili*, mingling indulgent wisdom with generous scepticism, and generally anticipating by a good century and a half the opinions on the cosmos now held by M. Anatole France—in brief, a free man, if a humble citizen, and, in that he is without prejudices, worthy to be ranked, M. France submits, above a Bossuet and all the other grand personages who shine with the traditional splendour of customary creeds. This eighteenth-century compound of Epicurus and St. Francis of Assisi is a confirmed sceptic; he lacks the precious illusion which sustained Bacon and Descartes, belief in themselves coupled with disbelief in everybody else. All principles seem to him equally contestable. He despises mankind "avec tendresse," judging that men make themselves miserable through the exaggerated idea they have of themselves and their fellows, and that, with humbler and truer views of human nature, they would deal more gently with one another. It is in his heart to tell them that their poor foolish nature has imagined nothing, and nothing built up, which is worth either attacking or defending; and that if they only knew the fragility of their greatest works, such as laws and empires, they would never fight over them save for the fun of the thing, as children fight over their sand-castles on the seashore. Thus he does not believe that reprisals, whether legal or spontaneous, do anything more than make bad worse; and though he may smile when they beat the watch, that is through the mere impulse of flesh and blood, and natural good-nature. He is no great believer in justice, and so is, perhaps, M. France suggests, of all eighteenth-century minds the one most opposed to the principles of the Revolution. He would not have signed a line of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, because of the excessive and iniquitous distinction which is therein established between men and gorillas. Naturally, Robespierre would have held the Abbé Coignard to be a bad man. For Robespierre, unlike the abbé, was an optimist who believed in virtue. Statesmen of this temperament work all possible ill; for he who aspires to lead men ought never to lose sight of the fact that they are a bad lot. Robespierre's belief in virtue led to the Terror; Marat's belief in justice led to the demand for two hundred thousand heads. But the Abbé Coignard believes in nothing, and so would not hurt a fly. This attitude of mind does not recommend itself to the "celebrated Mr. Rockstrong," condemned to perpetual exile by the English Parliament for his participation in Monmouth's rebellion, who inhabits France, and incessantly despatches thence articles to the gazettes of his own country. Mr. Rockstrong—who, as will already have been perceived, is suspiciously like M. Rochefort—reviles the abbé for his political pococurantism. "You see, it is all because I am a philosopher," is the reply. "It is in the nature of real sages to vex the rest of mankind. Anaxagoras was an illustrious example. I don't mention Socrates, who was a mere sophist. But we find that in all times and all countries, the temper of meditative men was the cause of scandal. You think yourself, Mr. Rockstrong, very distinct from your enemies, and as amiable as they are odious. Suffer me to tell you that this is the mere effect of your pride and

high courage. As a matter of fact, you share all human weaknesses and passions with those who have condemned you. If you have more probity than many of them, and an incomparable vivacity of mind, you are inspired with a spirit of hatred and discord which makes you a great nuisance in a civilised country. What I am saying is not likely to endear me either to yourself or to your enemies. But I prize liberty of thought more highly than a fine abbey or a fat priory. I shall have annoyed everybody, but contented my soul, and I shall die in peace." Here is the fag-end of another conversation with the celebrated Mr. Rockstrong. The abbé is denying the value of revolutions. "What!" asks Mr. Rockstrong, "don't you admit that the Great Revolutions of England or the Low Countries have had any effect on the welfare of the people?" "Revolutions," replied the abbé, "are made to preserve advantages already acquired, not to gain new ones. It is the folly of nations, and of yourself, Mr. Rockstrong, to found vast hopes upon the fall of princes. You pay yourself with words. It is remarkable how readily men let themselves be slain for words without sense. Ajax remarked it long ago: 'I thought in my youth,' the poet makes him say, 'that action was more powerful than words, but to-day I see that words are the stronger.' Thus spake Ajax, the son of Oileus. Mr. Rockstrong, I have a mighty thirst on me!" Mr. Rockstrong, by the way, is not the only modern who is covertly introduced into this volume. When the talk is of Louvois, the reference is to Ferry, and the discussion of Law's Mississippi scheme is a scarcely veiled allusion to Panama. Here perhaps is the one flaw in what otherwise might have been an entirely delightful book. "Actualities," to use a hideous but convenient word which M. France's classic taste would never sanction, seem out of place in this soul-history of an imaginary epicurean philosopher. M. France, like his earlier hero M. Sylvestre Bonnard, moves most nimbly and gracefully in a world of books and pure ideas; he should leave comments on contemporary politics to baser mortals, the mere "gazetiers" whom the Abbé Coignard holds in so just a contempt. The book, it may be added, has something like the advantage of Alice's caucus race—it begins anywhere, ends nowhere. There is no reason why it should not be the first of a whole series of similar volumes; every intelligent reader will cherish the hope that at all events it will not be the last.

THE DRAMA.

"THE ORIENT EXPRESS."

IT is impossible not to feel a certain sympathy for Mr. Augustin Daly. His fate has been scripturally foreshadowed. He is a stranger, and—I greatly fear—we have taken him in. On his early visits to this country he met with a hearty welcome. His company and his repertory gave promise of something new. Miss Ada Rehan, then seen at the very zenith of her powers, took the town by storm. Mr. John Drew, one of the most imperturbably cheerful comedians this generation has seen, was at hand to put the leading lady on her mettle and keep her up to the mark. Mrs. G. H. Gilbert and Mr. James Lewis gave us fresh and delightful pictures of joyous and "pawky" old age. The rest were as the climate of the North American continent, the Declaration of Independence, and other local matters had made them; they amused by their accent, their solecisms, and their exuberant vitality. The repertory of Teutonic-American farce, tempered by American-Shakesperean comedy, was not good, but, as I say, it was new; and we welcomed it, as an earnest of better things to come. But it is the expected which never happens, and the better things have not come. Hence a certain reaction in that capricious tyrant, popular favour.

We were all singing in chorus to Mr. Daly, "Come live with us, and be our love." He has taken us at our word; he has come to live with us—in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square—and we decline to complete the bargain: we do not recognise him as our love. He has piped unto us in every tune which an intelligent American might reasonably suppose to be right English—he has produced a fine old English play by a fine old English gentleman, "o—one of the o-older time," Sheridan Knowles's *Hunchback*, and another play on a fine old English legend by an English poet-laureate, *The Foresters*. He has piped unto us, I say, with these undeniably English tunes; and we will not dance. It is really very perverse of us; I think Mr. Daly has reasonable ground of complaint. And yet we are impenitent, even when this enterprising stranger in our midst has taken the last step in the art of being more English than the English. What, he has evidently said to himself, could be a more truly English institution than *Punch* and, argal, my masters, who more truly English than the editor of that periodical, Mr. F. C. Burnand? Accordingly, Mr. Burnand has been commissioned to produce a new play for the English market—which, like so many other English plays, is an adaptation from a Continental source. Herr Oscar Blumenthal and Gustav Kadelburg are, it seems, the authors of the comedy which Mr. Burnand has Englished for Daly's Theatre, under the title of *The Orient Express*. If the original was as tiresome as the adaptation, the statistics of German emigration are at length explained. For half an hour or so its main idea is amusing enough. A traveller to the East by the Orient Express is captured by brigands, and a lady who is captured with him is taken to be his wife because she is possessed—never mind the why and wherefore: they are perfectly innocent—of a circular tourist-ticket bearing his wife's signature. The names of the pair are straightway coupled together in telegrams to the London papers, and, to avert a scandal, the wife, who has been all the time at home in Bloomsbury, gives out that it is she, and no other, who has shared her husband's misadventures on the Turkish frontier. Interviewing journalists and Paul Prys from the clubs soon make it exceedingly difficult to keep up this fiction, and the arrival of others of the husband's fellow-travellers, who have been released by their captors, further complicates matters; and the conclusion seems to be, don't sell your wife's circular ticket if there is any risk of your falling in with brigands. In one act—that is to say, for the half-hour I spoke of—this notion provides some fun; but long before the two ensuing acts are over the fun has been exhausted, and we are left wondering whether we are to impute our boredom to Herren Blumenthal and Kadelburg or to the editor of *Punch*. The affair is lightened by a few gleams of humour from Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert; there is some pretty love-making for Mr. Allan Aynesworth and Miss Isabel Irving; but Miss Ada Rehan has no part to speak of, and the fooling of Mr. George Clarke and Miss Catherine Lewis in parts of childish absurdity is better not spoken of. Seriously, Mr. Daly will have to consider his ways. It looks as if he were not yet alive to the present state of dramatic taste in this country. Unfortunately for him, we have a taste—which is not to be satisfied by Sheridan Knowles, Tennyson, or Burnand. Not one of these is at the present moment a "live" dramatist. Mr. Daly must try again.

A. B. W.

THE EXTENSION OF FRANCHISE IN AUSTRIA.

GENERAL astonishment and intense terror in the camp of Bohemia's national and political enemies was the first effect of the surprising action of Count Taaffe with which he welcomed the members of the Reichsrath at its resumed sittings. Austria gives to her people universal suffrage!

What unheard-of news, what an incredible event! Astonished are the Old Czechs, Feudal landed proprietors, Clericals, German Liberals, Poles, and all those men of little faith, all those "practical politicians" who laughed at the impotence of ideas. It is now for the Young Czechs, the "ideologists," the "dreamers," as they are being called, to laugh at the "sound politicians." The Czech nation can boast of being the first among Austrian nations which raised its voice for Universal Suffrage.

When some twenty years ago the Czech Liberal party—the Young Czechs—began to organise itself, it wrote on its banner the demand for the universal right to vote. On throwing themselves, in 1891, into a decisive electoral struggle, the Young Czechs engraved that same demand on their shield as a fundamental clause of their programme, and on the 17th March, 1892, they presented an elaborate Bill to the Reichsrath. For this display of democratic zeal the party had to submit to most brutal attacks. The German Liberal Press threatened the Young Czechs with the gallows; the Old Czech print and the Poles stigmatised them as associates of the Socialistic *Internationale*; while the German Conservatives treated them with sovereign ridicule. What folly, said they, to believe that in Austria could ever be found a Government that would accede to the idea of Universal Suffrage!

And that Government has been found—sooner than one would have imagined. Pressed by the Young Czechs, Count Taaffe at last began to examine their cause, with the result that he detected the justice of it.

"Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."

So the world turns: such is the power of an idea that penetrates the general mind, that enters the soul of nations, and carries away public opinion.

True, the Czechs cannot rejoice yet at the complete victory of their idea. They have received merely an instalment which is not quite satisfactory. For while they demand universal, equal, and direct right of vote for all State citizens of fair character for all the legislative assemblies, the Government offers, by its Bill, a universal vote without civic equality, and, as heretofore, denies—the gods alone know wherefore and why—the direct right of vote.

In this lies a great difference and a cruel want. The present electoral system of Schmerling and Lasser, the so-called representation of four interests—viz., landed proprietors, Chambers of Commerce, towns, and rural districts—is, from the standpoint of justice, absolutely undefensible. Nobody knows why in the Reichsrath landed proprietors should have 85, Chambers of Commerce 21, towns only 117, rural districts even only 130 deputies? And yet the rural districts pay twice as much in taxes as the towns, and these, again, four times as much as the great landowners. There are in Cisleithania something over 5,000 voters who can only return members of their own body—to wit, great landowners; while the number of urban and rural voters is 1,700,000.

It is in this injustice that lies the root of evil by which the nations and their liberty suffer. Through this artificial "representation of interests" the Ministers Schmerling and Lasser brought about such a state of things that 14 millions of Slavs have to-day in the Imperial Parliament not more than 136 votes; while 8 millions of Germans are represented by 177 deputies. This wrong cannot be mended otherwise than by the abolition of all privileges, by putting into effect the fundamental principle that "before law all citizens are equal." That is why the Czech delegation this year demanded universal, equal, and direct right of vote for all rightful citizens, so as to give a deputy to every 60,000 inhabitants. In this way a real popular representation would be arrived at, and the aspect of the Reichsrath would be then—for the Germans 145, Slavs 240, Italians 11, and Roumanians 4 deputies.

From this ideal the Austrians are, of course, still far. The Government has no inclination to do away with the privileges of the great landowners, allowing them, as it does, 85 representatives, whom they are at liberty to elect themselves as before; and it leaves the number of deputies 353 as hitherto. For these reasons the Czech deputies will adhere to their own Bill, and present it on the first opportunity.

Nevertheless, the barriers have been broken, and the idea of Universal Suffrage has found its way into Austria, which is certainly a remarkable and great step in advance. The principle means the introduction of a new element into the inner policy of the Empire. It will be adopted in the Government Bill only as a germ, but a germ which can attain the significance of the Biblical grain of mustard. By the adoption of the Government Bill the feudal system will clearly become untenable. How long can 5,000 voters of the landed-proprietor class continue to have 85 constituencies, while over 3,000,000 of people have to be satisfied with 268 deputies?

There is, moreover, another satisfaction for the Czechs. The Old Czechs were horrified at the idea of Universal Suffrage, pointing out how it would injure the Czech nation. Well, to-day they are offered only a piece of this right, and already the Germans are panic-stricken at the thought how they are going to lose forty seats, how they will be deprived of all the towns in Moravia, and how their domineering in Bohemia will sustain a heavy check. They tremble at the unexpected blow from Taaffe's hand, and prepare themselves for revenge at the division on the decree of the minor state of siege in Prague. We doubt that they would have the courage of putting their threat into execution, and vote for it: they have all reasons to vote against it.

If the moment is really critical, let the advisers of the Crown look around in Austria and see her present aspect after thirty years' working of the centralisation system, and ask themselves whether it can last any longer? Strange! This Reform Bill of Count Taaffe is a veritable event in the history of this centralisation. I have pointed out above the faults and inconsistencies that make it unacceptable; but whatever inconsistencies this unfinished political move of Taaffe may contain, it possesses the great merit that it has exposed before the world all that contemptible egotism of the German centralisation party, which for thirty years had thriven on injustice and fiction, vaunting its superiority over other nationalities of the Empire. And now, when finally the old injustice has at least partly to be repaired, observe the attitude of these excellent "Liberals"! Hand-in-hand with the Reactionaries, Clericals, and Feudals, they resist fiercely the equal right of the people to elect their representatives. Yes, it is against the idea of Universal Suffrage itself that this adulterated German Liberalism of Herr von Plener is fighting—the same man who before Europe attempted to depict the Czechs as a reactionary element, proclaiming his party, on the other hand, as a progressive one. Herr von Plener's organ, which hailed Ledru Rollin as the father of Universal Suffrage, which praised Mazzini and Garibaldi as its apostles—this same *Neue Freie Presse* fights tooth and nail against the introduction of that measure. Of course, the Left—the German Liberals—would lose more than half their seats, and that is a consideration.

Strange that nobody—the *Times* Vienna correspondent least of all—has yet put forward a historical experience. Austria had had her Universal Suffrage already. It was introduced with the Constitution of May 15th, 1848; and the first Parliament, which lasted from July, 1848, till March, 1849, was beyond all shadow of doubt elected on the lines of Universal Suffrage. The Parliament had then 383 deputies; Bohemia sent 90, Moravia 38, Silesia 10. Well, and what was the result of this first experiment of Universal Suffrage? It was, of course, that according to justice the Slavs had in the Reichsrath a majority against the

Germans. And yet there were no signs of a destruction or extermination of the Germans, of which the sworn foes of the Czechs are persistently talking. They exaggerate wilfully, in order to preserve their immoral hegemony over the Czechs. Every honest Austrian statesman can penetrate the truth: if peace and goodwill are to be restored in Austria, her statesmen must decide in favour of this act of justice. It is an incision into a body affected by cancer; but they must not hesitate, not shrink from it, or feel faint, if they be skilful operators.

VICTOR DE BRANDT.

PROSE ECLOGUE.

BASIL, MENZIES, BRIAN.

BRIAN: Have you ever written short stories, Basil?

Basil: Never; nor can I read them.

Brian: I rather like them.

Basil: Then your palate's gone—I mean your mental palate. I still prefer a sandwich: bread—meat—mustard. The short story is mere mustard, the scanty dish which Grumio, that "false, deluding slave," jeered Katharina with.

Brian: Your short-story men are your only pickle-merchants.

Basil: Occasionally they are good men gone wrong; oftenest they are single-prong men.

Menzies: Single-prong?

Basil: Yes. Some men are tridents, some are dinner-forks, some are pitch-forks, and some have but one prong. Of these last are the short-story men, the "strong men" of fiction. They remind me of the Parisian *chiffonnier*, who gathers from frequented places with his pointed stick odds and ends of paper and rags. They are an insufferable nuisance; their pens are always ready furbished; if you so much as hint an idea, an experience, an episode, they stab it up at once and thrust it into their wallets among an omnium gatherum of other half-ideas, experiences, and episodes, where it lies till it is "high," and is then brought forth as "strong meat."

Brian: And who are the dinner-forks?

Basil: Average men, I suppose.

Brian: And the pitch-forks?

Basil: Why, you are pretty like one, pursuing relentlessly a passing remark.

Brian: And the tridents? Come, the tridents?

Basil: My friends and I.

Menzies: Good. Did you know that I had written short stories?

Brian: No! Tell us all about it.

Basil: What is there to tell except that for every story he wrote there is a gray hair on his soul?

Menzies: That is true. But I would confess; I have never told it to anyone, the stories having been anonymous. The first one was of a woman I knew; a tall fair Scotchwoman, with a perfect oval face and large pale eyes. In her twenty-fourth year she married a painter and set herself to destroy his temperament. I met her in her father's house shortly after she had spoiled her husband, body and soul; and she told me the story herself. "He kept talking to me," she said, "of temperament, temperament, temperament. What is temperament? Do you know? Does anyone know? I have no temperament; but I suppose he had, for he was different from me. He liked all kinds of stupidity and foolishness—little children, religious people, romance, and sentiment. After the honeymoon, when he went back to his easel, he nearly swooned at the sight of it; for I had determined to see of what stuff his temperament was made, and had painted a leer on the faces of his figures. He tore up the canvas and began anew. As soon as he had a face drawn, at night I put a leer into the eyes or a wicked smile on the lips. He went to his easel every morning shaking with terror.

I had now fully made up my mind that he should get rid of his temperament and become as strong as me, for I rather liked him; he was very handsome. So I persevered with his faces, and was amazed at his persistence. At last one morning he asked me to stay beside him while he painted. He drew and coloured the heads of three cherubs with extraordinary rapidity and force, the practice which my device had secured him having increased his skill immensely. The faces were sweet and beautiful; and he asked me if they were not so. I said I rather liked them, but that I saw nothing particularly sweet about them: charming little imps, I called them. 'Then I am a lost man,' he cried. 'Something terrible has gone wrong with me. Day after day I paint what I think beautiful faces; these that I have just done seem to me adorable. You see them as they are, leering and malicious; and to-morrow I too shall see them as they are. Some subtle paralysis has attacked me.' Next morning, as usual, he found his faces impudent or malignant. I comforted him, and told him to struggle no more against his own nature, but to follow this inferior bent which proclaimed itself in spite of him. 'I will,' he said. 'It may work itself out.' Then an evil spirit took actual possession of him, and he painted loathsome and horrible things. He was a weak man; his temperament had only been degraded, not yet destroyed. One night I changed his diabolic into angelic faces; and in the morning he came to me weeping tears of joy. 'I have worked it out,' he cried. 'I am free of it. Yesterday, while I designed what I thought the most wicked group of countenances ever imagined, I was painting divinities. Come and see them.' I excused myself till the afternoon; and he, happy and jubilant, went out to walk off his excitement. In his absence I changed his divinities into idiots and maniacs. When at length he led me to his studio he had no eyes for anything but me. I felt him watching me as I stood in front of his picture. I looked at it, and then with cold surprise at his glad, eager face. The blood left his cheeks like a lamp that's blown out; he glanced at his picture, and fell in a tremor on the floor. I helped him to a seat, placed myself opposite him, and told him how I had manipulated his canvases in the hope of enabling him to master his temperament. When he realised what I said, he slid from his chair glaring at me as if I had been a wild beast about to devour him. I moved to help him again, but he shrank from me, shrieking, 'Keep off!' He crept backwards on his hands and knees, growling and glaring at me hideously. He reached the door and kicked at it as a beast might, flinging out his legs. He has never stood erect since; he lives in a stall and eats out of a manger; the asylum doctor says he cannot recover. What is temperament? Have I destroyed his, or is it now rampant? How weak he was! Is temperament what people used to mean by soul?" What do you think of that?

Brian: It's very strong.

Basil: Very fair mustard.

Menzies: Right! It's just mustard, and not really strong; no bread, no meat, merely condiment. In the famous old image, it is a convulsion: sometimes six men can't hold a feeble epileptic. But I got to like fits, especially as I found that I possessed the knack of taking them; so I had a series in various periodicals; and got good money too: people are always generous to a man in a fit. Gradually, however, it became more difficult to fall into them; I had to work myself up—with stimulants. At last nothing would cause them; and I took to feigning them—picking up episodes like the *chiffonnier* in your image, instead of creating: in my own image, chewing soap in order to foam at the mouth like the impostor in the street: and nobody but myself knew the difference.

Brian: But you don't apply this generally? There are plenty of good short, strong stories by good strong men.

Basil: Good condiment.

Menzies: Good convulsions: most interesting, attracting great crowds; but only convulsions.

Basil: Any one line of actual poetry is worth a million short stories.

Menzies: Here's one. "Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily."

Brian: Yes; but they are geniuses—great men, some of those short-story writers.

Menzies: My dear Brian, we are all geniuses nowadays.

Basil: Admirable! All men are geniuses: it is only a difference of degree. JOHN DAVIDSON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

M. ZOLA AND M. ZOLA.

SIR,—One is ready to exonerate the writer of "Noughts and Crosses" for any of his critical escapades. But he and your correspondent, "C. L. F.," in their apology for the action of the Institute of Journalists in glorifying M. Zola, draw a distinction which ordinary Englishmen will be slow to appreciate. After diligently working at the muck-rake for the best part of his life, M. Zola is defended on two grounds. First, that he has handled the muck-rake in so deft a manner that the result is *literature*. And literature, as the disciples of the school of the night before last have once and again told us in your columns, is not to be subject to mere moral considerations in its selection of topic and theme. But a second, and a more politic defence is set up, which avoids the consideration of the realistic pictures of the Rougon-Macquart Series, and says that M. Zola visited England and was fêted by English journalists, only in his capacity as the President of the Société des Gens de Lettres. We have clearly mistaken the label. It is impossible not to recall the old mediæval story of the seigneur who was also the bishop of the diocese in which his castle was situate. The tale runs that when setting forth on one of his predatory expeditions, he defended himself against certain critics by saying that he was not undertaking the campaign in his capacity as a servant of the Prince of Peace, but as the seigneur. Whereupon one asked him this question: When the seigneur will be in the penal fires, suffering for his sins, where then will the bishop be? One would be sorry to carry on this discussion into the regions of eschatology, but the old tale may still point a moral in these superfine days. When the President of the Société des Gens de Lettres was enjoying the Lord Mayor's hospitality, where at that particular moment was the writer of the dirty novels? As far as one can judge from its apologists, the Institute would have been willing to receive Mephistopheles himself, under the discriminating title of M. le Président de la Société, etc., provided he could for the nonce stow his tail away decently in his small-clothes, and hide his hoofs in patent leather.—I am, Sir,

Yours obediently, W. P.

"OUR ENGLISH MINSTERS."

SIR,—Whilst thanking you for your very appreciative notice of "Our English Minsters," in your last issue, may we be permitted to explain the omission of several important cathedrals by referring to the preface, in which a second volume of "Our English Minsters" is promised?—Yours truly,

ISEISTER & CO., LIMITED.

VIE DE BOHÈME.

DID you ever walk down Fleet Street in the rain,
With a hole in your boot where the water came in and
then squished out again?

Did you ever wonder—half-way 'twixt joy and sorrow—
Where on earth you'd find the coin to have a meal to-morrow?

Did you ever, while a guilty heart half-choked you with its
knocks,

Slip a clumsy roll of copy in the office letter-box?
Or, passing 'neath the blue of the livid lightning-lamps,
Think you'd sell your very soul for a shilling's worth of
stamps?

Have you ever known that hardest work of seeking work to do,
Or the turning out of "copy" that may never profit you?

Did you ever write through a winter's night and into a foggy
day—
And then creep into your bed to sleep the hopelessness away?

Or did you ever sit, when the long hard day was done—

With its worry, and its hopes, and its toil and wrath and fun,
Crouching over a fenderless fire, with your heart's own friend
beside,

And tell of all your adventures, and laugh until you cried?

Or have you walked through the glory of a blue and silver morn,

In a frost on the Embankment, and felt a new thought born?

Oh! do you know the thrill of doubt, and the slashing joy of
strife?

What! no?—I tell you you've never felt the good there is in
life!

A. W.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

ON THE BEHAVIOUR OF THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON.

THREE weeks ago the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, Headmaster of Harrow School, stood up before the Church Congress at Birmingham, made a vigorous speech denouncing M. Zola (whom he called an "infamous" writer), and advised that "the efforts and aims of Churchmen might well be enlisted on behalf of such a society as the National Vigilance Association," a society which in 1889 secured the imprisonment of Mr. Henry Vizetelly for publishing an English translation (I believe, considerably expurgated) of one of M. Zola's works. Internal evidence led many people to suspect that Mr. Welldon's denunciations were based on an imperfect acquaintance with M. Zola's writings, and he was promptly asked by more than one writer in the public press to favour the public with some definite information on the extent of that acquaintance. This request I myself had the honour to repeat a fortnight ago. I wish to put it on record that Mr. Welldon has not given an answer.

Now, as regards Mr. Welldon's own sincerity and the general character of the discussion on the last day of the Birmingham Congress, this record is (I think) instructive. The commonest sense of moral obligation approves that when A speaks publicly of B as "infamous," he shall be prepared to state the definite grounds of his charge and the extent of his acquaintance with B's conduct. And when A goes on to suggest a persecution of B, the obligation becomes even stricter. Mr. Welldon may be suffering from a natural hallucination of his calling. A headmaster's position is to some extent singular: he can both judge and whip his boys, and from verdict and punishment alike there is practically no appeal; he can banish, he can confiscate goods, he can scatter condemnation and applause as he lists: and he enjoys these powers by virtue of a very useful Social Contract. It is small wonder if he forget at times that the boundaries of his school-grounds are also the limits of his august irresponsibility, and that outside of them he may not strike even the smallest boy, or use the language of a bully towards the meanest of his fellow-creatures, without risk of being summoned peremptorily to justify his behaviour. But it is not right that he should forget this, and, forgetting it, run amuck in public places with either his ferule or his tongue. And if it be objected that this case is no particular business of mine, I answer that Mr. Welldon volunteered with his abuse as I volunteer with its correction; that he has no obvious qualifications for holding any opinion whatever upon literary matters; that we cannot by interrogatory, even though it be backed by an appeal to his sense of fair play, discover that he has read as many as a couple of volumes of the writer he allows himself to term "infamous"; and that when we find so questionable an adviser so lightly inciting to persecution, the humblest citizen may well think it time to protest.

A correspondent, signing himself "C. L. F.," was inclined to complain in last week's *SPEAKER* that in concerning myself with the utterances of the Head-

master of Harrow I gave too little attention to the yet more surprising utterances of the Bishop of Worcester. Shortly before the Benediction the Bishop rose in his place and asserted that M. Zola

"has spent his life in corrupting the minds and souls, not only of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, and especially of the young, but also, by the translation of his works, *thousands and hundreds of thousands* of young souls elsewhere."

Thus the Bishop is reported to have spoken, and, as "C. L. F." points out, he had not so much evidence to back his insinuations and assertions as would wrap round a mustard-seed. That this levity in defamation but ill becomes a titled expositor of the Gospel of Charity I do not deny. But let us discriminate. The importance of speech depends to some extent on the mouth that edits it; and utterances of Bishop Perowne, which may reasonably alarm his relatives, do not perturb any considerable number of the rest of mankind. We may suppose that he honestly preferred to condemn M. Zola on *à priori* grounds, unhampered by evidence; or that he honestly sought evidence at second-hand, and was misinformed: and with that we may pass on.

The case of the Headmaster of Harrow, however, is different. Mr. Welldon already fills some room in the public eye, and has the reputation of being what I may call a pushing young man in his profession. We may agree that he has the defects of his qualities: but the qualities are there. When such a man denounces Zola as "infamous" and seeks to "enlist the efforts and aims of Churchmen on behalf of such a society as the National Vigilance Association," it is well to ask him promptly to define the exact base of his charge: it is well to ask, "How many of M. Zola's works had you read when you spoke?" and when such a man is silenced by that simple question, the public must draw its own conclusions concerning Mr. Welldon himself and the persecution which he advocates.

And what a pitiable state of things was unconsciously revealed by those Congress-men at Birmingham! "Suppress! Suppress!" "Persecute! Persecute! Persecute!" Is it possible that the Church of Christ, after almost two thousand years, can discover no better means of safeguarding the purity of her children than the seizing and burning of books and the casting of publishers into prison? Are we always to be "suppressing"—"driving under"—the evil, and assuring our sons and daughters (who at least should expect us to speak honestly to them of the world into which we have brought them) that the evil does not exist? Shall we never listen to Milton?—"I cannot praise a fugitive or cloistered virtue; assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, but impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary;" and again: "Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste that came not thither so." Is a Church, whose very foundations rest on the doctrine of Original Sin, to stultify herself perpetually by resting all her practice on the assumption of an Original Innocence destructible by knowledge? It was divine irony, indeed, that ordained this discussion to close the business of a Congress chiefly occupied in contemplating a "Reunion of the Churches." Does any Congress-man—does even Bishop Perowne—imagine that the mass of men now looking on with amusement would ever, if the farce became serious, allow a sacerdotalism, which on its members' own confession has no better weapons than those of the Middle Ages—the *index expurgatorius*, the bonfire, and the jail—to reunite and consolidate its broken forces into one monstrous menace to humanity's hardly won liberty of thought, speech, and action?

It is seldom nowadays that a priest gets an opportunity of belauding intolerance in the open. When he does, his unction is notable. The Rev. J. E. C. Weldon, feeling himself for the moment on safe ground, went so far as to speak of it as a process of thought! "Tennyson," he said, "took a truer *because more intolerant* view of the distinguished but infamous writer, Zola." A man who knows anything of language must have a pretty liberal view of the contemptibility of his hearers' intelligence before addressing them in this style.

A fortnight ago, in dealing with this question, I expressed my confidence that "one thing at any rate was settled by the warm welcome given to M. Zola—that the public conscience will not permit a repetition of the Vizetelly trial." Since then I have received a letter from Mr. Vizetelly himself, who would assure me that I am mistaken; that the public conscience can only find expression through the Press; and that when the National Vigilance Association chooses the next opportune moment for attack, the Press will remain silent until the verdict is secured, when it will join in approving a "fresh vindication of the law." We shall see. I, who am no worshipper of M. Zola, but a cold and inimical admirer, decline as yet to believe it. I feel sure of this, at any rate: that if six honest men on the Press shall dare to speak their minds, the next victory of the Association—if victory it gain—over the liberties of literature, will be the most ruinous in its annals.

Meanwhile, will the Headmaster of Harrow redeem, though at a late hour, his credit as a controversialist by informing the public *how many of the works of M. Zola he had read when he rose to address the Church Congress?* A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE SPIRIT OF PLATO.

PLATO AND PLATONISM: A Series of Lectures. By Walter Pater. London: Macmillan & Co.

"**TRULY** even Plato, whosoever well considereth, shall find that in the body of his work, though the inside and strength were philosophy, the skins as it were and beauty depended most of poetry. For all standeth upon dialogues; wherein he feigneth many honest burgesses of Athens to speak of such matters that, if they had been set on the rack, they would never have confessed them; besides his poetical describing the circumstances of their meetings, as the well-ordering of a banquet, the delicacy of a walk, with interlacing mere tales, as Gyges' ring and others, which who knoweth not to be flowers of poetry did never walk into Apollo's garden." Thus Sir Philip Sidney; and thus Milton, at the close of a curiously beautiful poem:—

"Iam iam poetas urbis exules tunc
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras."

Plato has ever been accounted a spirit of flame and music—a divine poet. Consider but his followers, in their diverse fashions of honouring him. There are the Alexandrian Platonists, the patristic Platonists, the Florentine and Renaissance Platonists, our English, Elizabethan and Cambridge, Platonists. It matters little whom you choose, Plotinus or Augustine, Pico or Bruno or Michael Angelo, Spenser or Sidney, or Milton or More; later yet, Wordsworth or Shelley: in each of these you discern an ardour of the intellect kindled at the fire of Plato, rather than an anxious and deliberate metaphysic. It is otherwise with Aristotle: the schools of Pisa and Padua, the disciples of Averroës and Aquinas, exalted him to a height from which Bacon was fain to pull him down; but we miss the rapture of a personal love. No Italian academy kept the feast of Aristotle, as the Medicean academy kept November the thirteenth

in honour of Plato, their classic Moses, almost their Attic Christ. Coleridge never called Aristotle "a plank from the wreck of Paradise, cast on the shores of idolatrous Greece." Surveying the many makers or poets of ideal states and perfect cities, it is not the Aristotelian politics, but the Platonic Republic, that we find inspiring their dreams. And perhaps the divine sagacity of the Catholic Church has in nothing been better shown than in her suspicion of Plato, the patron of such fascinating heresies, and her trust in Aristotle, the severe and dry.

Said Bentley to Pope, upon his Homer: "A very pretty poem, but you must not call it Homer." Certain students, of the more arid and literal kind, might say of Mr. Pater's book: "A very pretty philosophy, but you must not call it Plato. This or that point is neglected, this or that other is magnified; a metaphor here is something too curious, an analogy there fetched from over far. This is not Plato, though its beauty be Platonic." It is because such things may be said and in part justified that we have reminded readers of Plato and of Mr. Pater, of that traditional Platonism which is not a system of philosophy, but an inspiration of life. Consider, too, the audience which listened to these lectures: a set of "young students of philosophy" at Oxford. How excellent a thing for them, tempted perhaps to look upon philosophy as hair-splitting, a verbal juggle, that they should have their Plato at least presented with the secret of his personality suggested to them, vitalised for them, by a writer who to an admirable erudition joins just that intuitive sympathy which recreates, reanimates, the great things of a world gone by! Of the Platonic "ideas," those difficult and seductive "ideas," Mr. Pater gives them, as it were, a picture. His picture may not be wholly right, but whose can be? And Mr. Pater's will at least stimulate, interest, attract. He could, doubtless, so place in winning lights the "forms" of Bacon, the "vortices" of Descartes, and show young philosophers how dear, how moving, those conceptions were to their first conceivers: they would actually see Bacon, see Descartes, brooding, cogitating, interpreting the "nature of things." The Lacedæmonians, again: how salutary a corrective to Thucydides, read without emotion, Mr. Pater's presentation of the austere, serene, Dorian hill folk! Just so, he could make young students of Rome, hasty partisans of Senate or of Cæsar, realise the better, finer spirit in either camp. It was assuredly not in the thought that Mills to be and future Mansels were among his hearers, that Mr. Pater composed and gave his lectures, but in the wish that the young scholars, face to face with some of the highest things in history, philosophies, religions, arts, should find a living soul in their old books, not antiquarian dust; should carry away with them, a possession for all their lives, some sense of that ancient world once breathing, active, resolute, even as themselves to-day. It is in the very spirit of that cry, "Things, not words," the cry of Erasmus, Milton, Rousseau, and a thousand more, that Mr. Pater writes; he is in perfect touch with all that is best in our modern demands for educational reform. How shall we appreciate the Evangelical Revival, the Catholic Revival, knowing nothing of Wesley and of Newman? But Plato—what do we know of Plato, what can those subtle dialogues really tell us of the man, of what manner he was? Which is the truer Socrates, he of Xenophon or he of Plato? Well, scholars are in positions of trust; we confide in their honour. Unless scepticism entire is to be our word, we must trust the good faith of our trained guides: a Wolf, a Mommsen, may fail to convince us, but they can never be quite conquered, never be proved fools or knaves. The very errors of keen and accomplished minds are valuable. Mr. Pater, in all his writings, has displayed certain characteristics, interests, "propensions," which his readers can be at no loss to comprehend; they know in what ways, under what lights, it is of his proper genius to view and to expound great matters, personalities, periods.

The concrete appeals to him, the soul in things as they find outward form and presence; not the vague and vast, the colourless, intangible, invisible, inaudible, but aspirations expressed in and through written words, ideas of beauty carried out by actual substances, the natures of men legible upon their persons and circumstances. "Plato," he seems to tell his audience, "whom you know in the vague, a magnificent name, appears to me, meditating his work and his influence, to have been a man of this nature, of this sort: see! you can trace, surely, a love of this, a dislike of that, in these passages; here he has somewhat of an ascetic air, there of a passionate spirit; Parmenides now, and presently Pythagoras, work on his mind; Laconian ideals approve themselves to him; his style and language have such a peculiarity, such a genius; and such again: considering it all, these and many things beside, the man appears to me of this nature, of this sort." Doubtless, the whole conception of Plato in these lectures, the influence upon him of this and that predecessor, his attitude towards such-and-such tendencies of contemporary thought and practice, may be just somewhat visionary, a work of art, of the "imaginative reason," delighting in its own adventures and conjectures; but—and here, if needed, is Mr. Pater's ample justification—there is extant no study of Plato, no German treatise or monograph, which imposes itself as the final word upon the great theme. Grote is admirable, the Master of Balliol is admirable, many and many a writer, scholiast, textual critic, laborious editor, has been admirable; yet, as Casaubon said in the Hall of the Sorbonne, "What have they settled?" Certainly, some things have been conclusively settled; but not Plato. The splendid hallucinations of Marsilius Ficinus, translating and pondering Plato, are of more value than many an arduous *excursus* bristling with the newest intricacies of philology. But all this seems to say that from Mr. Pater we may expect beautiful writing, personal views most alluring and interesting—all refinements of a lively, poetical imagination, but not strict scholarship, not the disciplined severity of the schools. An insult, and a silly insult, that would be! Readers, accustomed by long experience to use "Marius" for a text-book—exact, precise, rigorous, well warranted and attested, of the Antonine age—do not need to be told that Mr. Pater never writes without his facts and evidences. Never can we say, consulting Apuleius, whom you will, that here certainly Mr. Pater has exceeded his authority, or missed this piece of characterisation, or criticism, or warrant; rather, remembering his memorable pages, we remember also the old classical pages where his witnesses and warrants may be found. And so, encountering now and again some statement or opinion in Mr. Pater's lectures which is startling and novel, at first we may ask, What is his ground here? But, examining the old words of the old writings, we ask, startled at their novelty thus interpreted: Surely, upon the face of it, and deeper than the surface, this is, indeed, what was meant at the first? The words not merely will, but must, bear just this interpretation, compel just this inference. No pedant has been at work, and no amateur. That in which Mr. Pater is distinguished from most of his fellow-Platonists is his sense of the values of words. Finding in Plato an artist in language such as philosophy has not seen again, though we admit Berkeley to a lower place in his company, Mr. Pater has been at the pains to note the minute proprieties of Plato's style, and, so doing, to bring us back from careless generalisations to a more loyal reverence for the text of the greatest prose writer. Unable himself to write at random, Mr. Pater is constantly checking our impatience or neglect of the written word, the word chosen with so deliberate an artistic reason.

The ten lectures pursue the customary course of Platonic study; those famous early schools, Eleatic and others, each with its memorable oracle or watch-word, are placed in cunning relation to Plato and his

master. Socrates himself, the Sophists, follow; then Plato, his "genius," certain of his great doctrines. The three last lectures are, it may be thought, the least familiar, perhaps the most valuable, in their contents and themes. Since Mr. Shorthouse, less fully and less beautifully, wrote his good essay upon "Dorian Self-Restraint in Art," the Dorian Apollo and his Lacedæmonians have had no such praise as this vision of Lacedæmon—praise atoning perhaps for conventional disparagement by a little generous excess. Plato's "City of the Perfect" and his "Æsthetics" close the list. Assuredly Mr. Pater has the adorning touch, but it is always humour, in its high sense, which prompts him; anything pathetic, or grave, or ardent, things human and moving to men, speak to him. Throughout his writing runs a kind curiosity about men and their world, now deep and solemn, now lighter and less profoundly felt—something of Sir Thomas Browne's humanity. Few books so move us to kindly thoughts of life, so wake in us the old charities and common pieties of our race, as the books of this writer, whose name is sometimes taken in vain by lovers of an absolutely heartless art. Archbishop Trench dwelt upon the mournful lesson of degeneracy in the meaning of words: if we call Mr. Pater a humanist, a humanitarian, it is in the most gracious meaning of the terms. Those who listened to this patient, winning exposition of Plato may never again read him in all their lives, but he will always be to them far more than an "academic" name, thanks to the guide with whom they walked "in Plato's shade."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND OTHERS.

THE LITERARY WORKS OF JAMES SMETHAM. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE essays contained in this small volume are eminently sound and sensible, and appear to be the work of a sane Christian man well acquainted with the subjects he writes about. We learn from the preface that the author is dead.

The longest essay is a review of Charles Leslie's and Tom Taylor's admirable life of Sir Joshua Reynolds—a book now hard to get hold of, which ought to be reissued. We have often wondered why a new edition of so excellent a life of so great a man is never advertised as about to appear. If the *ennui* of existence is such that grown men and women are reduced to reading Mr. Benson's "Dodo," surely there could be no doubt about the success of such an enterprise.

Mr. Smetham, in his review which appeared in January, 1866, in the pages of the now defunct *London Quarterly*—a periodical which, if we remember rightly, had a Nonconformist flavour about it, and published much good stuff—shows a masterly grasp of the character of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most fortunate of English artists.

We all remember how Dr. Johnson pronounced Reynolds to be the most invulnerable of his acquaintance—the man whom it was the hardest to abuse if you lost your temper with him. He lives, too, for ever in Goldsmith's famous lines:

"His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland,"

and so on. As for his portraits, the contemplation of them is, as Mr. Smetham says excellently well, "one of the enjoyments of every highly cultivated Englishman."

Mr. Smetham, however—and we like him none the worse for it—was evidently a little uneasy about Sir Joshua—what manner of man he really was—the man whom not only Johnson, but Gibbon loved. For our own part, after reading nearly if not all that is to be read about Reynolds, we feel as if we knew him better than we do any living man, both his strong points and his weak ones. His character was one simply constructed; he had enough genius to make his life-long devotion to his own interests

wear the agreeable aspect of devotion. He played the game of life boldly and well. He knew what to throw overboard in order to keep afloat. He worked hard, loving both his art and the money it brought him. He was not altogether indifferent, says Burke in his magnificent way, referring to the splendour of Sir Joshua's funeral, "to this kind of observance." We can well believe it. What sort of a painter would he be who had no eye for a pageant? But, says Burke in another place, "his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him even on surprise or provocation, nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinising eye in any part of his conduct or discourse." Truly, a well-drilled man—one who had learnt the lessons of life.

The fact is, Sir Joshua Reynolds was what Northcote declared him to be, "a mixed character," a man who was sometimes extravagant and sometimes mean, sometimes generous and sometimes selfish, sometimes candid and sometimes envious, sometimes proud and sometimes humble—even as Barette once declared him to be across his own dinner-table. We own to the fact, that men of this kind do not puzzle us at all. Allan Cunningham's spiteful but well-authenticated anecdotes give us no trouble, but fit in very well with Burke's magnificent but well-judged and carefully-worded panegyric. In a long life you can find room for a good many actions belonging to very different classes; and as nobody has ever attempted to make a saint of Sir Joshua, it is really unnecessary to prepare a balance-sheet. And, after all, to accuse a portrait-painter of an undue preference for the society of the fine ladies and gentlemen who liked having their portraits painted is poor work. As for Kitty Fisher and other light ladies whom Reynolds was paid to paint, to paint was his vocation and he laboured in it and 'twas no sin.

Of Reynolds' art Mr. Smetham said many excellent things.

"Burke says Reynolds seemed to descend to portraiture from a higher sphere. It was from the mount of philosophy that he descended and not from the highest heaven of invention. There was one thing he had not—the perception of the Unseen, of the something beyond. 'Great and graceful as he paints,' he is 'a man of the earth,' seeing, it is true, all that is noblest and best on this 'visible diurnal sphere,' but never quitting it. In one instance—the portrait of Mrs. Siddons—we just feel the inflation of the balloon. It strains and rocks, but does not leave the ground. Other men of the time had the gift: Fuseli had it . . . and Romney . . . and Gainsborough." Like enough, but if Sir Joshua's pigments had only been more enduring, we could have forgiven him everything, even his failure to see "the Unseen" and to penetrate "the something beyond." This terrestrial ball, its sights and sounds, more than exhausts our limited powers of attention. Other sights and other sounds in other worlds, God willing.

Mr. Smetham's essay on William Blake does not interest us so much as his Sir Joshua—though the subject is, in our opinion, more fascinating, and as a companion-portrait, presents contrasts and comparisons not unprofitable to institute. If ever there was a man before whom it is your duty to uncover, it was William Blake; but when you come to the artist, you are bound to recognise that no man, however pure his soul, however mighty his imagination, is entitled to be a law unto himself.

From William Blake to Alexander Smith is too rapid a descent. We can take no interest in the pale shade of the author of the "Life Drama" and "Dreamthorp." He was one of George Gilfillan's pumpkins—with too much wind and water in them for our taste. Worse poets than he are now receiving their modicum of praise, but then they are still living to receive it. When a third-rate poet dies, it is his privilege to be forgotten utterly. Mr. Smetham's kindly essay was first published a

quarter of a century ago, immediately after Mr. Smith's death; but threnodies of this description should be allowed to lie where they fell. To set this particular one again adrift in 1893 is unfair. In the case of bad poets, survivors have some rights, and amongst them is numbered the right to forget. It is not unkind to say we do not want to be reminded of Alexander Smith. We are older than we were in 1868, and the burdens that we still must bear are very heavy.

FRANCE AS A COLONISING POWER.

LA FRANCE COLONIALE. Ouvrage publié sous la direction de M. Alfred Rambaud, &c., avec la collaboration de MM. le Colonel L. Archinard, &c. &c. Sixième édition. Entièrement refondue. Paris: Armand, Colin, et Cie.

THIS is a treatise of eight hundred pages on the French colonies. It is up to date, and compiled by an able staff of writers, twenty-two in number, each personally and recently acquainted with the colony he describes or joins in describing. The editor gives the general chapters of historical introduction at the beginning and of summary and conclusion at the end. In the intervening chapters the provinces are successively described from the points of view of history, of geography, and of commerce. The book is worth perusing, and by no means as uninteresting as official, or quasi-official, records of a similar kind of our own colonies. It is lit up occasionally by personal reminiscences. The writer on Réunion, for instance, to illustrate the attachment of French colonies to the mother country, describes the scene when the monthly steamer brought to that island its tale of news during "l'année terrible." The passage is worth quoting:—

"Il fallait entendre les sanglots et les gémissements pendant qu'on égrenait le long chapelet des fatales dépêches, et quand la sémaphore reproduisant les signaux du vapeur encore à plusieurs lieues en mer, jeta la phrase 'Paris a capitulé!' France chérie, mère adorée! Et l'on écrit que tu ne sais pas coloniser. Un de tes fils outre-mer pleure encore des larmes de sang en agitant ces lugubres souvenirs."

But the book is valuable not for its style, but for its presentation of a large and influential body of French public opinion in favour of a spirited colonial policy. Seen in the light of this book, the latest Franco-Siamese affair appears but an item in a programme, so well do the records of recent French actions and the aspirations regarding future policy in other parts of the world harmonise with the French treatment of Siam. The only passage in the volume bearing at all on the frontier in regard to which the dispute arose, shows how very recent in their origin are the French claims. The extension of Annam to the River Mekong was not guessed by the writer, otherwise well informed, when he described M. Pavie's explorations of "les montagnes séparatives de l'Annam et du bassin du Mekong."

The French spirited colonial policy began in 1878, and anyone who compares the extent of the French colonial empire before that date with its extent now, will see how effective that policy has been. The excessive cost, and, still more, the loss of so many lives of her conscript soldiers in the Tonkin and Madagascar campaigns, brought about a strong reaction against this policy in 1885, and led to the temporary ostracism of M. Jules Ferry, the Minister who was the incarnation of the policy. But the reaction has died out. The colonial Chauvinists are stronger than ever; they are organised; they have a "colonial group" in the Chamber; and the nation applauds each victory and annexation, whether in the French Soudan (on the Upper Niger) or in Dahomey, or at the cost of Siam. With the nation in such a frame of mind other incidents may be expected, whether in Madagascar, Guiana, or in Morocco or elsewhere. There are plenty of spirited Frenchmen glad to make the most of a chance of bringing their name into fame.

Many reflections are suggested by the perusal of this work. There is space to indicate only a few of

them. We can gather that the French colonial authorities have taken to heart one or two lessons which experience has taught them. They have learnt to rely much more on native troops for colonial wars. These native troops now number about twenty thousand men. This mainly accounts for the fact that the nation which detested the Tonkin war approves of the fighting in Dahomey. The only French troops recently employed have been the marines and the foreign legion. Another lesson learnt is the use of the protectorate instead of annexation—the system we have long employed with the native States in India, under which the native chief and native administration are maintained, but under the guidance and control of a European resident. The proper employment of the protectorate system is the secret of the greatest French colonial success of recent years—viz., the rehabilitation of Tunis. A lesson they have not learnt is the wisdom of giving stability and continuity to colonial administration. The changes of system in Algeria have been innumerable, the civil *régime* and the military *régime* being constantly interchanged, and at a later date the departmental and the gubernatorial system alternating in favour. In Indo-China the Budgets of all the colonies were united in 1887, to be again separated in the following year. They were all placed under the Minister for Marine and the Colonies in 1887, and in 1889 transferred to the Minister of Commerce and Industry (!), and then replaced under the Ministry of Marine in 1892. Another lesson not yet learnt is to make the colonies pay their way. After all these years the receipts in Algeria amount to 44½ million francs, while the expenses are given at 127½ millions, of which 53 millions were for military and marine. After paying the cost of the army and marine, France has to find an additional 72 million francs to supplement the local colonial Budgets, which from their own resources only raise 82 millions.

The book is not wholly trustworthy; it is far too disposed to hide the seams and blots. The colonies are not so prosperous as indicated. Those who know Réunion well, for instance, might have a very different tale to tell. And there is the foolish tendency to depict a marvellous prosperity to be shortly reached either by the acquisition of a new district or the construction of a railway or a harbour. Obock, for instance, or Shaikh Said (the French claim to which is certainly not undisputed), is soon to draw away all the shipping and trade from Aden. The trade of Pondicherry, after the construction of a new harbour—a project existing only in the writer's mind—is to outstrip, not merely that of Madras, but that of Calcutta. Even M. Deloncle, who forecasts this wonderful prosperity, must know it is a myth. Another defect in the volume is the petty jealousy of England; though M. Rambaud himself seeks to be studiously fair. We conclude with his statement of the colonial ideals of the two countries: "The English statesman looks to separation of the colonies from the mother country; the French statesman looks to their assimilation with it." M. Rambaud is behind the times—the present English statesmen look to Imperial Federation.

FICTION.

HALF A HERO. By Anthony Hope. 2 vols. London: A. D. Innes & Co.

MYNHEER JOE: A Semi-Humorous Story of Love and Adventure. By St. George Rathborne. London: James Henderson.

THE QUICKENING OF CALIBAN. A Modern Story of Evolution. By J. Compton Rickett, author of "The Christ That Is to Be." London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE has attempted a more ambitious flight in "Half a Hero" than that which he essayed in "A Change of Air." He takes us far from England to a colony at the Antipodes, and plunges us suddenly into the midst of the local politics of New

Lindsey. The country is passing through a crisis of the kind familiar to Englishmen who stay at home. There has been a Radical or Semi-Socialist triumph in the elections; the old Whig Premier can no longer go on, and "Society" in New Lindsey finds, to its dismay, that it will have to submit to receiving as its next Chief Minister of the Crown an entirely non-Society man, Medland by name, whose principles are believed to be no less shocking than his antecedents. This is terrible to a great many people, and to none more terrible than to Lady Eynesford, the wife of the Governor. A Governor in a British colony may act in as constitutional a manner as the Sovereign whom he represents, but it does not always follow that his wife shares his respect for the unwritten laws of our time-honoured Constitution. Lady Eynesford does not see why her husband should allow that dreadful Mr. Medland to assume the reins of Government, and, in any case, she is firmly resolved that the doors of Government House shall never be opened to him. Has he not been guilty of setting class against class, and is there not some mystery attaching to his history, a mystery which centres upon the pretty young daughter, who is now all that is left to him? So "Half a Hero" opens, and the reader will see that there is ample scope in the situation for the display of the very considerable talents of Mr. Anthony Hope. We are not prepared to say that he has disappointed the expectations with which we began the perusal of the tale. There is plenty of cleverness in the sketches of political society in New Lindsey, and some of the characters, though only drawn in outline, stand out with photographic vividness and reality. The story of the political struggle, too, is admirably told, and all through the book the reader is interested. But the hero, who is only half a hero—Mr. Medland to wit—and the heroine, who is, perhaps, only a quarter of a heroine, never quite touch the imagination as some of the minor personages in the book do. Alicia Derosne, to whom the heroic part is allotted among the women, is the sister of Lord Eynesford, and the chief interest of the book is supposed to centre in the love which suddenly springs up between her and Mr. Medland, the hated Radical politician. But as a matter of fact we are far more deeply interested in the flirtations of Miss Daisy Medland with Dick Derosne and the Socialist Norburn, than in the serious semi-platonics of the Hon. Alicia and the odious, but powerful, Prime Minister. How the story runs need not be revealed here. As we have said, it is very interesting and very amusing. If only Mr. Hope had taken rather more pains with the two principal characters, it would have been very convincing also. Even as it is it is a book to be read and recommended.

The author of "Mynheer Joe" displays admirable discrimination in his choice of a sub-title. "A semi-humorous story of love and adventure" accurately describes the contents of the book. There is a good deal of love, a surprising amount of adventure, and, alas! a pervading essence of "semi-humour." To complete the list of attractions, the author might have mentioned that the story is written in the present tense and the American tongue, and is artlessly devoid of any attempt at literary graces. Yet, though "Mynheer Joe" is distinctly *bourgeois* in tone, it is not wanting in vigour and ingenuity of plot, and will bear comparison in this respect with most novels of its own calibre. The scene opens at Cairo, where the *dramatis personæ* are assembled at Shepherd's Hotel. Thither comes anon the hero, a gentleman of astounding valour and matchless coolness. "Mynheer Joe," we learn, is the facetious nickname evolved for him by his semi-humorous friends, who evidently resembled the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus in "the ease with which they were amused." The date is February, 1885, and the hero has just escaped from Khartoum, where he has witnessed Gordon's death, the news of which he now brings to Cairo. Here he encounters still deadlier risks, for he falls in love with a beautiful young

lady, and meets a dangerous rival in the person of Baron Popoff, a Russian diplomatist of ultra-fiendish disposition, who delights in duels and never misses his man. Mynheer Joe's path is therefore fraught with peril, for the bad baron tries to destroy his beauty with vitriol, and, foiled in that attempt, challenges him to a duel. Once more fortune favours the hero, who then embarks for Bombay, in company with Miss Molly Tannen, the fair *casus belli*. But Bombay is no safer than Cairo whilst the baron is in pursuit of his prey. Thrilling adventures befall Mynheer Joe there, including an attempted assassination by Thugs, instigated, of course, by the Russian rival. At last the hero's patience becomes exhausted, so he causes the baron to be kidnapped and conveyed to Valparaiso; after which the marriage of Mynheer Joe and Miss Molly takes place, *nem. con.* The story, crude as it is, possesses sufficient incident and excitement to please readers who do not resent being informed that Cairo is in Egypt, and that foreigners are called Franks in that country. It is brisk and bright, if palpably unreal. Literary merit in this class of fiction would be equally unexpected and unappreciated. In "Mynheer Joe," therefore, it is only conspicuous by its absence.

Mr. Compton Rickett must be congratulated alike on the daring conception and the skilful execution of his book. A style at once simple and powerful lends distinction to "The Quickening of Caliban," and the story itself is one of strong interest, though it can scarcely be classified as a novel. "Caliban" is quite a new departure in the way of a hero; he is, in fact, no other than "the missing link," and the story concerns itself with the gradual dawning and development of a human soul in this ape-like being. Forest Bokrie, as this strange creature is called, has been caught, when very young, in his native African wilds, and has been brought over to England to be exhibited at a West End music-hall. Scientific and medical experts wrangle over the question of his connection with the human race, but no man cares for his soul, and he is fast being engulfed in low dissipation, when suddenly a friendly hand is held out to save him. Christina Ruefold, the daughter of a missionary in Africa, is the medium through whose agency Bokrie, the despised brute-man, finds a human soul. Christina's sympathy, pure and disinterested as it is, is yet tinged with personal feeling, for she knows that in her own veins runs wild African blood—nay, closer still is the tie of kinship between them, since her own mother was one of that very tribe of mysterious forest-dwellers from which Bokrie has been taken. The warm-hearted girl yearns to help this degraded specimen of her race to a higher plane of existence. In the attempt to raise him she finally succeeds, despite repeated failures. Bokrie, tamed and humanised by his absorbing love for her, accompanies Christina back to their native land, both being impelled to discover, if possible, their kinsfolk of the trackless forests. The story has a mystical and dreamy melancholy which is strangely fascinating, and the soul-growth of the savage is drawn with real power. The author shows excellent taste in his discreet treatment of the love of Bokrie for Christina—a subject which might easily have become repulsive in less judicious hands. "The Quickening of Caliban" is a weirdly attractive story, cleverly imagined and vigorously told.

THE QUARTERLIES.

THE *Quarterly* is in a great rage over what it calls a baseless and flimsy misunderstanding of its article on Home Rule in its last issue. It will be remembered that in that article the Tory reviewer put the case for Home Rule so frankly and so strongly, he warned the House of Lords so clearly against the delusion that they could resist eventually the will of the people, he rated the Liberal Unionists

so soundly for their narrow bigotry, that the article read to many people, including Mr. Gladstone and including our humble selves, as if in the eyes of the *Quarterly* the days of 1885 were coming back again, and we might soon see the Tory lion and the Nationalist lamb lying down together once more in complaisant alliance. The reviewer now protests that all he meant to convey was that he doubted "the practical utility of the 'Referendum,'" that he "did not attach quite the same importance to the judgment of the Parnell Commission as is assigned to it by some of the Liberal Unionists," and that he admitted that, supposing the next General Election should result, "contrary to his hope and belief," in the return of a Gladstonian majority, "the position of the House of Lords would not be the same as it is at present." With these attenuated concessions we must, of course, rest content. The reviewer, nevertheless, is a man who seems to feel it borne in upon him that the Unionist game is up, and he is too honest not to let that impression appear even in his present article. He perceives clearly the "great tactical recommendations" of the present Liberal programme. "If the Government can succeed in passing through the House of Commons all or any considerable proportion of the measures foreshadowed in Mr. Gladstone's manifesto, these measures will be sent up in due course to the House of Lords, and either accepted or rejected. In the former case, the Liberals will gain the credit of having carried a series of measures which, rightly or wrongly, commend themselves to large sections of the electorate. In the latter case, the Lords will acquire the discredit of having resisted legislation which commands a considerable amount of popular support." These tactics, he finds, are "certainly not wanting in ingenuity." It is a high tribute from a sagacious enemy which Liberal strategists will value. The reviewer does not draw much hope from the supposed indications that "the current of sentiment runs towards the Unionists rather than towards the Separatists." "In all calculations based on the ebb and flow of popular sentiment," he says, "no certainty is possible." "All Unionists can do for the time being is to impress upon the public the urgent necessity for a General Election, in order to settle the Home Rule question one way or the other," and "to await the result without undue confidence, but with a well-founded belief in the ultimate triumph of common-sense and common honesty." This undertone of resignation is very philosophic, but it must sound rather cold comfort upon the ears of an ardent partisan. Nor is the case much improved by the droll little crumb of comfort he has for the Peers in the troubles that menace them: "A Peer, somehow or other, is always a *persona grata* to English working men as to every other class of Englishman." No doubt there are classes of Englishmen who still dearly love a lord, but we question if at the present era these are the working classes. For the rest, the *Quarterly*—which has in this issue to announce the death of its lamented editor, Sir William Smith—contains several good and timely articles; amongst them one on sea-power, *à propos* of the naval manœuvres, and one on America, *à propos* of the Chicago Exhibition. The latter, coming from such a quarter, is a remarkably optimistic, not to say enthusiastic, view of the future of the great democracy.—The *Edinburgh* is not so interesting in a political sense as the *Quarterly*, though it brings itself up to date by discussing the position of the Lords in a review of Mr. William Macpherson's recent work on the Baronage and Senate. The reviewer endorses most of Mr. Macpherson's fantastic suggestions for a reform of the House of Lords—suggestions which we would point out, by the way, start from a rather inauspicious proposition. "There is only one policy," says this authority, "really open to the House of Lords, that of its further development into an Imperial Senate, a Senate after the style of the Roman Senate under Augustus rather than after the style of the American Senate under Mr. Harrison."

Having regard to the part played by the Roman Senate under the Empire, admirers of the House of Lords may well exclaim *absit omen!* The *Edinburgh* combats Mr. Pearson's dismal forecast in a rather cheery manner for a quarterly. It compares Mr. Pearson to the ephemera of fable, which, destined to a lifetime measurable only by hours, spent its time observing the movements of the sun and warning its fellows that that luminary was inevitably destined to sink below the horizon, when darkness would come upon the earth and the life of all ephemera would cease. The *Edinburgh* does not believe at all in the dominion of the yellow races. They may become hewers of wood and drawers of water, but "the sceptre will still be with the Aryan." People whom Mr. Pearson has put in the blues should try the effect of this article on them. The most lively contribution in the number, however, is a very frank discussion of our "Contemporary Poets and Versifiers." Mr. William Morris is about the only one of these after Mr. Swinburne to whom the reviewer is willing to apply in the broad sense the title of poet; Mr. William Watson, he thinks, is in a fair way to earn the title. For others he has small discriminating allowances of faint praise; for still more he has equally discriminating allowances of neat abuse which he hopes will do them good. The whole does not constitute an enthusiastic pean over our English bards by a Scotch reviewer; but it makes very entertaining reading.—In the *Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review* Lord Chelmsford concludes his noteworthy article on the Defence of India, and replies with effect to Mr. George Curzon's flippant criticisms. Quite as important a contribution is an article on the "Facts about the alleged Afghan Treaty" by an ex-Punjab official. One of the new contentions of the extreme Jingo and forward school in India is that we have given an express pledge to the Ameer, to defend him in Herat and along his northern frontier should he get into trouble there with Russia. It will be remembered that Mr. Curzon made great play with this theory in his controversy with Lord Chelmsford a couple of months ago. The ex-Punjab official denies the existence of this pledge *in toto*, and shows by conclusive evidence how the state of the case as between ourselves, the Ameer, and Russia really stands. The *Asiatic Quarterly*, which is a publication that no student of Imperial questions can afford to neglect, contains several other contributions of great interest both politically and academically.

ETYMOLOGICUM MAXIMUM VII.

A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Edited by James A. H. Murray. Part VII. Consignificant—Crouching. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

DR. MURRAY, with his brother-editor, Mr. Henry Bradley, and their well-trained staff of assistants, may be likened to those early voyagers who with dauntless resolution and unwearying patience gradually lifted up the veil in which the new world was shrouded. With each successive appearance of a new part of the great dictionary this chart of historical literature in all its marvellous accuracy is extended. The progress is of necessity slow, but it is sure. He who henceforth sails over the vast sea of the English language knows that up to the points where "Murray's Farthest" and "Bradley's Farthest" are marked on the maps there he can venture in full security. There is not a shoal but has been fathomed and carefully marked, not a hidden rock but has been buoyed, not a coast line but has been traced. Each river, each stream, each rill has been followed to its fountain-head, or, at all events, to that point where its earlier course is hidden beneath an impenetrable tangle. When we reflect on the greatness of our language, the mighty part which it already plays in every quarter of the globe, and the destiny which awaits it, we ought almost to welcome with a shout of triumph each part of this great

work. Before the child of to-day is a grey-haired man the English tongue is likely to be spoken by much more than one-half of civilised mankind. Such a thought as this gives a dignity to our language which never belonged either to Greek or Latin, a dignity which is shared by that band of laborious and learned students who, under their skilful leader, with the most painful accuracy are unfolding its history in all its long and glorious course. They not only go up to the very source of each word, in whatever language it may be found and in however remote an age, relying not on conjecture, however ingenious, but on solid historical proof; but they come down to the latest and newest meanings, however widely they may be scattered among the English-speaking folk in all the quarters of the earth. In it he who studies our early history or our early literature finds the exact meaning of every word as it was used in those early ages, and in it he who studies the history or the literature of the United States finds the exact meaning of every word as it is at present used on the other side of the Atlantic.

Among all the histories which have been written none has been planned on so grand a scale and none has been executed with an equal thoroughness. Its inimitable accuracy does, indeed, come very near to genius. The subject is vast, but the industry, patience, intelligence, and learning which are grappling with it are scarcely less vast. In the 1,032 closely-printed columns of type with which we are at present dealing we have set before us the labour of a whole army of workers, whose toils extend over the last thirty years. The quotations which illustrate the 7,540 words which are explained in the part before us, were sub-edited twelve years ago. They were then revised by a band of seven "excellent workers"—as Dr. Murray describes them—and last of all were taken in hand by the editor and his large staff of paid assistants. Even at this stage of the work the help of outsiders, both at home and abroad, was sought "in technical matters," while "the proofs were systematically revised" by no less than five scholars. Dr. Johnson ridiculed the notion of perfection in a dictionary; it may, however, be properly asserted that the result of all this labour, so far as the science of language and the history of words are concerned, is as near perfection as in such a field the wit and industry of man can arrive.

We cannot but regret that there is a certain imperfection on the literary side. Writers are quoted—are frequently and needlessly quoted—whose names disgrace a work of learning. In the case of the older authors, the first appearance of a word, or of a new signification of a word, must be sought for high and low, in the pages of the greatest writer and of the meanest scribbler, in Shakespeare and in Bacon, as well as in Shadwell and Derrick. But what need is there to quote some of the most contemptible novelists of the present age? Their ridiculous misuse of words, of course, need not be given. We shall not, we suppose, when we arrive at the letter "W" find *womanthrope* explained as "woman-hater," a word formed on a false analogy from *misanthrope*, "a man-hater," by a female writer of the present day. Their correct use of words, however surprising it may be, need not be proclaimed by the Clarendon Press. The proprieties of language can surely be found elsewhere than in their silly stories. The editor, no doubt, has to use the material which is provided for him by his host of volunteer readers, but he might, we should think, exercise some control over their selection of authors. He should draw the line somewhere. He should remember that philologists, as philologists, are indifferent to literature. Just as a man cannot see the forest for the trees, so they cannot see the literature for the words. Language, they hold, is not a part of literature; it belongs partly to science and partly to history. It is interesting, not as it gives expression to thoughts and feelings, but as it contains roots and "phonetic decay." There are, it is said, among them one or two famous students who regret

the imperfection of Nature by which they are forced to have recourse to books in their investigation of roots. "Words that breathe and thoughts that burn" may be all very well in their proper place; to the real philologist they are like flies in the precious ointment. They worry him without lending him any help. How happy, he thinks, are the geologist, the anatomist, and the chemist, whose rocks, bones, and elemental substances are utterly lifeless. He can never inspect a case of fossils without a sigh. "Why," he exclaims, "cannot words be thus studied far away from the masses of literary rubbish in which they are found embedded?" Even in a dictionary, based on scientific and historical principles, the most delightful reading that this poor world affords, they cannot be examined in all their beautiful simplicity, accurately classified and labelled standing by themselves, but must be marred by some silly writer of old, who could not say simply what a word meant, but must needs surround it with a jingling line of foolish poetry. To such men as these all literature is equally good and equally bad. They would as soon go to Tupper for a word as to Shakespeare, and to Miss Braddon or Ouida as to Scott or Jane Austen. They would scorn that respect for the dignity of our language which still makes Johnson's Dictionary such good reading with its abundant quotations so happily selected from a host of worthy writers. It is too much to ask that purely scientific men—for such philologists are—should have any literary taste, but surely they should be subjected to strict control. One of the ablest editors of this age, the late Mr. Philip Harwood, used to speak of the difficulty he had in cutting out the jokes from the articles of his scientific contributors. The stronger such men were in their science, the weaker they were in their jesting. Many a rent had he to piece up as best he could in their papers. They gave him almost more trouble than the rest of his troop of Saturday Reviewers. Dr. Murray's task would be far easier. He would merely have to give his assistants a list of authors whose quotations were not to be laid before him. To the greatest dictionary that the world has ever seen, and is ever likely to see, so much respect is due.

While the stream of history in this noble work flows from the earliest ages with extraordinary fulness and with ever-increasing volume, nevertheless in passing through the eighteenth century its accessions are not nearly so large as the abundance and the richness of its literature demand. It would be well if a small band of readers could be set to work on it and it alone. Why should not some college in Oxford, All Souls for instance, assign a fellowship to Dr. Murray's "Scriptorium"? We have law fellowships and medical fellowships, as well as scholarships founded for natural science and archaeology. Young men are provided with funds to study law in England and medicine abroad. Others are sent to investigate the secrets of Nature in the Biological Museum at Naples, and of history and art in the ruined cities of Greece and Asia Minor. How could funds left for the endowment of learning be more wisely used than in illustrating our language, and in training at the same time scholars in English? If the great prose writers of the eighteenth century were read in Oxford, we should perhaps see an end there of that affected style which is the delight of the younger generation, but the scorn of men trained in a school of manly common-sense.

AGAINST EROS.

THE BOY-GOD: TROUBLESOME AND VENGEFUL. By E. M. Lynch. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS dainty volume has reminiscences of "The Princess" and of Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." A group of young ladies at Camelot College meet under their beloved spinster-teacher, Miss Steele, to argue on the subject of Love. The Boy-God has rather a bad time of it in the discussions, and his one meek advocate, Constance, is easily over-ruled. The *contra* arguments are the more brilliant because illumined by many quotations from Meredith, Stevenson, Browning, and other great

people, who are often made to bear witness for the prosecutor when they would rather be for the accused. In the end, the two ringleaders, one of whom is very like the Angela Messenger of Besant's novel, fall victims, of course, to the Boy-God; and Miss Steele's letter on that occasion destroys any tenderness we might be supposed to feel for her misanthropy. The book is very dainty alike in its form and its conception; it is illustrated by many pretty—not too pretty—vignettes of girls' heads and bits of foreign scenery. Mrs. Lynch has adopted the novel device of printing at the foot of each page a quotation bearing on the subject in hand. It has the drawback that it distracts one from the main body of the narrative; but Mrs. Lynch is mostly to be congratulated on her authors. There are a good many smart epigrams credited to probably apocryphal persons side by side with the sonnets of Sidney and the sweet-hearted cynicism of Meredith. Mrs. Lynch herself has a pretty epigrammatic gift, as witness her concluding lines:—"The friends of lovers must often suffer much vicarious kissing."

A TRANSLATION OF SOPHOCLES.

THE TRAGEDIES OF SOPHOCLES IN ENGLISH PROSE. From the text of Jebb. By E. P. Coleridge, B.A. (Bohn's Classical Library).

IN our days, when Greek and Latin tend more and more to be treated as purely linguistic and disciplinary studies, even scholars may welcome good translations of the classics. If we are to extract from Sophocles a living literary interest by fully appreciating his handling of plots, or his conception of situations and characters, commend us to a readable English version. This translation is readable, but is frequently influenced by the cramped and literal manner of Jebb, a manner which will be little in favour with the general reader. Mr. Coleridge has the satisfaction of being able to base his work on a really standard English text, explanations of the more difficult readings and obscure allusions being given in the footnotes. This volume contains a short memoir of Sophocles, and the translation of the seven tragedies, each of which is preceded by an adequate introduction. Stage directions elucidating the action are given in the text; but, on the other hand, in a work essentially popular in character, it is to be regretted that so many footnotes, mostly on minute points of textual criticism, should disturb a tranquil enjoyment of these great dramas with the nightmare of ingenious conjecture. In the synchronous study of language and literature the letter is always murdering the spirit; it would have been more satisfactory if Mr. Coleridge had been content to give us a purely literary version: we should have had more leisure to admire the production if the machinery had been kept snugly behind the scenes. By comparing this with Jebb's translation, we find that Mr. Coleridge has used the Cambridge Edition judiciously and with sufficient independence.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

IF the study of ornithology does not become a favourite pursuit amongst the more thoughtful youth of the country, it certainly will not be because of the lack of popular manuals on the subject. Mr. Charles Dixon alone has written, to our knowledge, about a dozen books dealing with this aspect of natural history, and some of them at least have deservedly won a considerable vogue. His latest book—it is by no means his best—is entitled "Jottings about Birds," and it consists of essays, tied together with a somewhat loose string, on the birds of Algeria, the songs and call-notes of birds, St. Kilda and the Bass Rock from an ornithologist's point of view, the birds of the Devonshire lanes, the cuckoo and his foibles, birds on the walls of the Royal Academy, and other "jottings" concerning our feathered friends. By far the most valuable paper in the book is the detailed account which is given in its opening pages of the birds of Algeria. Mr. Dixon gives a tabulated statement of the various species that are found in that country, and though he hints that it is still far from exhaustive, his list of Algerian birds extends to no less than three hundred and forty-nine

*JOTTINGS ABOUT BIRDS. By Charles Dixon. Frontispiece. (London: Chapman & Hall.) Demy 8vo.

FRAGMENTS IN BASKETS. By Mrs. W. Boyd Carpenter. (London: Isbister & Co.) Crown 8vo.

ALEXANDER MACKAY, MISSIONARY HERO OF UGANDA. By the author of "The Story of Stanley." Portrait. (Ludgate Hill, London: The Sunday School Union.) Crown 8vo.

WORKERS WITHOUT WAGE. A Collection of Short and Simple Lessons on Natural History. By Edith Carrington, author of "Flower Folk," etc. (London: Griffith, Farran & Co.) Crown 8vo.

TALES FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY. Told to Children. By Mrs. Frewen Lord. Illustrated. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

PICTURES FROM GREEK LIFE AND STORY. By the Rev. Professor A. J. Church, M.A., author of "Pictures from Roman Life and Story," "Stories from Homer," etc. Illustrated. (London: Hutchinson & Co.) Crown 8vo.

CAMBRIDGE SERMONS, PREACHED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY 1889-1892. Selected and edited by C. H. Prior, M.A. (London: Methuen & Co.) Crown 8vo.

different kinds. He claims that his account, so far as species are concerned, is the most complete which has yet been published in the English language; and as Algeria is easily reached, and is becoming more popular every year as a winter resort, he expresses the hope that fresh workers in ornithology may be attracted to this wide and still only partially explored region for bird-lovers. There is some trenchant criticism in the book concerning birds in modern art, and in the course of it Mr. Dixon asserts that in no branch of his work does the artist's mind seem less educated in that fidelity to detail which Nature inexorably demands as in that which depicts birds and bird life. Many pictures are spoilt by the artist's ignorance of the bird's anatomy, the structure and arrangement of its feathers, and the laws which govern the movement of its legs and wings; besides all this, few painters appear to take the trouble to study at first hand the habits, haunts, and characteristics of the birds which they paint. Mr. Dixon thinks that the cause of much of the inaccuracy is due to the fact that artists are too fond of painting their birds from stuffed specimens, or, what is worse still, of copying them from the illustrations in books on ornithology, and in this way error is perpetrated. He asserts that the artist must become a naturalist if he wishes to acquire those "skilful touches which imbue with life the birds and beasts he puts upon the canvas." This is perhaps asking too much, and more, certainly, than many good painters of animal life have given, though no one will question the need of more detailed and exact knowledge in this department of painting.

Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, the wife of the Bishop of Ripon, has just published a group of spiritual allegories, and she has given them the collective title of "Fragments in Baskets." At the outset of the volume stand these words of Confucius—"Fishermen use baskets to catch fish. When they have caught the fish they forget the baskets. Teachers use words to convey ideas. When they have caught the ideas they can forget the words." Mrs. Boyd Carpenter adds that she has tried in these pages in "words of fancy to gather some fragments of truth." Fanciful the book unquestionably is, and only readers with a touch of mysticism as well as poetry in their nature are likely to appreciate this method of conveying counsels of perfection and messages of hope. A lofty purpose runs through the book, and occasionally we come across a passage distinguished by freshness of thought as well as grace of expression. Amongst the subjects which are handled in a delicate and imaginative way are many problems of the spiritual life, with which, sooner or later, all earnest and thoughtful minds are confronted.

The hero as missionary stands revealed in "Alexander Mackay of Uganda," and the story of such a life was well worth telling in the simple but impressive manner in which it is set forth in a little book just published by the Sunday School Union. Readers of "In Darkest Africa" will recall Stanley's tribute to this pioneer evangelist of the Church Missionary Society in equatorial Africa:—"He has no time to fret and groan and weep, and God knows if ever man had reason to think of 'graves and oblivion' and to be doleful and sad, Mackay had when, after murdering his Bishop, and burning his pupils, and strangling his converts, and clubbing to death his dark friends, Mwanga turned his eye of death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes. To see one man of this kind, working day after day for twelve years bravely, and without a syllable of complaint, is worth going a long journey for the moral courage and contentment that one derives from it." Within six months of the time when Stanley visited the Mission Station the brave young Scotsman was struck down by fever, and died in harness. Alexander Mackay was a missionary of the type of David Livingstone, and like that grand African hero, his chief ambition was to do his duty.

A wise and kindly little book, brightly written and well informed, is "Workers without Wage"—a collection of short and simple papers on natural history which are certain to charm a child. Miss Edith Carrington possesses knowledge and does not disdain anecdote, and she knows how to blend her facts and her stories in a manner which, to borrow a hackneyed phrase, admirably combines instruction and amusement. Although there is no parade of special study in the volume, there is evidence that the writings of Darwin, Romanes, Mivart, Waterton, Buckland, Gosse, Michelet, and, of course, White of Selborne, have been consulted. What we like best in these chapters is the simplicity and yet the exactness of statement which distinguish them. Miss Carrington evidently understands not only animal life but child life, and she seeks in a persuasive and winning fashion to enlist the young reader's sympathies on the side of kindness to bird and beast. As the appeal of such a book is to young children, it is a pity that the publishers have allowed it to go forth without any illustrations.

Mrs. Frewen Lord's little book about "Westminster Abbey" might almost be described as a collection of tales from Stanley. It is avowedly based on the Dean's "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," as well as on the vivid recollections of the authoress, who, as a child, can recall "walks and talks" in Westminster on occasions when Dean Stanley led the way round that historic building, and explained in simple and picturesque language, and in his own inimitable way, its stately monuments and august associations. The book opens with a brief account of the

building by Edward the Confessor of the first sanctuary at Westminster, and it also relates how Henry III. and Henry VII. enlarged and rendered yet more impressive the Abbey Church. Afterwards Mrs. Lord explains what she quaintly terms the "geography of the Abbey," and then, in quick succession, she recounts—chiefly from Stanley—the old tales and traditions which have gathered around this wonderful church, as well as some of the chief incidents which have happened within its walls, and which link it with the history of the nation. Slight though the book is, it can scarcely be called superficial, though we feel bound to add that we think with a little more care and research it might have been made still more attractive, as well as comprehensive. William Penn rightly held that the meek, the just, the devout were at heart all of one religion, and nowhere perhaps is such an idea brought more powerfully home to the conscience than in Westminster Abbey, that "great temple of silence and reconciliation where the discords of twenty generations lie buried." The volume contains a passable view of the Abbey, an excellent plan on which the chief monuments are marked, and an execrable portrait of the man who still seems to all Englishmen of the Victorian Era to remain the presiding genius of the place—Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.

Learning and imagination are admirably blended in Professor Church's latest book, "Pictures from Greek Life and Story." It is written with envious skill and an obvious mastery of all the facts and forces which come within the range of the heroic age with which the work deals. On every page there are the marks of ripe scholarship as well as poetic sensibility and historic imagination, and the outcome is accordingly a volume of quite unusual excellence. Readers of "Stories from Homer" will know what to expect in the present instance, and they need fear no disillusionment from Professor Church's treatment of Solon, Themistocles, Pericles, Socrates, and other men of light and leading when Greece was powerful and the world was young. It would be difficult to name a more attractive book of its kind, or one which is more likely to lead young minds to turn, not of constraint, but willingly, to the fountain-head of the world's best literature, philosophy, and art.

"Cambridge Sermons" is the title of fourteen discourses preached before the University in St. Mary's Church between the years 1889-1892. The sermons are arranged on a principle which is clearly explained at the outset of the volume, and, though they are not of equal interest or merit, they may be taken as fairly representative of the best and most thoroughly informed pulpit-teaching of the day. Amongst the preachers occur the names of Archbishop Benson, the Bishop of Durham, Archdeacon Farrar, the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, and the Rev. J. M. Wilson, formerly Head Master of Clifton College and now Vicar of Rochdale. The tone of the book is, as might be expected, academic; but in the main it is also closely reasoned and convincing, though the majority of these University preachers appear to us to lack boldness of appeal, spiritual vision, and moral fervour. The literary quality of the sermons is, with scarcely an exception, of an unmistakable kind, and there are passages in them of stately and sustained eloquence. Courage, however, is not their leading characteristic, and that, next to common-sense and quiet intensity, is most needed in those who are called to speak from the University pulpit.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE TUTOR'S SECRET. By Victor Cherbuliez. Translated from "Le Secret du Précepteur," by Paul Derecheff. (Arnold.)
 HARTMANN THE ANARCHIST. By E. Douglas Fawcett. (Arnold.)
 ENGLAND'S FALLING WORKSHOP. By J. W. Mahony. (Harrington Publishing Co.)
 FRENCH STORIES. By Marguerite Ninet. (Blackie.)
 LATIN STORIES. Edited by A. D. Godley, M.A. (Blackie.)
 THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Cantos I.-VI. (Blackie.)
 A COURSE OF QUALITATIVE CHEMICAL ANALYSIS IN CHEMISTRY. By Edgar E. Horwill, F.C.S. (Blackie.)
 GOLD, GOLD, IN CARIBOO. By Clive Philipps Wolley. (Blackie.)
 A JACOBITE EXILE. By G. A. Henty. (Blackie.)
 THROUGH THE SIKH WAR. By G. A. Henty. (Blackie.)
 THE WHITE CONQUERORS OF MEXICO. By Kirk Murroe. (Blackie.)
 ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE. By G. A. Henty. (Blackie.)
 THE WRECK OF THE GOLDEN FLECK. By Robert Leighton. (Blackie.)
 ALAN'S WIFE. A Dramatic Study. First Acted at the Independent Theatre. Introduction by W. Archer. (Henry & Co.)
 THE NEW TESTAMENT AND ITS WRITERS. By Rev. J. A. M'Clymont, B.D. (A. & C. Black.)
 THE EMIGRANT SHIP. By W. Clark Russell. Three Vols. (Sampson Low.)
 A PRISONER OF WAR. By F. A. Inderwick, Q.C. (Sampson Low.)
 BEYOND THE BUSTLE. A Tale of South Africa. By Jenner Tayler. (Sampson Low.)
 COMIC TRAGEDIES. Written by "Jo" and "Meg," and edited by the "Little Women." (Sampson Low.)
 TWO PRISONERS. A Novel. By Paul Heyse. Translated from the German. (Simpkin, Marshall.)
 TWO LITTLE CHILDREN AND CHING. By Edith E. Cuthell. (Methuen.)
 THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF ANELAY MORELAND. By R. Shelton Gresson. (Remington.)

- THE DESERT SHIP. By J. Bloundell-Burton. (Hutchinson.)
- LIFE ABOARD A BRITISH PRIVATEER IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ANNE. With Notes, etc. By Robert C. Leslie. New Edition. (Chapman & Hall.)
- MARION D'ARCHE. By F. Marion Crawford. Two Vols. (Macmillan.)
- HELEN TREVEYAN. By Sir Mortimer Durand, K.C.I.E. New Edition. (Macmillan.)
- MISS PARSONS' ADVENTURE. By W. Clark Russell. And other Stories by other Writers. (Chapman & Hall.)
- THE OPINIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER. By Robert Grant. (*The Tavistock Library*.) (F. Warne & Co.)
- A LIBERAL EDUCATION. By Mrs. George Martyn. (*The Tavistock Library*.) (F. Warne & Co.)
- PROSE WRITINGS OF WORDSWORTH. Selected and Edited with an Introduction by William Knight, LL.D. (*The Scott Library*.) (Walter Scott.)
- A COMPLICATION IN HEARTS. By Edmund Pendleton. (Routledge.)
- THE PILGRIM IN OLD ENGLAND. By Amory H. Bradford. Andover Lectures on Congregationalism. (J. Clarke.)
- CHANGING CREEDS AND SOCIAL STRUGGLES. By C. F. Aked. (J. Clarke.)
- MISS DEVEREUX, SPINSTER. By Agnes Giberne. New Edition. (J. Clarke.)
- THE BEADS OF TASMER. By A. E. Barr. (J. Clarke.)
- THE ROSEBUD ANNUAL, 1894. (J. Clarke.)
- UP THE SPIDER'S WEB. By H. E. Inman. (J. Clarke.)
- ALL THE YEAR WITH NATURE. By P. Anderson, Graham. (Smith, Elder.)
- VOLTAIRE'S VISIT TO ENGLAND, 1726-1729. By Archibald Ballantyne. (Smith, Elder.)
- THE LESTERS; OR, A CAPITALIST'S LABOUR. By General Sir George Chesney. Three Vols. (Smith, Elder.)
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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: THE Autumn Session has opened quietly enough, and there are, as yet, few indications of a recurrence of the storms which marked the proceedings in the House of Commons during the summer. The Local Government Bill is already under discussion, and its passage through both Houses before Christmas is practically assured, provided there be no resort to deliberate obstruction. If obstruction should show itself, Ministers will, we trust, meet it with a firm hand. In the case of the English Local Government Bill, at all events, the flimsy pretexts which were put forth to excuse the obstruction of the Home Rule Bill cannot be urged; and the Government will have the hearty support of reasonable men of all parties in resolutely crushing any attempt to destroy the measure by merely obstructive tactics.

THE other Bill of importance which is to engage the attention of the House of Commons during the present session is the Employers' Liability Bill. It is a most useful measure, the inception of which reflects great credit upon the Home Secretary. But, whilst there is practical unanimity among all parties regarding its chief provisions, it is manifest that there is a deep division in the Liberal ranks on one point. That is the right of great corporations and large employers of labour, who have already adopted a system of insurance for their workmen, to contract themselves out of the Bill. We have discussed the general question on another page. Ministers, we trust, will see the wisdom of taking into account the opinions of some of their best friends on this point. The Home Secretary naturally prefers his Bill as it is, but he will not, we are sure, be insensible to the value of the opinions of men who have had a long and large experience in dealing with the question which the Bill touches, and who cannot be accused of any want of sympathy with the working classes. We earnestly trust that this, the only rock which lies ahead of the measure, will be removed by an agreement in which all parties can unite.

THE first Cabinet Council which has been held since the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords will be held to-day. There is something significant in the fact that Ministers have not thought it worth their while to meet to discuss the political situation until now. It shows how little they share the excitement which has pre-

vailed among their opponents ever since the action of the House of Lords, and how completely they disregard the absurd notion that the proceedings of the hereditary chamber can affect the life either of a Parliament or a Government. Nothing has as yet been settled in the Cabinet as to the course of business next session. Everybody knows, it is true, that the Home Rule Bill will not be reintroduced in the House of Commons next year; but it is more than probable that a course will be taken which will prevent any shadow of doubt or suspicion as to the fidelity of Ministers to the Home Rule cause lingering in the minds of even the most suspicious. The session next year will be properly devoted in the main to British interests, but no Irishman will be afforded an excuse for professing to believe that the Government has receded in the slightest degree from the position it has taken up on the Home Rule question.

IF any proof were needed of the extremities to which the Opposition finds itself reduced in discovering sources of consolation for its present deplorable position, it is furnished by the joy which its spokesmen have exhibited over the appearance of the absurd article in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* purporting to be a manifesto of the Fabian Society. Tooley Street itself is cast into the shade by this ridiculous bit of rhodomontade, in which some unknown and obviously ignorant rhetorician fulminates against the Government and the Liberal party in the name of the people of England. The Fabian Society has at no time possessed any political influence. It distinguished itself at the General Election last year by issuing a manifesto which, so far as can be judged, did not affect a solitary vote in any constituency in the land. The appearance of the present effusion has had only one result—a division in the ranks of the society itself, and the withdrawal of perhaps its most influential member. Yet it is this deliverance which is hailed by certain Tory newspapers as presaging the downfall of the Ministry. No Liberal will begrudge any of his opponents such comfort as they are able to derive from a performance of this kind.

THE defeat of Lobengula, if it should mean the end of the little war into which we have been plunged in South Africa, must be regarded as an eminently satisfactory event. It does not, however, in the slightest degree affect the principles which are at stake in connection with the recent proceedings of the Royal Chartered Company. The origin of the war is still in dispute, and

no clear proof has been given us that it did not begin in a mere determination to filibuster in Lobengula's territory for the benefit of a company of commercial adventurers. The charges made against the officers of the Company since hostilities began are still without refutation, and for our national credit they must be inquired into. Finally, the resolve of Lord Ripon that the settlement of the dispute with Lobengula shall be carried out, not by Mr. Rhodes and his Company, but by the representative of the Imperial Government, is just as wise and as essential to our future interests in South Africa as it ever was. If we were to permit Mr. Rhodes to regard Matabeleland as his lawful prize, now that Lobengula has been defeated, we should be countenancing the policy of filibustering all over the world. Great Britain cannot tolerate such an act as this; and we trust that the Colonial Secretary and Ministers generally will abide firmly by their determination to make the settlement of the future of Matabeleland a matter of Imperial concern, and not of private speculation.

MR. RHODES evidently means to put the Government to the test. He has not only begun to put in motion that machinery of quasi-public opinion at the Cape of which as Cape Premier and leading politician generally he has control, but he has taken formally to setting aside the Imperial Commissioner. When Sir Henry Loch telegraphed him on Thursday desiring that the Bechuanaland Police, being an Imperial force, should remain as garrison of Bulawayo, Mr. Rhodes, we are told, "courteously declined," "preferring to retain the Company's Police there." We can only say that the Imperial Government which would tamely submit to being defied in this cool and insolent fashion would not be fit to occupy its place.

THE situation between the Government and Mr. Rhodes in Matabeleland may be put in a nutshell. Mr. Rhodes has said to the Government, "*J'y suis, j'y reste.*" It is for the Government to say to Mr. Rhodes, "*Il faut se soumettre ou se démettre.*"

To turn from the question of the division of the "fruits of victory" to the manner in which the "victory" itself has been obtained, we are sure that few Englishmen could have read without some feeling of sickening the graphic descriptions from the scene of action which the *Daily News* (scoring, by the way, another of its brilliant triumphs of special correspondence) published on Thursday and Friday. It is not necessary to indulge in "the pathetic fallacy" at the spectacle of the old king who had taken the White Queen's "word" crushed and hunted by the men on whose behalf her word had been given; nor to indulge in the sympathy which freemen must instinctively feel for a brave people struggling with superb but hopeless valour to defend their country from invasion. What is so impressive about this victory is the utter disparity of the odds, the wholesale butchery on one side, the wholesale immunity on the other. But two white men were killed during this expedition, and one of these not in battle, while, with the deadly enginery of slaughter now at the command of the white race, the Matabele were being mowed down by the five hundred. It is a triumph for the inventors of machine guns, quick-firers, and magazine rifles, but not a victory that England as a nation can inscribe with any pride upon her banners.

MR. SYDNEY BUXTON's reply concerning Colonel Carrington—that remarkable officer who started off on a Government mission "wondering why he had been sent," and announcing to the reporters his high-

handed views—was a satisfactory snub so far as it went. But this little matter will be in a still more satisfactory position if the Government will recall Colonel Carrington by telegraph to the next port at which the ship conveying him is to put in. There is no necessity now for a military adviser to Sir Henry Loch, and if there were, Colonel Carrington has sufficiently made it clear that he is not a fitting person for that or any other confidential post.

As we go to press, the joint conference of representatives of both parties in the coal dispute is assembling at the Westminster Palace Hotel. A settlement is fervently desired by both sides; but it seems equally improbable that the coalowners will consent to reopen their pits without a reduction—possibly of five per cent. now and a like amount in the spring—and that the men will agree to this reduction without a further struggle. A conference of Liberal members of Parliament, held at the National Liberal Club on Wednesday afternoon, evidently sympathised strongly with the men's demands, but restrained its expression of its sentiments somewhat for fear of interfering with the prospects of a settlement. Should the negotiations break down, however, the Conference will reassemble next Wednesday evening, when less reticence will be observed. It is to be hoped that in that case it will have before it many more economic facts bearing on the subject than have hitherto been accessible to any one not brought into direct contact with the combatants. Mr. Pickard, for instance, favoured it with an interpretation of the reduction of "25 per cent.," which has, we believe, not hitherto been published; and ever since July, isolated items of the case of each side have been coming out casually from time to time, while, though the appeal has been to the public, neither party has thought it worth while to present a comprehensive view of the whole.

FIVE columns of close type would seem to be rather a large amount of space for a daily journal to devote to the utterances of the Duke of Argyll; yet this is the more than liberal allowance which the *Times* has made to his grace. Unfortunately the duke has hardly been equal to his privileges. Scotchmen can appreciate a joke quite as well as their southern neighbours; but we doubt whether any human being exists who can appreciate five long and closely-printed columns of the kind of humour of which the Duke of Argyll delivered himself at Glasgow on Wednesday. It was at the expense of the Prime Minister that all this wit—or shall we say "wut"?—was expended. No lesser man is worthy of the attention of the illustrious nobleman. Indeed, the wonder is that he should recognise any living person, other than himself, as being deserving of his attention. Mr. Gladstone will, doubtless, feel grateful for this shower of delicate jests at his age, his experience, and his various mental and moral qualities. To the rest of the world it will merely seem that if the speaker had been anybody but the Duke of Argyll, his prolonged outpouring of rant would have been regarded as very vulgar, excessively foolish, and, above everything else, inordinately dull. It will be long, we imagine, before the *Times* inflicts upon its readers another pageful of his grace's eloquence.

It is a far cry from Toulon to Leeds, and ordinary persons will find it difficult to understand what particular connection there is between the English Home Secretary and a French dockyard in the Mediterranean. But an ingenious writer in the *Times* has apparently been unable to disentangle the one subject from the other, and accordingly, last Tuesday, that journal soundly berated Mr. Asquith, seemingly because he had not read a letter by one of its correspondents before it was published. The letter was unquestionably an interesting one, giving

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

an account of the great improvements introduced into the dockyard of Toulon by the French Government, and of the strength of the fleet which France now has in the Mediterranean. But it was only published on Tuesday morning, and we fail, therefore, to see how Mr. Asquith can be reasonably blamed for not having discussed it in a speech delivered on Monday evening. As for the letter itself, whilst we have no wish to under-estimate the importance of the subject with which it deals, we confess that we should like to know something as to the identity of its writer before accepting all the statements he makes. That the naval power of France is steadily increasing is not to be denied; but we were under the impression that the late Board of Admiralty prided themselves upon having increased the naval power of Great Britain at a still more rapid rate, and we know that the present Board are not at all likely to allow themselves to fall behind their predecessors in this matter. The *Times* will do good service by continuing to urge upon the Government the duty and necessity of maintaining a fleet strong enough for all contingencies. But mere panic-mongering is foolish, particularly when it is evidently animated by a spirit of narrow partisanship.

THE memorandum which has been issued by the Board of Admiralty on the result of the *Victoria* court-martial has for some time past been anxiously awaited in naval circles. There was a fear that the Board might leave matters where they were left by the court-martial, and that, as everybody has recognised, would have been highly detrimental to the best interests of the service. The judgment which is now pronounced both upon Rear-Admiral Markham and Captain Johnstone, of the *Camperdown*, will be supported by most competent men in the navy. There can be no doubt that Admiral Markham fell into a fatal error when he failed, after his first hesitating question, to hoist the signal signifying "I do not understand order; cannot execute it." Admiral Tryon had himself justified beforehand such a course on the part of his Rear-Admiral, and even the personal influence he exercised over all his subordinates should not have deterred Rear-Admiral Markham from persisting in his demand for fuller information before attempting to carry out an order which was, on the face of it, a dangerous, if not an absolutely fatal, one. As for the severe censure passed upon Captain Johnstone, it is based upon the evidence given at the court-martial, which certainly seems to justify it. It is unfair, however, to blame that officer, as some are doing, for the grounding of his ship in Valetta harbour the other day. The accident was due to no error in seamanship, but to a failure in the steering apparatus.

THE appointment of Mr. Spencer Walpole to the important post of Secretary to the Post Office in succession to the late Sir Arthur Blackwood is a step which will meet with some criticism. Nevertheless, those who know Mr. Walpole must be convinced of his entire fitness for the office he has undertaken. Of his literary attainments it is unnecessary to speak, though it is pleasant to know that the old tradition which associates the Post Office with literature is maintained by his appointment. It is, however, the reputation he enjoys as a public official of the highest class which justifies his selection by Mr. Arnold Morley. Mr. Walpole has had an admirable training in affairs, and has gained solid fame as a clear-sighted, resolute, and sagacious administrator. The fact that he has not had any previous experience in the Post Office may seem to some a disadvantage. As a matter of fact, it appears to us to be one of the best features of the appointment. The Post Office has been too long the home of old traditions. The need for the importation of fresh blood has long been apparent, and Mr. Arnold Morley is to be con-

gratulated upon having had the courage to select a man who, in addition to many other great qualifications for the office, possesses the advantage of being a stranger to the somewhat stereotyped routine into which in these latter days it has fallen. The public, we believe, will benefit greatly by Mr. Walpole's appointment, whilst the fact that he has exchanged an easy post for one substantially no better in point of remuneration, but infinitely heavier in its duties, shows that Mr. Walpole himself has a real love of public work.

THE municipal elections, often a useful barometer of party strength, do not tell us very much this year. On a first view of the results there appears to be an appreciable, if not a very large, percentage of Conservative and Unionist gains; but an analysis of this fails to disclose any very important results affecting the Parliamentary prospect. Many of the contests seem to have been virtually non-political, and in many of the towns where they were not, no municipal change "within the limits of the Possible" could make much difference in the Parliamentary representation, especially as there are considerable differences both in the areas and the electorate. Still, we freely admit that the Conservatives are entitled to a moderate degree of satisfaction—and to do them justice they have not claimed more—and that the growing tendency to start "labour candidates" and professed Socialists (though of the latter only two are returned) may prove awkward for the Liberal party where the municipal elections are fought on purely political lines. It is for the local municipalities to avert this by adopting a frankly progressive policy.

THE Franco-Russian courtesies have ABROAD. closed amid a blaze of glory and a torrent of enthusiasm; and the Russian fleet has left Toulon for the Piræus, stopping *en route* at Hyères and Ajaccio. Now that the visit is over, French politicians are beginning to calculate as to the solid political results. The extraordinarily cordial telegram of thanks sent by the Czar at the end of last week indicates his full recognition of the bonds between the French and Russian nations, and, coupled with some of his reported utterances, is taken to indicate also his full confidence in the Republic. More immediately significant, however, is its influence on internal politics. It is being used by certain Conservative papers as an argument for the need of a firm and sober Cabinet free from Radical eccentricities, and such as to inspire confidence in official circles at St. Petersburg; while the temporary obliteration of political differences is said to indicate that a general amnesty is only a question of time.

IN contrast, however, to these prophecies of a general reconciliation, there is every reason to suppose that the meeting of the Chambers next Tuesday week will initiate a series of struggles as bitter as anything in recent French history. Attacks may be expected from all sides on the present makeshift, heterogeneous, yet hitherto curiously successful Ministry. At the end of last week it was reported that M. Dupuy had tendered his resignation as a means of reconstructing his Cabinet, so as to get rid of his more Radical colleagues; and it is noted that M. Peytral, his Minister of Finance, has been advocating an income tax, which assuredly will bring down the wrath of that *bourgeoisie* in which the new Conservative Republican party must find its chief strength. A premature report of the decisions of the Monetary Conference has evoked violent attacks on the Government for an undue favouring of Italy (which seems wholly imaginary), and a more elaborate and violent attack—foredoomed, however, to failure—will certainly be made by the Socialist deputies. The coal strike in the North-East, which has continued with no great success for weeks, has been

throughout utilised by them as a means of organising their party; they have marked their failure by a manifesto which is almost an incitement to civil war; the Government has continued its precautions against disturbance, and now that a gendarme has saved his own life by defending himself with a revolver against brutal assault, and, it would seem, killing the wrong man (the usual result), the language of the extreme Radical papers is more violent than ever. M. Clémenceau has induced the chief representatives of the Paris Press to undertake arbitration as a means of settling the strike. But without question, the Socialist leaders are beaten—which will probably make them all the more anxious to combat every action of the Government.

THE official statistics of the voting at the recent General Election in the German Empire show that the electorate as a whole voted against the military scheme by a majority of 1,100,000. In other words, a Reichstag of 100 members, elected under a perfect system of proportional representation, would have rejected the scheme by 57 to 43. This computation counts Anti-Semites, Poles, and Dissident Liberals—together, nearly 10 per cent. of the total vote—as supporters of the Bill, whereas their support was limited by conditions, implicit and explicit.

THE Liberals of Prussia have found some compensation for their defeat at the Federal elections in a conspicuous success in Berlin in the election to the Prussian Parliament. In spite of the great difficulties against which they had to contend—the split in the party, the miserable weather, the extreme inconvenience of the mode and time of the election for everyone but civil servants, who are naturally outside their ranks—they have obtained 75 per cent. of the total vote cast in Berlin, inflicting a crushing defeat upon the coalition of Conservatives and Anti-Semites, which was their chief adversary. The National Liberals and Liberal Dissidents, too, have succeeded in carrying respectively only $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $1\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of the electors to whom, under the curious system of refining the popular will that exists in Germany, the final choice of representatives is entrusted. Of course this success means little in effect, since Berlin has not a tenth of the Parliamentary representation to which its population should entitle it; and the country districts, which are enormously over-represented, are dominated by the Prussian equivalents of squire and parson—"agrarians" and Protectionists to a man. The systematic abstention of the Socialists, too, no doubt aided the Liberal cause. Still, public opinion goes for something even in Germany; and it is impossible not to feel that the result of Tuesday's voting has a significance for the future of the Commercial Treaty with Russia, and also with regard to the new fiscal scheme, the complement of the new military laws, which will occupy the Reichstag in the session commencing on the 16th, and of which the prospects are no brighter.

SWITZERLAND, too, had its General Election on Sunday last; but the proceedings were, perhaps, the least exciting recorded in Swiss history. In many cantons there was no contest; the net result shows little alteration in the complexion of the Chamber, though, on the whole, the Moderate Liberals are somewhat strengthened; and the only result of importance is the decisive defeat of the Socialist candidates. This is significant in view of the pending popular vote, due to Socialist agitation, on the introduction into the Federal Constitution of the recognition of "the right to labour"—that is, the right of every man to have work found for him—by the State if necessary—at a "living wage." The signatures to the demand for this vote are about

55,000: but the Socialist vote on Sunday was about 30,000, which, in a perfect system of proportional representation, would entitle them to about the odd seven of the 147 members of the Lower House. In two cantons the results are of interest to the student of Swiss politics. In Ticino, where political conflicts reach the bitterness of those of an ancient Greek city, the Radicals have lost ground; in Geneva, long the home of Radicalism, the Liberal-Conservatives carried all the seats.

FOR some time rumours have been rife of an impending Ministerial crisis in Greece, to be followed by a dissolution of the Chamber, a reconciliation of MM. Tricoupis and Deliyannis, and a coalition Ministry including both. The Ministry, however, has its own plans for the solution of the financial problem, and is assured of the support of the King. What it proposes is so far a secret; but the plan approved by MM. Tricoupis and Deliyannis is said to be that of M. Ornstein, who has had experience in Egyptian finance, and is now examining the situation as the representative of certain French and German creditors. It involves payment of the interest in paper instead of in gold—which it is thought the foreign creditors will accept in preference to getting nothing at all. The Chamber meets on Monday.

THE Austrian Ministry has tendered its resignation, it is said at the instance of Count Hobenwart, the leader of the most reactionary of the German parties and hitherto the embodiment of most of the special aversions of the German Liberal party. A solution of the crisis is postponed; but it is generally expected that it will be found in a coalition Cabinet, containing representatives of the German Conservatives, the German Liberals, and the Poles—elements which would combine as oil and vinegar, and which would soon lose any trace of Liberalism. Such a Cabinet would, however, propose some measure of electoral reform—probably the addition of two classes of Labour representatives to the four Estates at present represented in the Lower House. Such a measure would satisfy nobody; and meanwhile the Socialists are cheerfully accepting the prospect of a most reactionary Ministry talking about a general strike after the Belgian model, and threatening, not obscurely, an eventual resort to force. Suppose they succeed, by force or law, will the Fraternity of Labour or the Particularism of race carry the day? This is, to foreign observers, the really interesting feature of the present agitation.

AFTER an unexampled struggle, and amid scenes which recall the debates before the War of Secession, the repeal of the Silver Law passed the Senate on Monday evening by 43 to 32. The decision was, perhaps, hastened by a salutary fear of public opinion at the impending State elections. The cross-voting was remarkable, and certainly supports the contention of one speaker that the old party divisions would be obliterated henceforth. But the machinery of American parties is probably strong enough to bear even this shock. The Bill has now become law.

THE civil war in Brazil drags on, and there is every prospect of further complications. Admiral de Mello seeks recognition as a belligerent—which he is not at present likely to obtain—and President Peixoto is arranging for the despatch of a fleet from New York (including, according to one report, a considerable number of torpedo boats) to take the insurgent squadron in rear. There are predictions, of which it is advisable to suspend the acceptance, of active intervention by the United States in favour of President Peixoto, on the ground that Admiral de Mello is the tool of a foreign conspiracy to restore the monarchy. In Argentina there are fresh local troubles in Cordoba; but save for their reflex

influence on Federal politics these troubles are of small importance. The proposed settlement of the debt is by this time at last being debated by Congress, and fresh hopes are held out as to a settlement of the railway guarantees. In Peru considerable disturbance seems pending.

LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, etc.

AN *édition de luxe* of Catullus, with an odd but valuable addition, the "Pervigilium Veneris"—that charming anonymous poem, the offspring of the æstheticism of the second century A.D., of which Mr. Pater makes such good use in "Marius the Epicurean"—has been published by Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, and edited by Mr. S. G. Owen, who has made some reputation among the younger generation of classical scholars in England. It is admirably printed; it has brief but scholarly notes by the editor relating chiefly to the text; and it is adorned with really beautiful illustrations by Mr. J. R. Weguelin. We confess we have a little doubt whether, in these days of University Extension and feminine scholarship practised in expurgated editions, some of the shorter poems of Catullus are sufficiently "veiled in the decent obscurity of a learned language" to be allowed to be about one's drawing-room; and the book is too pretty for the library of a modern scholar—to whom, for the most part, scholarship is a science, and books are tools rather than friends. However, people who do not number graduates of any University among their lady acquaintances may be glad to adorn their tables with it, and scholars who are also bibliophiles will give Mr. Owen, Mr. Weguelin, and the publishers their hearty thanks.

How long the old-fashioned detonator fog-signal may survive on that most hopeless of systems the Underground Railway we do not know; but in the face of the new electrical arrangement, the invention of an electrician in the employ of the Great Northern Railway Company, it seems that it should now give way. This method is very simple, and consists in laying a special wire from the signal-box to the various signals, at which points copper-wire brushes project a few inches above the rail nearest the signal; engines are also fitted with a similar brush, indicator, and bell. With the ordinary signal at danger, the brush is so moved as to rub against that on the engine as it passes, thus warning the driver by ringing the bell and moving the indicator, while with the signal for "road clear" the brushes do not meet. In fine weather the arrangement can be switched off. That this method can be worked practically and satisfactorily is shown by the fact that the company has decided to fit up its suburban lines and eventually the whole of its system, after the good working order shown at Wood Green, where trials have been made.

OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN ABBOTT, who had for a brief period succeeded Sir John Macdonald as Premier of Canada, had taken a leading part in the development of the legal system of the Dominion, and also in the delimitation (in connection with the Letellier incident of 1879) of Federal and Provincial rights. As standing counsel to the Pacific Railway, and when charged with an important intercolonial mission to Australia, he had been associated in other ways with the progress of his country. Major-General Sir Christopher Teesdale, V.C., C.B., had been a prominent figure in the defence of Kars during the Crimean War, and of late years had held prominent positions at Court. Mr. Alfred Rimmer was well known as a successful illustrator of English landscape. M. Karl Bodmer, a French landscape painter of Swiss origin, is said to have been the last survivor of the famous "Barbizon school."

THE RENEWED SESSION.

THE members of the House of Commons, despite the severity of their labours during the spring and summer, have shown no lack of readiness in returning to their posts at St. Stephen's. The Autumn Session has begun, and already it is clear that it is the intention of the majority to turn it to practical account. If there is to be a renewal of the kind of obstruction which was offered whilst the Home Rule Bill was before the House, Ministers will doubtless be able to cope with it by a resort to measures corresponding with those which finally silenced the obstructionist party last August. But for the present, at all events, we cling to the hope that better counsels will prevail among the Opposition, and that the two important measures which are to engage the attention of Parliament between now and Christmas will be discussed in a spirit of rational patriotism rather than delayed by the tactics of mere partisan malice. The Opposition, indeed, if its own utterances are to be believed, ought to be perfectly willing to give fair play to Ministers. The Tory organs in the press, and Tory speakers on many different platforms, have loudly proclaimed the exultation of the party in view of its present position. It is, we are assured, the triumphant party; although in a minority, it is really the party which commands the confidence of the people of the United Kingdom. If its members really believe this, they ought not to be indisposed to act in a spirit of fair play towards their opponents. It is true that we should have had greater confidence in the reality of the good spirits in which the members of the Opposition now profess to be, if the causes upon which those good spirits are founded were rather more substantial. We cannot resist a lurking suspicion, however, that the exultation which is based upon Mr. Redmond's speeches and the utterances of that wonderful but imperceptible body, the Fabian Society, cannot be very real. All the same, the Opposition owe it to themselves to act up to their professions, and if they do so, this Autumn Session should be one of real work and real usefulness.

Mr. Fowler's excellent speech on Thursday put the case for the Local Government Bill fairly before the House. It is a great measure, of vital importance to no small proportion of the people of England, which Parliament is now considering. That it affects many different classes, and affects some of them seriously, we are not disposed to deny. No one can wonder that the clergy should regard it with a certain amount of suspicion. The position they have long held in our parishes is such that any reform, however necessary, and however beneficent, in the system of parish organisation must, almost as a matter of course, seem to be an attack upon their prerogatives. Yet, as Mr. Fowler showed on Thursday, this is certainly not the intention of the promoters of the Bill, nor is there anything in it which a fair-minded clergyman, conscious that his first duty is towards his parishioners, ought to find objectionable. The result of Mr. Fowler's conciliatory statement cannot fail to be favourable to the fortunes of the Bill. There will, of course, be clergymen who, deeply resenting, as the Bishop of Truro did the other day, the suggestion that the mere majority ought to have a preponderating voice in the councils of the nation, will do their utmost to destroy a measure which applies the principles of representation and local government to the parishes of the country. But we believe that such clergymen will be proved to be in a minority, and that the Tory party as a whole will not arouse the undying enmity of the villagers by proclaiming

their resolute opposition to any attempt to sweeten the life and purify the institutions of rural England. There is one danger which threatens the Bill from a very different quarter that ought not to be forgotten. In the opinion of some members of the Radical party Mr. Fowler's measure, excellent though it is, does not go far enough. They would like to see it converted into a wholesale scheme, not for reforming, but for revolutionising, our rural life. Some of them complain because it does not contain provisions for dealing with the land question; others find that in certain directions it fails to meet the demands of extreme sections of the party. We trust that these ardent spirits will at least remember the old adage as to the comparative worth of the half-loaf and the whole loaf. The Local Government Bill is a genuine measure of reform, the adoption of which by Parliament will do more to change the conditions of life in our villages than any step that has been taken by the Legislature within the memory of man. To defeat such a scheme, or seriously to imperil it, because it is not in all respects an ideal measure from the ultra-Radical point of view, will be to incur a responsibility of the heaviest kind, and to delay for years—or, it may be, for a generation—those practical reforms which are now within our grasp. We cannot believe that our Radical friends, when they reflect upon this fact, will take any step calculated to embarrass the Government or endanger the Bill.

We have spoken elsewhere of the other measure to which this Autumn Session is to be devoted. It is one of great practical importance, and in the interests of the working population in our towns it demands the careful attention of the House of Commons. We shall be loth to believe that any section of the Opposition will seek to destroy such a Bill by a resource to obstructive tactics. If they do so they will stand condemned in the eyes of all the workers of the United Kingdom, and their professions of regard for the interests of Labour will be shown to be absolutely hypocritical. That the Bill may be amended in the House is more than probable, but that it should be killed by the adoption of dilatory resolutions, however plausible may be the grounds on which those resolutions are urged, we refuse to believe. Besides this Bill and the Local Government Bill, the members of the House of Commons will find many subjects calling for their attention during the present sitting of the House. Nothing, indeed, could have been more opportune than this Autumn Session. Affairs in South Africa have reached a point at which the watchful supervision of Parliament is clearly necessary. We have every confidence in the wisdom and firmness of the Colonial Office; but in dealing with so great a question as that of the war in Matabeleland, it is just as well that Lord Ripon and Mr. Buxton should be able to rely upon the support which they are certain to obtain from the Liberal party in Parliament assembled. There are other questions not connected with our domestic policy which seem at this moment to be acquiring a certain degree of urgency. It was perhaps too much to hope that the recent visit of the Russian fleet to Toulon should fail to excite a certain degree of apprehension in the breasts of our native panic-mongers. Already we hear demands for the strengthening of our fleet, and for other measures in connection with our naval forces which Parliament alone can sanction. We are among those who believe that it is one of the primary duties of any English Government to maintain the navy in the fullest state of efficiency, and we believe also that the English people will never begrudge any sacrifice that may be demanded of them in order to ensure this object. But it is just as well, when the first incipient symptoms of a naval panic

are beginning to manifest themselves, that Parliament should be in session, and that we should, consequently, have access to better sources of information and to calmer reasoning than we can hope to find in the columns of the Jingo press.

ON FURTHER CONSIDERATION.

THE Employers' Liability Bill will come before the House during the present Session after a very careful consideration in Grand Committee. Except on one point—the proposed exemption of the railway men—no serious difference of opinion was there expressed, and, though many Unionists deliberately absented themselves from the Committee, it is only fair to hope that the House, as is its habit on the report stage, will confirm on all matters of detail the Committee's decision. But the one controverted question which remains over is a most important question. It has already affected one election and may affect others, so that it cannot be glossed over by the merest party hack. Yet it is eminently a matter to consider carefully without party bias, and for our own part we earnestly hope it will be left as an open question to the judgment of the House.

What is the point at issue? The Employers' Liability Bill is not a Bill dealing with all accidents to workmen. In some cases, where the workman is injured by the negligence of his employer or of some agent of the employer not in what is called common employment with the workman, the employer is liable at common law. In other cases—and that indeed the much larger class—where the accident is due either to the negligence of the workman himself, or to the negligence of someone not in the employment of the workman's employer, or to pure accident, the employer will not be liable even under the Bill. Public opinion is not yet ripe for so far-reaching a scheme of compulsory insurance, though as to the ultimate ideal we confess we agree rather with Mr. Chamberlain than Mr. Asquith. The Bill, rightly or wrongly, only affects a limited class of accidents: those which can be proved to have been caused by the negligence of the injured man's fellow-workmen. The employer is not now liable in that case, except in the special instances included in the Act of 1880. He is to be made liable, and very properly made liable. So far we are all agreed. But it so happens that the big railway companies and some other large employers have, by contributions to provident funds, secured provision for their workmen in the event of such accidents already. They have gone further. They provide for accidents which the Bill does not provide for; accidents due to whatever cause. If the societies were swept away and Mr. Asquith's Bill substituted, the workman would receive nothing in most cases, whereas now he receives compensation in all cases. The railway companies say that they are induced to subscribe chiefly by the wish to avoid litigation. At present the members of the provident society agree to forego their legal claim both at common law and under the Act of 1880. If the Bill passes as it stands the workman may still agree to forego his right at common law, but he cannot until the right has actually accrued (in other words, until the accident has occurred) forego his right under the Bill. The company would, therefore, lose their freedom from litigation, and they say they would immediately cease their contributions to the fund. Mr. Asquith, when the Bill was in Committee, did not deny that in that

event the men would be losers by the change. He only expressed the opinion that, owing to the other advantages of their present system in securing the contentment and permanent service of their servants, the company would find it to their interest to continue. In this opinion we should have been inclined to agree were it not that the directors of the London and North-Western say they will not continue, and the men do not think they are merely bluffing. The servants of both the London and North-Western and the Brighton Railway Companies almost unanimously claim exemption from the Bill, and it remains for the House of Commons to consider whether it is to be forced on them.

With the general objections to "contracting out" we are in entire accord. The cruel employer is thereby enabled to coerce the weak workman into a bad bargain. But the general objections do not apply. Here the employers are not cruel and the workmen are not weak. The workmen claim exemption only for themselves. They do not ask the Legislature to construct a loophole by which other workmen's employers should escape; they only ask that the workmen shall be allowed to accept existing societies—perhaps a dozen altogether—which the Home Secretary certifies to give them as much as they could get under the Bill in lieu of the right to go to law which is given by the Bill. The railway servants are accused of selfishness, but surely a man is entitled to be selfish in a matter which only concerns himself. Furthermore, one may point out to the fanatics against exceptions, that the prohibition of contracting out as it stands is by no means complete. A workman may still agree to forego his old rights at common law; he is only prohibited from foregoing his new rights under the Bill. Mr. Jones, a builder, employs two carpenters, Smith and Robinson. Smith cannot agree to forego his claim against Jones if he be injured by Robinson. But he can agree to forego his claim against Jones if he be injured by Jones himself. We fear that the more disreputable employers will use this immunity as a mode of evasion, and just as it has been a frequent defence that the injurer and injured were in common employment, so it may become a frequent defence that they were not. The Bill is not so perfectly symmetrical that it would be spoilt by a definite and limited exception.

It is true that Clause 3 professes to undo the harm done to the provident societies by Clause 2. Clause 3, in its present form, is as follows: "Where an employer has contributed to a fund providing any benefit for a workman or his representative in case of injury or death, the Court, or, where there is a jury, the jury, in assessing the amount of compensation payable to a workman or his representatives in case of injury or death, shall treat as a payment on account of the employer's liability so much of any money paid or that will be paid to the workman or his representatives out of the fund as is, in the opinion of the Court or jury, attributable to the employers' contribution." Theoretically, nothing could be fairer. But it does not meet the company's natural objection to litigation, which would be troublesome and expensive and would disturb their peaceful relations with their workmen. It even adds a new terror to litigation. How is the company to prove how much of the sum paid to the workman is due to the employers' contribution? The Brighton Company, for instance, besides contributing a fixed sum, guarantees the solvency of the fund—a very valuable guarantee, as anyone who has had to do with provident societies knows. But how is the jury to assess the value of such a guarantee? Clause 3 was strongly opposed by some of the labour members, who openly declared that

their wish was to abolish the provident societies. With that object we have no sympathy. But, if we had, we should not object to Clause 3. It would not benefit the societies or the companies, or anyone else except the lawyers.

For all these reasons we hope the House will reverse the decision of the Committee. It is a strong thing for Parliament to interfere between employers and employed when both want to be let alone. Such an interference may be justified if the employed are either too timid to express their views or too ignorant to form a just view of their own interests. But the railway servants are neither timid nor ignorant. The interference may be justified if the employed are pretty equally divided. But the railway servants are almost unanimous. Interference may be justified when it is needed in order to prevent injustice to other workmen. But the railway servants do not ask that the Bill should be altered in its application to any of the other workmen in the kingdom. One argument only of all those which have been urged against the exemption seems to us to have any force. We refer to the argument that the provident schemes as they are now framed do not make the companies as careful for the safety of the workmen as they would be if they were directly mulcted for each accident. In its bald form this argument is hardly applicable to large employers. They would always insure if they did not contract out, and the penalty for carelessness would be in the one case a higher premium and in the other a higher contribution to their provident society. But it has struck us forcibly that while the compensation given by the societies in case of slight accidents is generous, the amount payable in case of death or total disablement is not sufficient. The amount should be increased, and doubtless would be increased before the society was certified by the Home Office to be an adequate substitute for the Bill. Under the conditions and subject to the limitations which we have suggested, we hope to see the House comply with the wishes of the men.

MELILLA AND GIBRALTAR.

THE fighting at Melilla, in the course of which the Spanish troops have sustained heavy losses, seems to have bewildered some of our contemporaries. At all events, their comments on the death of the gallant General Margallo a week ago make it apparent that some of them are sadly at a loss with regard to what Americans call the "bottom facts" of the case. Some appear to think that Melilla is a recent acquisition of the Spanish, filched within a year or two from the gentle Moor. Others talk of it as being opposite to Gibraltar, and as consequently commanding the entrance to the Mediterranean; whilst there appears to be a general inability, especially on the part of those journals which are loudest in their denunciations of Lobengula, to determine whether English sympathy ought in this case to be enlisted on the side of the Spaniards or the tribes who have assailed them with characteristic ferocity. It may be hoped that by this time the doubts of our contemporaries have been cleared away, and that they have realised the fact that if ever Spain deserved the sympathy and moral support of Great Britain, it does so now. Melilla is no new acquisition by the Spaniard. If he did not hold it before Columbus discovered the New World, he certainly entered into possession of it very shortly after that event took place. Nor does Melilla lie opposite to Gibraltar, or command in any way the entrance to the Mediterranean. As the crow flies, it is not

far from two hundred miles to the south-east of the famous Rock, and it is quite out of the path of Mediterranean commerce, lying almost at the bottom of that deep depression of the African coast which extends from Ceuta almost as far as Algiers. It is, in short, a place which Spain may claim as its own as legitimately as Great Britain claims Newfoundland. As for the "gentle Moors" who have just made this ferocious onslaught upon the Spanish outposts, they are Riff Arabs, and rank deservedly among the most savage races now extant. Pirates by sea, robbers and murderers by land, they are veritable Ishmaelites, who by a strange fate have been permitted to hold their own almost within sight of Europe, and whose territory is a kind of Alsatia established in the midst of the civilised world. If it were only for this reason, all civilised nations ought to side heartily with Spain in the present struggle, and to wish for her a speedy and triumphant issue from it.

Nominally the subjects of the Emperor of Morocco, the Riff tribes are notoriously independent of their Sovereign. Once in every few years he sends an army against them for the purpose of collecting tribute—the only symbol of their subjection to his sway which he expects or desires. Sometimes the army is successful; occasionally it is not. But in either case a savage war is waged, in which blood is made to flow in torrents. In the eyes of the law the Emperor is, of course, responsible for the acts of these queer subjects of his; but as a matter of fact his authority over them is about as real as that of the Khedive over the Soudanese. It is a striking illustration of the condition of Morocco at this moment which is furnished by the state of things in the neighbourhood of Melilla; and it is precisely this condition of Morocco which gives to incidents like those at Melilla their special importance. The splendid country over which Muley Hassan rules in a more or less perfunctory fashion is the last bit of territory within easy reach of Europe that remains unappropriated by a civilised Power. All the great nations of the Continent, to say nothing of Great Britain, cast longing eyes upon it, and nothing but the consciousness that its seizure by any one of them would be the signal for a European war prevents an immediate attempt to add it to the possessions of one or other of the Great Powers. France in particular makes no secret of her desire to add it to her North African possessions, and is ever watching for an opportunity of doing so. Nor is the nation which invented the famous Kroumirs of Tunis likely to fail for want of a pretext if ever the opportunity for annexation should occur. This furnishes an additional reason why English sympathies in the present little war should be wholly on the side of the Spanish. For Melilla, situated as it is near the eastern boundary of Barbary—that is to say, not far from the Algerian frontier—is a standing obstacle to the success of French designs. Spain, in short, so long as she holds this fortress, has the right to veto any advance by the French from Algeria into Morocco; and Germany, England, and Italy would support the Spanish veto with the whole weight of their armaments. These reasons, we think, will suffice to justify the warm sympathy of the English Government and Press with the Spanish in the contest which they are now waging against a brave and savage foe.

Some of our contemporaries have seen fit to mix up the question of Gibraltar with that of Melilla. Indeed, the question of Gibraltar appears to be very much upon the brains of certain persons at the present moment. An impression, sedulously fomented by the people who approved of the surrender of Heligoland, prevails among the unwise in the

Tory camp to the effect that the Liberal Government is about to put the crown of infamy upon its deeds by handing over Gibraltar to Spain. The preposterous notion has as much of reality in it as the suggestion that before constructing the Channel Tunnel Dover will be ceded to the French. No Government that ever has held or is ever likely to hold office in this country would be strong enough to give up Gibraltar; and certainly no Government is less likely to do so than that which is now in power. The splendid history of the conquest of the place and of its defence by English hands, its magnificent appearance as it greets the eye of the English traveller passing from the storm-tossed Atlantic into the blue waters of the great inland sea, its geographical position, its traditions, and, above all, our strong national sentiment, make it impossible that any Government should ever surrender it. Yet all the same, from the mere military point of view, Gibraltar is little better at present than a magnificent impostor. It does not command the Straits as foolish people imagine, whilst it is commanded, and can be made untenable as a naval station, by the guns of Algeciras. If Spain were hostile to Great Britain, Gibraltar would be valueless in case of war. It is for this reason, and not from any want of patriotism, that some of the greatest authorities on military questions have advocated the exchange of Gibraltar for Ceuta. It is only necessary to say with regard to this suggestion that it could only be carried out at the cost of a European war. France, for example, would fight to the death to prevent our establishment on the soil of Morocco. Another suggestion, more feasible, but still almost wholly impracticable, is that we should exchange the Rock for Port Mahon in Minorca and Teneriffe. Spain, however, is hardly likely to listen to the proposal, even if English public opinion were to sanction it. What remains, if we are to get any real advantage from our possession of Gibraltar? We have said that with a hostile Spain the place would be worthless, and worse than worthless, to us. Happily, few things in the political world are more certain than that Spain will never be hostile to the Power which commands the greatest of existing navies. She has given too many hostages to Fortune to quarrel with a nation which could strike her simultaneously at a dozen different points and deprive her at a blow of the remnants of her colonial empire. It follows that in dealing with Gibraltar we may set aside the hypothesis of a hostile Spain. That being the case, it is possible to increase enormously the value of the Rock as a naval station. What Gibraltar now requires is not merely the extension of the mole, a work which has been sadly delayed by successive Governments, but the construction of a dock into which the largest of our ironclads could go for repair if necessary. These steps we hold it to be the duty of the Government to take at the earliest possible moment, and we have every reason to believe that the present Ministry feel the necessity thus laid upon them as strongly as any of their critics do.

THE FABIAN SQUIB.

THE impulse of the rational man on glancing at the first page of the production which, under the heading of "To your Tents, oh [sic] Israel!" occupies the place of prominence in this month's *Fortnightly* is to smile and pass on. It is a sensible impulse, yet, on second thoughts, it would be a mistake not to extend the amusement and temper it

with a grain of reflection. These are strange times, when even the bray of the jackass has its interest for the philosophic mind, more catholic than Terence's. An organism called the Fabian Society, dating its manifesto from "276, Strand, W.C.," presumably its headquarters, announces in a monthly review that it has "come to the end of its patience with Liberal Ministers," and that, like Mr. Snodgrass when he took off his coat in the row at Ipswich, it is "going to begin." The public, it thinks, may laugh at this, but "the Society will not be at all put out." "Adepts will know better than to underrate the dismay into which a Government may be thrown" by this announcement. We beg our readers not to be impatient with us if we waste a little space on this sort of silliness. The times, we repeat, are queer, and favourable to humbug, and when we see even so small a humbug executing justice upon itself—we gather from various indications in the evening press that by this manifesto the persons who sign themselves "The Fabian Society" have performed a graceful *harikari*—the fact is worth observing. It has its uses, for youth is easily misled, and it becomes the Liberal party to note that one of the lures in the pathway of its young people has disappeared.

The exact origin of the Fabian Society, we have to confess, so far as our knowledge goes, is lost in the mists of fable. But its genesis is by no means hard to deduce. No man who has ever moved through the country in any electioneering capacity can fail to have been struck with the prevalence of a type that greets him in every other town and village—a person who, when you mention some reform of the Government, says in a serious tone, "That's my Bill," and who forthwith pulls from his pocket sheaves of crumpled foolscap, copies of letters he has written to Ministers. "All my ideas, sir," he exclaims; "every one of them adopted. When it came to the tenth clause there was near being a Cabinet split—I have it on the best authority—tremendous strain—Rosebery dashed his despatch-box on the table—Morley wouldn't have it at all—Harcourt was in despair—when just then my letter arrived, and Acland shouted, 'The very thing, gentlemen!' and—see—here you see it—Clause Ten—identical words of my letter—just compare!" The temperaments of these types are various. Some are morose and denounce the Government for stealing their ideas and giving them no reward. Others are angry because their ideas have not been adopted. But as a rule they are harmless oddities, suffering from the crank's abnormal growth of self-conceit, and the committee-man introduces them with a wink and a grin. Now the Fabian Society, since we have noticed the phenomenon, has always appeared to us as if it had been formed by a number of these oddities coming together and saying, "Let's band ourselves into a society." The blend of individual peculiarities which would thus be produced would account for the collective type with which students are familiar under the name of Fabianism: a mixture of dreary, gassy doctrinairism and crack-brained farcicality, set off by a portentous omniscience and a flighty egotism not to be matched outside the wards of a lunatic asylum. The advent of this society is held in its own records to be an epoch in English history. The people of "the land that freemen till" might think that under various leaders, from Hampden to Gladstone, they had been making some sort of struggle towards the light, but they were to learn from the Fabian Society that they did not know what progress was until this fly perched upon their chariot. All that preceded Fabianism was nought, all that has succeeded it is the creation of its own genius. There were no democrats and no political thinkers before

the Fabians. They have "permeated" and "saturated" us with whatever sound ideas we possess. In the present article they call themselves "the men who invented the Newcastle Program" (Fabian spelling), and they tell us that it was they who placed the Government in office and "got Mr. Gladstone his little majority." They are deep in the secrets of those puppets of theirs, Her Majesty's Ministers, they know the dark chapters of Liberalism, and but that they are such punctiliously honourable men they could an if they would a tale unfold which would exhibit to the British democracy the miserable character of the creatures who are masquerading as their representatives in the place of power. "It is not for the Fabian Society to betray the secret history of the desperate efforts made from 1886 to 1892 to bring the Liberal Party up to the poll in some semblance of democratic condition." "It is not for the Fabian Society to spoil a stirring page of political history by bringing the public behind the scenes." At the council table strange things take place, and even there the all-seeing Fabian is confidentially admitted to witness what goes on. "The situation is so obvious that the Fabian Society may, without indiscretion"—mark that "without indiscretion"—"say that when the secret history of Mr. Gladstone's administration comes to be written, it will be found that since the very formation of the Cabinet, the Progressive party, led by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Acland, and joined by Lord Rosebery, Lord Ripon, Mr. Mundella, and Mr. Bryce, has been hampered, blocked, and eventually overborne, firstly, by Mr. Gladstone's complete absorption in Home Rule; secondly, by the active hostility of such seasoned Whigs as Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Fowler; thirdly, etc. etc." How does it do it? How does it get to know all this? Truly the permeativeness of this wonderful society is something appalling, and recalls to the mind the all-pervading Jesuit organisation which thrilled our youthful imaginations in the pages of Eugene Sue; if it does not, indeed, still more forcibly remind us of that terrific society which, likewise in the Strand, breathed forth threatenings and slaughter under the presidency of Mr. Simon Tappertit.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico. So long as the Fabian Society kept to the enunciation of its flashy fallacies, borrowed from Prussian bureaucratic Socialism—things as remote from the realities of English politics as if they were borrowed from the professors of Laputa—we have no doubt there were some guileless youths here and there who thought them wonderful fellows. The manifesto in the *Fortnightly*, however, is a distressing exposure. The Fabians would come down from the clouds and enter the field of practical politics. Abandoning the waiting game of Fabius Cunctator, whose tactics, we understand, they adopted as their model, they would give battle in the open (they do not appear, by the way, to have logic enough amongst them to perceive that in "coming to the end of their patience" they come to the end of their Fabianism); and now all men and boys may judge of their statesmanship. "Sixteen months have elapsed since the election," they declare, "and the opportunities of the Liberal Cabinet have now gone beyond recall." We are to take it that a Fabian Cabinet in sixteen months would have changed the face of British society by "a few strokes of the pen," and a few "simple expedients," such as "adding a special penny or so to Schedule A of the Income Tax." Since this has not been done, the democratic forces of the country are to bring "their furious disappointment at the virtual abandonment of the

Newcastle program" to the service of the Tory party; they are to begin a campaign to complete the "desperate bankruptcy" of Liberalism and to put an end to Home Rule, about which "English wage-workers" (we presume wage-earners is meant) "do not care a dump" (whatever that means) "one way or the other;" and the trade unions must vote a fund of "at least £30,000" for the "running of fifty independent Labour candidates at the next election." Fifty representatives of the calibre and the principles of Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Champion, Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Maltman Barry—this is the ideal for which the democracy of Great Britain, disgusted with the Liberal party, must now strive as the only instrument of their salvation! We notice from the evening papers that the manifesto in the *Fortnightly* has caused a revolution in 276, Strand, and that the revolution with painful haste is swallowing its children. There are secessions and repudiations, and words of opprobrium, such as "rat" and "*bourgeois*," hurtle through the air. This manifesto, this farrago of amazing nonsense, claptrap, dishonesty and ineptitude, is, as it were, a sort of bog or quagmire in the midst of which the Fabian army, having ventured from behind its fastnesses, sinks ingloriously out of sight.

AFTER THE REPEAL OF THE SHERMAN ACT.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has won completely and decisively in his long struggle with the Senate. The Sherman Act is repealed unconditionally, and there is a feeling of relief not in the United States only but throughout Europe. The repeal paves the way for a restoration of prosperity in America, but it is only a step towards that end after all. Everybody knows now what the money of the United States is to be; distrust gradually will die away and confidence will revive. But before that can be brought about the bad business that has accumulated will have to be liquidated, and, above all, much important administrative and legislative work will have to be got through. It is estimated by the present Secretary of the Treasury that the expenditure of the United States Government this year will exceed its revenue by about ten millions sterling; therefore it is clear that the Government will have to borrow. But mere borrowing is not enough. The deficit is a necessary consequence of the pensions which have been granted so extravagantly for the very purpose of justifying unwarrantably prohibitive duties. There was never really anything in the condition of the United States to excuse the McKinley Tariff. Its authors did not know how to dispose of the immense revenues which they expected, and therefore they granted pensions in a most lavish manner. A revision of the Pension List, therefore, ought to be undertaken without delay. Besides, the Treasury needs a good deal of gold. Since the resumption of specie payments at the beginning of 1879 the Treasury has always held until the past few months over twenty millions sterling in gold to insure the convertibility of the greenbacks—that is, of the Treasury notes issued during the war to defray part of its expenditure. There is a doubt as to whether the Treasury is legally bound to keep the twenty millions sterling in gold; but that is really unimportant. The Bank of England is not bound by law to keep any specific reserve; but the Directors, for all that, would not dare to allow their reserve to fall below a certain proportion. Similarly, whether legally bound to do so or not, the Treasury of the United

States must keep the twenty millions sterling or confidence will not revive. Public opinion expects the twenty millions to be kept, and if it is not, then there will be a continuance of distrust. A considerable loan, then, is necessary to replenish the Treasury and to cover the deficit; but it does not follow that the loan should be raised in Europe. There is plenty of money at home once the proper measures are taken to encourage investors to lend to their own Government; and beyond a doubt the loan could be raised more economically at home than abroad.

A still more important and not less imperative task is the reform of the banking system. The National Banks are wonderfully well managed; no competent critic who has carefully watched the course of events in the United States during the past two or three years can honestly deny that. Even if he is biased, he must admit that the management has been able. But while the management is good, the principle upon which the system is based is utterly bad; perhaps it is one of the most defective systems of any great civilised country in the world. The National Banks were established by the late Chief Justice Chase, who was then Secretary of the Treasury, very soon after the outbreak of the civil war. He had two objects in view. One, of course, was to furnish the country with a good banking system; and a second was to provide a market for the bonds which the Government had to sell to finance the civil war. Unfortunately, the second object conflicted with the first. We do not in the least deny that it had to be done. Situated as the country was, a market had to be found for the bonds somehow. But the system is vicious in itself, and it ought to be reformed. Unfortunately, the reform, as matters stand just now, is exceedingly difficult. The Democratic party is opposed in principle to Federal banking. Federal banking was always favoured by the followers of Alexander Hamilton, and has always been opposed by the followers of Thomas Jefferson. It will be recollected that the charter of the Federal Bank of America was taken away by General Jackson; and it is certain that a very large proportion of the Democratic party at present is strongly opposed to the National Banks. Whether President Cleveland is powerful enough to maintain the national banking system and to introduce the necessary reforms remains to be seen. It would be a bold thing to undertake for any President, under any circumstances, and if he can carry it through effectually he will give striking proof of statesmanship and courage. But if it cannot be done, the right to issue notes will gradually die out. Then the Silver party will have another cry with which to go to the country, and the battle now won will have to be fought over again.

What ought to be a much easier task is the repeal of the McKinley Act. Unquestionably the President has public opinion with him in undertaking that. It will be recollected that the McKinley Act was passed in the summer of 1890, and that at the elections which followed in the autumn there was an uprising of the constituencies and a very decisive defeat of the Republicans, and that in the next elections in the autumn of 1892 the victory of the Democrats was even more decisive still. Twice, therefore, the country has decided against the McKinley Act and those who passed it. But, unfortunately, the Democratic Senators have just set a precedent which it is only too likely the Republican Senators will act upon in the coming regular session. If the Democrats were able to defy the voice of the people of the United States for very nearly three months in defence of the Sherman Act, why should not the

Republican Senators, who are equally convinced of the soundness of the McKinley Act, do the same thing and prevent the repeal of that measure? Of course, it is possible that the Senate may adopt the closure now. Convincing proof has been given of the need of some means of putting an end to obstruction, and it is, therefore, possible that the President may use his great influence to adopt some kind of closure. If he does not, and if the Republican Senators are as resolute in defence of prohibitive duties as the Democratic Senators were in defence of the purchase of silver, it is quite possible that the whole of the coming session may be wasted in a barren struggle for the repeal of the McKinley Act.

FINANCE.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange continues very dull. As is only too abundantly evident from the revenue and the railway traffic returns, the great coal dispute has thrown all branches of trade out of gear, and has inflicted heavy losses, therefore, upon almost every class of traders and workpeople. The Trust crisis, too, is deepening. As we recently pointed out, the crisis is not likely to have very serious results to anyone who is not an investor in those companies; but still it affects considerable numbers, and keeps the City in a nervous state. Worse still is the fall in silver. The United States Treasury for over three years has been buying 54 million ounces of the metal annually, which is not far short of half the world's production. The repeal of the Sherman Act stops the purchases absolutely, and nobody can say how low, in consequence, the price of silver may fall. Up to the present the decline has not been much. The price now is 32d. per ounce, and it is possible, of course, that the fall may not be so serious as the best observers expect. There may, for example, be so many mines closed that the production will barely suffice to satisfy the demand. But when it is borne in mind that the depreciation of silver has been going on for twenty years, and that the production now is more than twice as great as it was twenty years ago, the hope of a great reduction in the output does not seem to be very well founded. If there is a further great fall, then all merchants, bankers, and the like, who have large transactions with China, Japan, the Straits Settlements, Mexico, and other silver-using countries, will be very seriously affected. They have employed capital raised in gold in the silver-using countries—that is to say, the repayments will be made in silver—and the lower silver falls the greater will be the losses suffered by them. On the Continent there is as great stagnation as here. Especially there is much depression in Berlin, partly owing to the very bad crops this year, but largely also to the losses inflicted by the fall in silver and silver securities, the recent crisis in the United States, and the decline in Italian securities. As everybody knows, Germany has been lending very largely to Italy for some years past, and also has been investing in industrial enterprise in that country. If the Italian crisis becomes worse, and prices fall much lower, the losses in Germany will be very heavy. In the immediate future, therefore, there is little to encourage speculation, and investors should be careful how they select securities for purchase.

One other cause of stagnation in the Stock Markets is the nervousness of the Money Markets, both at home and abroad. In the City it is feared that now that the Sherman Act is repealed, a great American demand for gold will spring up. The American Government must borrow to replenish its reserve, and to cover the estimated deficit. Whether it will borrow in Europe or at home, however, is not yet known. The railroad companies, too, are

trying to borrow in London, and great operators who have entered into vast enterprises in America, and wish to induce the public to believe that prosperity will return at once, are expected to withdraw gold from London, and send it to New York, in the hope of thereby encouraging the public to buy. But if much gold is taken from the Bank of England, rates will rise rapidly, and the business community may find it difficult to get accommodation from their bankers. Upon the Continent there is also uneasiness, partly owing to the apprehension that America will want much gold, and partly to the crises in Italy and Spain and the unsettled state of things in Austria-Hungary. The German capitalist classes have been investing very largely for some years past, both in Italy and in Austria-Hungary. The fall in Italian Rentes and all other Italian securities has, therefore, inflicted much loss upon them, and now it looks as if there might be a serious fall also in Austrian securities. The preparations for resuming specie payments induced the Austrian and Hungarian public to speculate too wildly. The speculation has now broken down, and the Ministerial crisis may, it is feared, precipitate a break in the markets. The Imperial Bank of Germany, in view of all these difficulties, has been accumulating gold for a considerable time past. Nevertheless, there is still much anxiety in Berlin. In Paris, on the other hand, there is a confident feeling. The Government is about to undertake the conversion of the 4½ per cents., and it is understood that very shortly afterwards a great Russian loan will be brought out. Therefore, it is predicted that the whole influence of the Government and of the banking classes will be used to raise prices and encourage the public to buy.

MR. STEAD'S PANACEA.

THERE is, unfortunately, only too much reason to receive with caution Mr. Stead's latest marvel in the physical world. "A concoction of South American origin," invented by somebody who prefers to remain anonymous, and declines to disclose the nature of his specific, is supposed to have cured absolutely, after a month's trial, seven of the most seasoned dipsomaniacs that could be found. All craving for drink has been destroyed, and in its place reigns a loathing for alcohol so strong that one patient (so he assured Mr. Stead) "felt inclined to retch whenever he saw the word drink or heard the word beer." This statement did not excite in Mr. Stead's mind any suspicion of exaggeration, wilful or unconscious; nor has he thought it necessary to pursue his investigations any further; nor have we any guarantee that the conditions of the experiments made fraud impossible. The editor of *Borderland*, with the best intentions in the world—in both worlds—possesses faith and penetration in somewhat unequal proportions. His experiments in telepathy have probably satisfied nobody but himself. He has given publicity to the experiences of a Nonconformist minister in the hands of a "medium" who, as Mr. Maskelyne shows in *Truth*, has simply victimised a very impressionable person by a not very extraordinary piece of conjuring. In spreading this story it does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Stead that it might be ascribed to a lamentably common kind of delusion. His own relations with what he supposes to be mysterious agencies have scarcely prepared Mr. Stead's mind for a practical examination of the phenomena which he witnessed in the house of a professional gentleman near the British Museum. It is not a very exacting curiosity which demands something more than a month's test of the regenerated dipsomaniacs. Is the sudden nausea which seizes them when alcohol is in the air, or on the lips of Mr. Stead, merely as an extract from his vocabulary, a durable or a

fictitious repulsion? On this rather important point Mr. Stead has nothing to say, and apparently it has not yet presented itself to him as a legitimate branch of inquiry.

At the same time, no reasonable man, however sceptical, will dismiss from his speculations all possibility that drunkards may be reclaimed by some process akin to inoculation. Panaceas have a somewhat dubious history, and the complete and final remedy for any physical ill is apt to be regarded like the pill against the earthquake. To eradicate the taste for drink from a person whose mind and body are completely sodden is an achievement which, in our present stage of development, seems to belong to Fairyland, or Borderland, or any of those regions which are enlightened by means unknown to science. But that is no reason why we should be unkindly disposed towards any instrument of reform, medical or legislative, which holds out any hope of ameliorating the condition of the most unfortunate waifs of humanity. In a serious contemporary last week we read a singular diatribe against the "mechanical reformers who reduce the soul to an appendage of the body, and regard the Creator as in bondage to his own world." This delusion, it appears, is specially fostered by politicians who consider Local Option a practical method of coping with the evils of drunkenness. It may be practical, suggests the *Spectator*, but it is "petty" and "paltry," and likely to blind people who believe in it to really great principles, and to enterprises of pith and moment. The religious teacher, in particular, is to blame for laying much stress on the supposed necessity for restricting the liquor traffic, for it is he who thus comes to "regard the Creator as in bondage to his own world." The precise significance of this picturesque phrase is somewhat elusive. We understand what Newman meant by the absence of the Creator from His own world; but how is the pursuit of some secular remedy for a grave social mischief so very derogatory to the Creator's supremacy? Is it high treason on the part of a minister of religion to apply his mind and energies to a "petty practical proposal"—petty apparently because it is practical—for the betterment of society? How is the soul reduced to an appendage of the body if the body is made fit for habitation by a soul? Is it the duty of a religious teacher to confine his ministrations to empty homilies with no practical bearing on any sphere of life? According to the *Spectator*, the moment he descends from the ethereal altitude of the pulpit and devotes himself to a scheme of reform like Local Option, he degrades religion to the level of the "agitator and the wire-puller." Instead of contenting himself with the contemplation of divine holiness in its vaguest aspects, he actually seeks to contaminate it by the touch of caucuses. Local Option cannot be achieved without agitation; agitation is inconsistent with religion; therefore, to demand Local Option is to "regard the Creator as in bondage to his own world." The early Christian Fathers were the greatest agitators of ancient or modern times. They knew the value of politics, and used the knowledge without stint. They made an extraordinary fuss about the personal conduct and habits of secular princes. But had they adopted the *Spectator's* theory of moral government their influence in the subjugation of barbarism would not have been the active agent it was in the progress of mankind.

It may be argued that Local Option is, after all, only machinery, and does not supply the motive power for universal benefit. It is idle to contend, however, that religious teaching has nothing to do with the machine by which the lessons of temperance may be turned to the widest public gain. These distinctions are of as little account as the mystical dignity which asks us not to make politics squalid, not to rob them of their large and indefinite fascination, by drafting Newcastle Programmes. John Bright once said that if the Tories had been in the Wilderness they would have denounced the

Ten Commandments as "harassing legislation." If some of our political visionaries had gone through the same ordeal they might have complained that the Decalogue, though not objectionable in principle, had a tendency to make morality petty by practical definitions. There is surely no man of sense—we say nothing of religion—who, if he could be assured by unimpeachable testimony that the redemption of drunkards by the medicine of Mr. Stead's mysterious friend was a scientific fact, would not gladly help to give the utmost scope to so great a boon. No one who pictures the joy of such tidings to many a home where life is made misery by the irresponsible sot, can doubt that we should soon have "agitators and wire-pullers" working for the compulsory application of the remedy to cases in which individual will was too feeble to act. No doubt there would be protests on behalf of liberty—the liberty of the confirmed drunkard to make himself a public and private nuisance. We should be told it was both cruel and criminal to deprive a man by the forcible use of a drug of all taste for intoxicating liquor. It is conceivable that some inebriates, subjected to the treatment, might revenge themselves for their new and unwelcome distaste for the bowl by voting against the party who passed the law. Unquestionably there would be writers to pour scorn on the "mechanical reformers" who had made the soul an appendage of the body by coercing that vessel into decent sobriety. But it is not this prospect which is the real discouragement of hope for social regeneration. It is rather the simple confidence so often betrayed by quackery, and the haste with which apparent wonders are accepted without thought.

MADemoiselle BERNADETTE.

"SHE was a very ignorant girl; she knew only one prayer." This, in a tone even more apologetic, was the reply of a Catholic lady I met at Pau to my first question about Bernadette Sousbirous, the child who originated the mystery of the Grotto at Lourdes five-and-thirty years ago. I had expressed no opinion of the story, or of the "miracles" which are now the regular current of life in the picturesque little Pyrenean village; and this hasty deprecation of criticism struck me as a singular proof that the legend of Lourdes has not entirely conquered the Catholic world. Evidently in these times something more is expected even by the faithful than the ignorant ecstasy of a school-girl who sees visions; and when my acquaintance told me that Bernadette, three years after she became famous, was taken to a convent at Nevers, and died there at an early age without any further manifestations of intimacy with the supernatural, I could see that her history was distinctly disappointing to a devout but active intelligence. Possibly this feeling was strengthened by some of the incidents and accessories of the ceremonial at Lourdes. Curiosity and worship and a commercial instinct make an incongruous and bewildering pattern before you have crossed the bridge spanning the stream which comes bubbling down from the hills. An urchin with the black eyes of the South promptly asks for alms, and promises to make a prayer for you to the intercessory "Mademoiselle Bernadette." The formula, in a sweet childish treble, sounded in my ear like this:—

M'sien,
Petit sou,
Je vais faire
Une prière
Pour vous,
M'sien,
Petit sou."

Mated with the winning smile of a lovely little olive face this might charm a coin out of the pocket of the impressionable visitor unfamiliar with lyrical

mendicity. I confess that it lingers in my memory together with the pulverising speech of the custodian at the Palais de Pau of whom I timidly inquired whether the town was in the ancient dominion of Henry IV. before he found Paris worth a mass. "Monsieur!" exclaimed an outraged voice, made still more impressive by a flaming eye, "C'est la ville de la naissance d'Henr-ri Quatr-r-re, et au milieu du r-r-royaume de Navar-r-r-re!"

It was Sunday, and I entered the Chapel of the Rosary in the midst of afternoon service. Shrill cherubim were repeating the salutation to the Virgin, which was somewhat mellowed by the sonorous tones of an imposing official in a black skull cap who sat under the folds of a banner. The sumptuous beadle in a cocked hat sauntered up and down with impassive magnificence amidst the throng of kneeling worshippers. The *bedeau* in a French church is a perfect instrument in the general symphony when you get used to him; not so the dramatic pilgrim. Within a yard of me knelt a curious figure, of which the dirt was as studious as the apparel. Shells were carefully stitched upon his cape; he clasped a staff to which was attached a tiny gourd; his gown, his hat, his sandals, his very beard, were adroitly fitted to the character.

"How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon."

But what Ophelia, however mad, would seek her true love in this posturing, mimicking mendicant? The whole spell of the place, the real beauty and simplicity of the Chapel shaped in *basilique*, even the touching inscriptions on the mural tablets in marble, eloquent of reverent gratitude for the healing dispensations of the Grotto, were marred in an instant by this theatrical image with his mediæval mummery out of an ecclesiastical property-room. But the revolt of sentiment was brief. Presently the service ended, and a procession, headed by the cherubim, shriller than ever in the open air, piping boys, in home-made garb, which contrasted ill with the pretty blue and white dresses of the girls from the convent-school, marched slowly round the open space in front of the Chapel, chanting *Ora pro nobis*. Everyone bent his steps towards the Grotto, and here the mixture of the spiritual and the practical, of reverence and routine, of the mythical and the infinite pathos of humanity, was stranger than ever. The simple altar draped in white, the array of candles flaming and spluttering, the image of the Virgin in the niche of the rock where the apparition is supposed to have ravished the sight of Bernadette, the marvellous spring which had never bubbled before after the prosaic manner of springs in rocks—it was none of these that chained the eye. Hanging from the roof was a weird, uncanny cloud of witnesses to the power of faith. Hundreds of crutches; ghostly tokens, such as mis-shapen boots and bandages, of the horrors of deformity; here and there a surgical instrument, like a grim sentinel keeping watch and ward though the captive was free—these are the moving relics of Lourdes. I do not know whether it is accident or design, whether it is simplicity or consummate art, which makes most conspicuous the smaller crutches, the little boots; but no man, however sceptical, can see without a catch in the throat these vestiges of the cruel bonds which are broken, and picture to himself the tiny limbs which are prisoned no more. I thought of the lines in the "Pied Piper of Hamelin":

"Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering;
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running."

And I fancied I could hear that music—the pattering of small feet which had once been dragged painfully to this spot, the wooden shoes which had never clattered before.

Of many cures which have been effected at Lourdes by some mental process I suppose there is now no question. The influence of the mind over matter in such cases is as explicable as the phenomena of hypnotism, or the hallucination of a neurotic child who fancied she saw the Virgin. I was told that a case of cancer had been cured, but here we cross the borders of the dubious, unless cancer in some of its phases can be traced to nervous disorder. The real and indisputable miracle would be the restoration of an amputated limb, and Lourdes has not produced that prodigy. But my wonder is that in nearly forty years the myth of Bernadette has shown so slight an accretion. A local story has it that on one occasion the girl was accompanied to the Grotto by two intelligent and respectable persons, that she saw the apparition in their presence, though it was naturally invisible to them, that she held a candle, the flame of which she enclosed in her hand, and that her face was nevertheless transfigured, and her hand was not even scorched. This seems to be the utmost stretch of what may be called the incidental imagination of the environment. Something more might be expected in a village which lends itself, both by nature and by artifice, to pictorial treatment. On a towering crag stands an old castle of Charlemagne, which has been adroitly restored; and the summit of a hill has been transformed to Calvary, with three crosses in startling outline against the sky. Below is a straggling street of shops full of *objets de piété*, and the white walls of convents and religious retreats are rising everywhere. When some too deliberate features are softened by the evening light, the landscape alone might attune the least reverent to spiritual fantasy. It was night when I started on the return journey to Pau, and a minute later the simple peasant folk in the railway carriage suddenly checked their talk to cross themselves in silence. "C'est la Grotte," said one in answer to my inquiring glance, and looking out I saw the Grotto luminous in the darkness. And then I noticed that my companions, who were voluble again, were carrying home bottles full of the mystic spring water which is drawn prosaically from taps. Assuredly, Mademoiselle Bernadette is a potent influence in the domestic life of her people, though she was very ignorant, and knew only one prayer. L. F. A.

A SUMMER NIGHT'S REMINISCENCE.

THE first swirl of the paddles had been in a sunset stream, and thenceforward for many hours we had cloven the twilight, and looked on the wonder of moonlit waters. The moon was in her last quarter, and for the greater part lay pillowed among soft, grey clouds. For a little space we moved between the ranks of house-boats; there were gleams of fantastic colouring, the music of a girl's laughter, the clatter of dishes, the melancholy reverberation of muted strings. Now and again through the rapidly deepening twilight there was a tiny spurt of flame, it grew and waxed large, the light played on the palms of curiously fostering hands; the eye was caught and held by a flush of rose and orange, by the gleam of gold on a finger, by the fitful pulsations of the flame, by the kindling and slow ascent of the gracious smoke, now dark against the fire, instantly pale against the unilluminated night. The flame died out; there was a dimple on the still water, and, where the flame had been, a steady glow, and a creaking as of one who settles deep in a wicker-chair. . .

Night has fallen. Now and again a long, low blackness is vaguely stamped on the ulterior gloom; a swish and whistle of reeds, a lapping and prattling of water, and a punt swings round the bend. The figure of the man reared against the sky is eloquent with the harmony of flowing lines, as with large

movement he sways his pole through the after water, evoking quick compliance from his shallow craft. . . Here the trees are massed high and thick, and shroud the river in impenetrable obscurity. Reluctantly the paddles leave the water, and throughout the long, easy swirl our ears are strained for the plash of approaching oars. . . There is a hollow boom of a distant clock recording the passage of the night; it seems to us that the time—if, indeed, it ever were—when we were not thus moving on midnight waters is remote and little, with the infinite remoteness and the unutterable littleness of a thing seen in a nightmare. . .

We have passed through the lofty solemnity of the aisle of trees, and in the uncertain light of the weary moon the illusions of form and distance proper to the place and the hour have won a weird intensity. A mist hangs knee high over the water meadows, the banks are low, the river seems to grow wider and yet more nobly wide, until it is as though we were alone on a great grey sea, strangely still, and immemorally lone. . . A tree rises before us, it seems to grow out of mid-stream; slowly we paddle toward it, questioning much, and lo! while yet a great way off we are enviously thrown back by the thither bank. . . In time we hardened our hearts to these and the like marvels, but in the beginning it was not so, and, as we navigated the haunted waters, witchery was around us, and upon us was the allurements of the unknown.

We glide onward in silence. In front of me, with the lulling regularity of long and constant curves, my comrade's arm and paddle frame, unmake, and frame again, pictures of the onward stream; from my lofty seat on the stern I look back and watch the eddies born of his paddle chase my eddies into the night till both are lost in the darkness, and so again . . . and again . . . and again. When we speak it is in a tone so low as to be almost a whisper, and we speak only under the resistless compulsion to say to one another, and to each other to say again, how good it is to be alive, and to be here.

We are among reeds now, and the slender smoothness of the little craft passes lightly over the broad leaves of the water-lilies; there is the slightest and least perceptible of impacts, a rustle as of the whisper of zephyrs in summer trees, and, looking downwards, we see the long pliant stems sway slowly upwards in search of the surface, and the broad lily leaves, emerging, lie caressingly on the wounded water. . . A light breeze is born, and upon it comes the murmur of tumbling waters. It grows and fills the air, everywhere is the sound of water and the sound of singing reeds. At the next curve the weir fills the eye and ear; glorious it is in whiteness and swiftness, and in the power and menace of death, roaring and foaming beneath the unheeding sky. . .

With red and sleepy eye the window of the lock-keeper's cottage glowers down upon us. "Lock, lock, I'ck, I'ck, I'ck!" and anon a bigger blotch of ruddy light breaks into being, and against it is silhouetted the tall form of the lock-keeper, searching for the belated cause of so unseemly a rupture of the slumbrous hour. Slowly yawn the heavy gates, and with two strokes we are lying alongside the wall, waiting for the moving of the waters. . . The click of cog-wheels . . . and another click, and then the suck and gurgle of swift water seeking its level through strait and secret doors; a long, slow sinking into the blackness of the deepening pit, the clank of the hanging chain against the wall. . . Two wedges of pale light disclose the forward stream, once more there is silence in the pit and an untroubled surface; another slow yawn of the prison doors; "Good-night!" and again the lap and ripple of the stream against our bows, swiftly voyaging towards the dawn. . . And the eddies born of my comrade's paddle chase my eddies into the night, till both are lost in the darkness, and so again . . . and again . . . and again.

W. A. B.

THE DRAMA.

"A QUESTION OF MEMORY."—"DON JUAN."

EVEN if *A Question of Memory*, the play by "Michael Field," with which the Independent Theatre Society opened its third season, had been written well instead of ill, if its characters had been solid and alive, instead of nebulous hypotheses, if it had conformed to the practical exigencies of the playhouse, I should have objected to its production at the Independent Theatre. And that for the all-sufficient reason that it has no morphological interest. This adjective, I know, will lay me open to the charge of pedantry from the compact majority who would like to restrict dramatic criticism to the vocabulary of the nursery—"nice," "nasty," "horrid," and "awfully jolly"—but as it happens exactly to express my meaning, I shall take leave to use it. What the Independent Theatre was founded for, at all events what it ought to be doing, I submit, is to show us the points of inflection—more pedantry; but in for a penny, in for a pound!—in the curve of dramatic progress, to select its repertory from plays which exhibit change, growth, development in the dramatic idea, which form a bend in the stream of dramatic tendency. In themselves, such plays may be good, bad, or indifferent; their value is that they are "in the movement," they are the resultant of actual forces, they are an index of the direction in which the drama is tending at the moment. The question of beauty, of dramaturgical skill, is, indeed, quite a secondary question from this point of view; to the morphologist the rudimentary tail which Haeckel discovered in the human foetus is of far greater interest than Apollo's locks on the front of Jove himself, and the poor little "Rocket" of Robert Stephenson more important than the finest locomotive leviathan turned out last week from Swindon or Crewe. Now, for the morphologist in the playhouse, *A Question of Memory* is absolutely without significance. It illustrates no actual tendency, is the outcome of no living influence; it is merely an isolated fact. A couple of ladies, who know nothing of the practical requirements of the theatre, who stand outside the current of dramatic evolution, have attempted to write a play; that is all. One of the scenes of their play, wherein a tyrant tries to wring a secret from a prisoner by violence not to himself, but to those he most dearly loves, might, if more adroitly handled, have proved effective; but there is nothing new, nothing experimental, in this scene; it has been done before, and far better done, by Sardou. It has been far better done, quite apart from considerations of technical arrangement—in which, of course, a theatrical tyro like "Michael Field" could not hope to compete with a past master of stage-craft like Sardou—because the interest of Sardou's scene is one and indivisible; it is the interest of a "case of conscience" clearly stated and logically worked out. Floria Tosca—for, of course, I am referring to the famous third act of *La Tosca*—has to choose between silence, which means prolonging the agony of her lover, who is having steel spikes pressed into his temple, and confession, which means the certain death of her lover's comrade and the loathing of herself by the lover whose honour she will have betrayed.

Here is a true dilemma. Here is a crux for the spectator to break his mind upon. But in the torture scene of *A Question of Memory*, the interest is not one and indivisible. The case of conscience is no sooner stated than it is superseded by a mere pathological incident. Ferencz Rényi, the revolutionary (the play deals with the Hungarian rising of 1848), is told by the Austrian general, Haynau, that, unless he gives up the name of the defile in which his comrades are hidden, his mother and sister shall be straightway taken out and shot. The women bid him stand firm, and declare their willingness to die rather than live by the betrayal of their country's cause. Which course shall Ferencz take:

that of the natural man or of the patriot? It is the patriot in him that conquers, and the women are slaughtered almost before his eyes. Then comes the supreme trial. It is now the turn of the man's sweetheart to be shot, if he still remains obstinate. She does not help him as the other women did; indeed, the poor child shows what Arminius called, in his friend Bottles, an almost "bloodthirsty clinging to life;" she cannot understand how her lover can hesitate for a moment between her safety and phrases so meaningless to her as "honour" and "patriotism." At this crisis the wretched man is on the point of revealing the secret and so of presenting to us the second solution of our case of conscience in rapid succession to the first, when suddenly his memory gives way under the strain, and it is found he has clean forgotten the name of his comrades' hiding-place. And while he is vainly struggling to remember it, the sound of a third volley tells us that his sweetheart has shared the fate of his mother and sister. This, no doubt, is a situation of poignant tragedy; and if Mr. Acton Bond, the young actor who played Ferencz, had been able to add something in the way of power to the marked intelligence which he showed in this scene, the tragedy would have been almost too poignant, I confess, for my nerves. Even as it was, we were all, I am sure, profoundly affected. But observe that, when Ferencz's memory disappeared, our ease of conscience vanished with it. It was no longer a question, as M. Sarcey would say, of "doit-on le dire?" There was no problem left for us to speculate about; only the pathetic spectacle of the victim of a physical calamity. This sudden transposition of the interest, though it certainly heightened the horror, as certainly ruined the artistic unity of the scene. It left a confused impression on the mind, than which nothing is more irritating to the spectator in the playhouse. Another cause of irritation was the obscurity of some of the principal characters. They were perpetually suggesting questions which one could never solve. Why were the authors at such pains to present Ferencz in the first act as a man of home-loving, pacific disposition—forced almost against his will into armed revolt—when this "preparation" was not developed in the subsequent acts? Which of the sisters did he really love, Thekla or Elizabeth? Why did Elizabeth worship Ferencz for his heroism in keeping silence, and yet admit (so, at least, I gathered—the last act was very puzzling, and I may have misinterpreted it) that Ferencz's friend, Stanislaus, who had not the fortitude to keep silence, was, after all, in the right? Why was Ferencz's sister Fina suddenly converted from flirt and featherpate to heroine and martyr? In sum, *A Question of Memory* lacked the first of dramatic essentials, lucidity. Mrs. Theodore Wright played with her accustomed intelligence, sympathy, and power—and, it must be added, with her accustomed deficiency in distinction—as the mother, and the Fina of Miss Hall Caine and the Elizabeth of Mrs. Creswick were very creditable performances.

The Gaiety *Don Juan*, which purports to be a burlesque of Lord Byron's, but is not, strikes me—who am no great clerk in these matters—as neither better nor worse than other Gaiety burlesques. Miss Millie Hylton, famed as the singer of that soul-stirring ballad, "The Rowdy-Dowdy Boys," is imported from the music-halls to play "principal boy" and to warble "Linger Longer Loo"—which is safe to linger longer on the street-organ than one will care to hear it; Miss Cissy Loftus, the pretty little child, fresh from a Convent school, who has astonished the town by her almost miraculous gift of mimicry, reproduces the voice and attitudes of Mr. Hayden Coffin and Miss Juliette Nesville with the combined accuracy of a phonogram and a photograph; and Mr. Arthur Roberts, when he has had time to elaborate his jokes and fill in the outlines of his "business," will be very droll indeed.

A. B. W.

A SCAPEGOAT.

SHE is my maid's little cousin, and comes weekly with the week's laundry. She boasts the ridiculous name of Rosabel, and anything more unsuitable could not well be imagined. She is a strongly-built child, square-shouldered and ungainly, and with her freckled face, wide mouth, and colourless hair and eyes, she would be ugly were it not for her expression of good-will and honesty. She has tea in my kitchen and an hour's quiet romp with my dog, and goes away beaming broadly with satisfaction, her wash-basket half full of wind-fallen apples. One could not well tack on a melancholy story to Rosabel from extraneous evidence; but my good Lizzie imparts me one, with much angry flicking of her duster, and a face of wholesome indignation. "I've no patience with Aunt 'Liza," she says, "and that's the truth. The way that child is put upon is downright scandalous, and 'er own mother as bad as any. If she wasn't the best and most innocent child in the world, she'd run right away from them, that she would."

Rosabel's mother lives in the side road that goes from Silverdale to Trentbridge. The little Trent keeps pace with the road, its silver alders clustered about its banks. There is a stone bridge over it, with an inscription, "Sybilla Morris built this bridge, 1710." The lichen has crept into the stone lettering and almost obliterated the pious builder's name. Where the bridge occurs, the Trent and its alders turn away to the fields, and make in the low-lying pastures an avenue of dwindling lines. I have often thought it was a bad place for Mrs. Hewitt and her consumptive family; though the little house where the bridge rises looks bright enough these autumn days, amid its scarlet trails of Virginia creeper. When I have passed there on my walks I have generally seen Rosabel carrying in wood or water, or digging potatoes in the little patch; sometimes, too, I have seen her setting the clothes to dry on the hedge, or carrying indoors a great washing-tub much disproportioned to the strength of her childish arms. I often hear the mother's querulous voice within, or her monotonous cough, cough; and can understand that the weekly quiet hour in my kitchen must be a pleasure to the overtasked child.

Mrs. Hewitt's lot has been hard enough to excuse her querulousness. Her consumptive husband went off at thirty-five, leaving her seven children and a chronic asthma. The children inherited their father's lung trouble, every one except Rosabel. Last year Giles, the eldest, died. Minnie, the second girl, sits in the chimney-corner, dwindling almost hourly, and glowers at Rosabel. Harry, who is at work at a plumber's in Trentbridge, comes home every night pale and exhausted. Mr. Horne, the rector, wants him to go into hospital, but he sticks obstinately at work. "The day I put down my tools, mother," he says, "you may begin to see about my coffin." He has the desperate clinging to life of a consumptive, poor boy, and cannot bear to yield to his malady. The younger children go to school, but are puny creatures, with a little hacking winter cough, and a forlorn sadness of appearance.

How the blight passed Rosabel it would be hard to say. In her case there is no fear of the hereditary enemy. "Sound as bell-metal, and with the constitution of a horse," says Dr. Staunton, who stems as he can the decaying life in the other members of the doomed family. He eyed the sturdy Rosabel, as he gave this verdict, with approval. "It must be a comfort to you, Mrs. Hewitt, to have this one so strong and useful," he said. Rosabel looked at him with a broad smile of gratitude, that did not fade even before her mother's chilly assent.

What they would do without Rosabel, Heaven knows. She is astir at cock-crow on Monday morning, and is about, collecting the laundry, as soon as sleepy housemaids are rubbing the dreams out of their eyes. She is back to have the fire lit and the kettle boiled when her mother and Minnie come

creeping out of their beds. She gets the children ready for school and starts them, and then tidies up before she prepares the washing tubs. The mother sits to her washing languidly, and Rosabel fetches and carries all she needs. The sturdy feet are going all day, and are tired enough by nightfall to be glad of early bed. Rosabel is in bed most nights now by seven. She must be out of the way before Harry comes home to his tea, or her lot will be a kick and a curse. He hates Rosabel as Minnie does, only he takes the more violent way of showing it. If she is up in the morning before he leaves, she keeps out of his way, feeling that he must not be worried by the sight of her. All the same she fetches and carries for him—as she did for Giles, who also hated her—as she does for Minnie and her mother. The mother defends her or not, as the mood is upon her, going off in melancholy complaints upon such occasions as Harry has struck the child full in the face, as he will often, if she has not been sufficiently alert to vanish before his footfall. On the whole, however, she, too, grudges Rosabel her robust health. Why should she be so exceptional, when all the others are fading to the tomb? It is not unreasonable that she should feel angry.

Meanwhile, Rosabel takes kicks, cuffs, coldness, and frowns as part of the day's work. She has not the slightest idea that she is ill-treated, and I have seen her once or twice playing childish games with the other children at the cross-roads as heartily as any of them, but more seriously. She is serious by nature, and enjoys none the less these rare holidays. By reason of her seriousness perhaps, her quiet games with my dog please her better than the games with the children. He has taken a friendship for her, and will shake hands with her time after time with grave patience, or have a romp over a dog-biscuit, which he pretends to give her and then runs away with. It would be hard to say whether child or dog enjoys this silent frolic most thoroughly.

The bitterness against Rosabel began with Giles. He had come almost to man's estate, and had started a sweetheart, when he picked up the deadly cough. He had thought he was to escape—he the tall and handsome one of the family. It was last autumn the disease showed itself, just such weather as this, with all the chestnuts golden, the blue distances exquisite, the sky dove-grey and mild. In this warm, late weather the mists curl and wreath in the hollow of the Trent, and fill Mrs. Hewitt's cottage till the lamplight shows hazily as through smoke. Giles made no such hopeless struggle as Harry is now making. He gave up almost at once, and, turning his face to the wall, fed on his heart's bitterness. Mother or sweetheart he heeded not. Their grief only irritated him vaguely. He liked them to nurse him, to please his fancy with what dainties they could afford, in a dull, apathetic way. He cared nothing that this or that one should suffer. He only knew it was he who had to die.

Rosabel had been rather his favourite of all the family, and his half-contemptuous affection she returned with honest love. Now that he was ill he turned from her with a sudden caprice of angry loathing, and entered instead into a truce with Minnie, whom before he had disliked for her puling selfishness. In those last months someone had to be always with him. How gladly Rosabel would have been that one! But his hatred for her so grew that in his latter days, if he caught sight of her stealing into the room to speak to her mother, or on some errand, his paroxysms of rage would bring on a choking fit of coughing that he took long to recover from. The feeling was monstrous. The evening he lay dying his mother besought him to see the child, who sat quietly weeping in the kitchen chimney-corner. "I hate her," he said; "keep her out of my sight." And they were almost his last intelligible words.

Mrs. Hewitt herself has told me in one of her better moments what a help Rosabel was to her in those sad times, her long tramps for medicine or soup for Giles, her patience under his hatred. Once when,

in a paroxysm of coughing, he broke a small blood-vessel, it was Rosabel who, at dead of night, ran the two miles to the doctor's house, by the churchyard and the rustic bridge, cut with hearts and darts and true-lovers' knots, by the lonely field-path where the funerals come, along the newly-made road over which the oaks make so black a shade.

Personally, I don't think she took Giles's hatred, or that she takes Harry's now, as a special grievance. She knows that sick people have their fancies, and will accept this and regret that, without much reason. The thing to do in such a case is to humour them, and so Rosabel meekly accepts her lot. Lizzie is wise when she says that she would not enlighten the child upon the injustice. She came the other day with a livid black eye which Harry had given her for not getting out of his way quickly enough. A melancholy effect of it is that the children even begin to think kicks and cuffs the right thing for Rosabel. Lizzie declares it would be a mercy to send the child down to her own pleasant cottage-home in Wiltshire, where she could be a child for a little while, and escape that unnatural atmosphere of work and oppression. We have approached Rosabel on the subject, but she shakes her head emphatically. "Mother couldn't be left with Harry that sick, and poor Minnie nigh as bad, and all the children to see to, and all that." One can see that the service is sweet to her, though so ill-rewarded.

She is a tender-hearted child, and I saw her go away to-day with tears in her pale eyes because a surgeon had been opening my dog's ear for an abscess. I thought to myself of the dinner of herbs with hatred that awaited her in yonder little house, across the pastures where Farmer Crook's cattle are standing placid-eyed. I have a picture of Rosabel's future. She will see the last of her unhappy family to the grave, serving and loving them unstintedly, though each of them will hate her in turn, resenting furiously that she should draw her breath without pain. But Rosabel will never know that she is a scapegoat, bearing the ills of others, nor that her faithful patience is in any sense pathetic or remarkable. As Lizzie says emphatically, "There, if that child knew 'ow she was treated it would break 'er 'art." This is a case in which ignorance is most merciful.

KATHARINE HINKSON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. WELLDON AND M. ZOLA.

SIR,—I am sorry to say that, as I do not always see THE SPEAKER, I was not aware until yesterday of your having inserted in it an appeal to me in regard to the words which I used at the Church Congress about M. Zola. I am very willing to state what were my grounds for holding the opinion that M. Zola is a "distinguished but infamous writer."

I had read three of his books—not a large number, it is true, but enough for anyone who has not a taste for demoralising literature. Two of these three books are such as deserve to be called infamous.

I had also read the *Times*' report of the proceedings in the case of Mr. Henry Vizetelly. These proceedings have been somewhat forgotten, but they will be found in the *Times* of November 1, 1888. Perhaps you will allow me to recall them to your readers' memory.

Mr. Vizetelly was brought up before the Recorder of London at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of having published an obscene libel, the libel being an English translation of one of M. Zola's novels, "La Terre." The Solicitor-General (Sir Edward Clarke), in opening the case, said that "this book was filthy from beginning to end. He did not believe there was ever collected between the covers of a book so much bestial obscenity as was found in the pages of this book; and, after he had read the passages complained of, he thought the jury would be of opinion that every syllable of what he had said was justified." He then proposed to read twenty-one different passages chosen out of the book as being specially filthy; but the jury had not heard many of them before they entered a protest against the necessity of hearing them all. Mr. Vizetelly then pleaded "guilty"; and his counsel, upon whose advice he had acted, observed that "there was no doubt that the work which formed

the subject matter of the indictment contained passages which the jury had intimated were very disgusting and unpleasant, even in the discharge of a public duty, to have to listen to," and that "it was not for him to contend that these works were not obscene." And the Recorder, in pronouncing judgment, spoke as follows: "In my opinion" the writings "are of the most repulsive description; they are not of a seductive or of a fanciful character, but repulsive and revolting to the last degree." The *Times*, in a leading article upon the case, after speaking of such books as "naked, shameless, and unutterably vile," added: "The evil wrought by literature of this vile character is immense."

These are my grounds for my opinion of M. Zola.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
Harrow School, Nov. 1st, 1893.

J. E. C. WELLDON.

SIR,—I do not know the Rev. J. E. C. Weldon, and am not even of the same Church, and I will frankly say that I have not read Zola; but I think your *causeur* is unjust in his abuse of Mr. Weldon, and ask space to say so publicly.

We clergymen are in a rather difficult position. If we denounce a dirty book or a bad play from personal knowledge we are asked why, if we have read or seen it, others may not do so too; and we are fortunate if we escape a hint at our having a prurient relish for such matters. If, on the other hand, we admit that we have not personally read the book or witnessed the entertainment, we are charged, after the manner of "A. T. Q. C.," with defamation and unctuous intolerance.

But does "A. T. Q. C.," or do you, really mean to maintain that in these days of full publicity and wide interchange of opinion it is impossible to form an entirely just conviction that certain books must be utterly unfit to be translated and publicly sold in England, without having actually read them? I, for one, repudiate any such canon of judgment. Any man of Mr. Weldon's position knows perfectly well how to obtain a reliable estimate of the moral sewage which is to be met with in the underground literature of the day without himself handling it and smelling it. I have not read Zola, and have no desire to do so; but only this week I asked a friend who had been curious enough to do so—a man whom I knew to be a fair judge and a dire hater of all humbug—and he simply described to me the subjects treated, and the situations described in a single one of Zola's books. That was enough! Your contributor says: "The commonest sense of moral obligation approves that when A speaks publicly of B as 'infamous,' he shall be prepared to state the definite grounds of his charge, and the extent of his acquaintance with B's conduct." But the fact is that the "definite grounds" of this charge against M. Zola could not be stated either in your columns or in any respectable newspaper in England. I do not mean merely that you could not quote the actual passages referred to—you could not admit even a fair description of what they are about.

As to Mr. Vizetelly's statement to "A. T. Q. C." that he believes "the public conscience" will "permit a repetition of that trial" if the matter should again be challenged, I entirely agree with him. I was in America when that trial took place, and no details reached me; but, knowing well how difficult it is for the National Vigilance Association to take action in such cases, and how harder still it is to obtain a conviction, it must have been a pretty bad book when even an "expurgated" translation could receive such treatment from an English judge and jury.—I am, faithfully yours,
Hampstead, Nov. 1st, 1893.

BROOKE HERFORD.

SIR,—Could not "A. T. Q. C." state somewhat more particularly the nature and value of "the internal evidence" which led many people to suspect that Mr. Weldon's denunciations were based upon an imperfect acquaintance with M. Zola's writings? For at present he seems to be pressing his question with little more ground or justification than is contained in the assumption that if Mr. Weldon really possessed an intimate knowledge of the novelist's work he would agree with "A. T. Q. C." There can be no doubt, of course, that a number of people well versed in M. Zola's books thoroughly endorse the tenor of Mr. Weldon's speech, even though they may doubt the wisdom of his remedy. Mr. Weldon, besides, hardly bears the character of a man who is in the habit of speaking lightly. He certainly never conveyed that impression to his pupils at the time that I formed one of them. Therefore this vehement demand for an answer to a somewhat blunt question strikes one at present as slightly premature. "A. T. Q. C." should give us his evidence first—all the more because he appears likely to ruin his case by his ardour. It is not quite diplomatic when you desire to extract information from a man of some eminence to tell him that he is "a pushing young man in his profession." Nor indeed is the statement that Mr. Weldon "has no obvious qualifications for holding any opinion whatever upon literary matters" very credible or useful to "A. T. Q. C.'s" cause. If a scholar has no "obvious qualification," who has?—Yours sincerely,
A. E. W. M.

New Oxford and Cambridge Club, 68, Pall Mall, S.W.

"THE BLESSEDNESS OF WOMAN."

SIR,—I cannot refrain from entering a protest, as a woman, against Mr. Le Gallienne's ideas, set forth in last week's *SPEAKER*, on "The Blessedness of Woman." To my mind, true womanliness shrinks in disgust from his voluptuous imaginings. "To kneel to yourself in adoration"; "to yearn in hopeless passion for your own loveliness"; "to be a living rose, longed for by all passers"; "to play Narcissus all day long to your own mirror"; "to reveal yourself to yourself in a thousand poses"—these, and many more, are Mr. Le Gallienne's ideas of the blessedness of women and their way of enjoying it. The very recital nauseates. It has not been my lot—as apparently it is that of Mr. Le Gallienne—to hear every day "women sighing because they have not been born men." The women who most truly feel the blessedness of life are those who are most earnestly filled with its purposes, working as the comrades of men—not their rivals; filled, not with the sense of their own loveliness, but that of the loveliness of life, and the effort to clear it from the conditions which hamper its best development. When the crowning gift of physical beauty is bestowed on women, or on men, those who possess it and those who behold it alike rejoice and are glad; but who cannot call to mind women, "whom to know was a liberal education," who had none of this, and yet whose presence and influence was such that no one felt its lack?

Mr. Le Gallienne suggests that Englishmen hold, above all others, a belief in the sanctity of women. Let him then not degrade that belief by offering for its acceptance the nonsense I have quoted.

And for his closing words on the ever new joy and mystery of the Beginning of Life, I will recall to him some words of Lowell, just given to us in his "Letters," on the great kindred mystery of Death:—"They are not subjects which I think it wise or profitable to talk about, think about, or write about often." "We have no fellow-scholars, and must lay our lessons to heart alone." Mr. Le Gallienne means to speak with reverence; but here the truest reverence lies in reticence.—Truly yours,
9, Airie Gardens, Campden Hill, W.

A. M. B.

GOOD-BYE!

FOR every parting, be it short or long,
We have none other word than this: "Good-bye!"
Whether 'tis uttered with a smile or sigh,
With soft embrace, or marked by hand-grip strong,
We own no better charm to speed along
The friend whose path shall soon divergent lie
From ours—so passion-full is this our cry,
Or whispered blessing, or faith's trusting song.
And some say: "Fare you well!" That's less, indeed,
Yet all the same; for who shall fare or do
Aught well, in time of gladness or in need,
Without such tender peace and vantage true
As God alone can give? Hence our wise rede,
The best word coined—"Good-bye! God-be-with-you!"

BLANCHE LINDSAY.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

"THE WANDERER."

IT is fashionable for the moment to speak carelessly of the poetic claims of the second Lord Lytton; and among people who do the reviewing for the Press he seems to be pretty generally regarded as a failure. Heaven knows why this should be; and the only guess I can make is that his start was so obviously full of promise that the critics took to watching his career instead of reading his books. Unlike many poets, he has a career sufficiently brilliant to distract attention from his books. And when that career closed the interest seemed to be over. It was not. But what is the use of winding up with a volley of rockets when the public has gone home to bed? And how should men, satisfied that the last word on Owen Meredith had long since been said, sit down in the right mood to read the splendid "King Poppy"? At no time, probably, have poets ever found it so profitable as they find it just now to be alive instead of dead; and one must confess that they are making the most of their opportunity. In the sense that Lord Lytton has missed to be compared with Messrs. This, That and

The Other as a tolerable tail to be seen wagging at Royalty after the rest of the dog has gone by, he is a failure. And yet, when one comes to think of it, there must be a something not wholly ineffectual in the career of a man who gave to the world "The Wanderer" in 1857 and "King Poppy" in 1892.

As a matter of fact Lord Lytton had always, and still has, an audience fit and not at all few on both sides of the Atlantic; and that "The Wanderer" at any rate is not read only for the promise it contains is proved by the new edition just put forth by Messrs. Longmans. I do not know how the American editions may run, and probably no man can discover; but this seems to be the fifth published in England. The first appeared in 1857, and a second followed without alteration in 1859. In the third and fourth, however, the author omitted some poems and largely altered others "apparently without remarking that in toning down the effervescences and immaturities of his youthful time, he had extinguished much of the glow and spirit which endeared 'The Wanderer' to many readers." Indeed, to the last he kept the intention of revising and remodelling the work once more. It is odds that this third attempt would have succeeded no better; and now that the chance of making it has gone by for ever, no one can doubt that Messrs. Longmans have done well in reverting to that earliest form which lovers of Owen Meredith have constantly held to as the best.

We may respect, without accepting, Lord Lytton's reasons for retouching these poems. "The passion they expressed seemed to him extravagant and morbid, and the style was distasteful to him from the frequent imitations of poets who had written in a kindred mood, especially De Musset and Heine." But (to begin with the second objection) the work of almost every original man that ever wrote or painted has proved that imitation is no bar to originality. We must all imitate if we would learn to express ourselves at all adequately; and to disregard the discoveries of our predecessors is to be, not original, but aboriginal merely. To have steeped himself for six months in De Musset is as honestly part of a young man's experience as to have drunk himself under the table or to have taken a gun and gone forth to shoot lions. There seems to be an impression abroad just now that the only experience worth having is to be obtained by enlisting as special correspondent to a camel corps. Now I, who cannot be accused of neglect in preaching or enjoying an open-air life, take leave to deny this respectfully but firmly. If a man see life only as it is presented in certain books, he may be admitted to have no originality. But the man who looks on life for himself with an eyesight trained by the study of those books is in a very different case.

The best proof that these poems are not imitations, and imitations only, is their abiding vitality. Thirty-six years is an extraordinary—we may almost say, an impossible—span of life for a merely modish set of verses. But thirty-six years seem to have aged "The Wanderer" hardly at all. Youth is still "extravagant" and occasionally "morbid;" and at bottom it is extravagant and morbid in the same old ways. For sufficient reasons I was unable to read and be kindled by these poems in 1857; but it is surely some testimony to their essential truth that a young man can read them and be kindled by them in 1893. Indeed, I am not sure that the so-called "imitations" of De Musset and Heine are not the most authentic in the book. Take "The Vampire," "Au Café . . ." "At Home during the Ball," "See-Saw." It is absurdly easy to say that Owen Meredith never encountered a vampire: but it is just as absurdly easy to be sure that Heine and De Musset were equally fortunate. It is absurdly easy to say that Owen Meredith had never imagined any of these poems had not Heine and De Musset come before him; but it is dismally foolish to deny

a poet's imagination because you happen to have discovered the springs of it. This is our complaint against nine-tenths of contemporary criticism—that it misses the one important fact, the work itself, in airy and bewildering speculations on its origin, its tendency, its antiquarian interest, its historical accuracy (if it profess none), its effect upon virgins, its relations to the *Zeit-geist*, and so on; that, in short, it has deserted the method of Johnson and Sainte-Beuve for a bewildering compound of the methods of Dr. Jaeger, Mr. Clement Scott, and the Honourable George Nathaniel Curzon.

It was at once the secret of Lord Lytton's failure and of his success that he wrote straight from the heart. He failed because his emotions were easily stirred, and in consequence he wrote too much. Moreover, though facile, these emotions fell short of no contemporary poet's in intensity. So intense, indeed, were they as to overweight and depress his thought. And for these reasons to obtain his best we must search through large quantities of his second-best, and having found it, we miss the high philosophy, the proud aloofness, of the very greatest singers. But this same acuteness—at times it reaches positive anguish—of emotion not only saves him from all appearance of artificiality even when most indebted to the promptings of other men's moods, but gives his speech at its best a poignancy for which you will search the works of all living poets in vain. They are capable of other things; some among them, perhaps, of better things: but there is not a man among them capable of "The Last Remonstrance":—

- "Thy cheek hath lost its roundness and its bloom.
Who will forgive those signs where tears have fed
On thy once lustrous eyes,—save he for whom
Those tears were shed?"
- "Know I not every grief whose course hath sown
Lines on thy brow and silver in thy hair?
Will new love learn the language, mine alone
Hath graven there?"
-
- "Wilt thou to one, exacting all that I
Have lost the right to ask for, still extend
Forgiveness on forgiveness, with that sigh
That dreads the end?"
- "Ah, if thy heart can pardon yet, why yet
Should not the latest pardon be for me? . . ."

This new edition contains one thing only that the first lacked. In the preface we have an extract from a letter to John Forster, setting forth the scheme of the work—or rather, the stages of thought and feeling which the author passed through during its composition. And the extract is of the highest value.

"The first part of the book is confined generally to the dreamland of youthful desire, seeking to realise itself, more or less, in emotional and sensuous expressions, and meeting with the inevitable disappointment occasioned by the discrepancy between the conceivable and the practical. The second portion . . . represents rather the results of experience and observation, apart from positive action; and I have wished to give it throughout that somewhat playful character which belongs, I think, to that state of mind in which, ardour being abated and observation quickened, a man is disposed to view life more or less through a human medium. The third portion deals chiefly with Memory and Reflection," and brings the reader "to that point where the mind, having experienced failure within and imperfection without, is brought to reconsider its own relations with the world, put itself more soberly in unison with life as it is, and establish for itself a moral code for practical use in future action."

"A very ordinary course of development!" is one's first thought on reading this: but our study of it is none the less valuable for that, and may be none the less absorbing:

"Sweet are familiar songs, tho' Music dips
Her hollow shell in Thought's forlornest wells."

And the refining of a noble and passionate soul is still the highest theme discovered by poets.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

BETTER THAN A BIOGRAPHY.

LETTERS OF J. R. LOWELL. Edited by C. E. Norton. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. Two vols. 1894 (*sic*).

THE POET AND THE MAN. Recollections and Appreciations of J. R. Lowell, by F. H. Underwood. London: Bliss, Sands & Foster. 1893.

MR. NORTON'S two volumes are constructed according to a plan which has always seemed commendable and attractive to us—namely, the printing in chronological order of a selection from the letters of the man it is intended to honour, with such short biographical and explanatory notes as are clearly necessary to make the reader comprehend the letter-writer's surroundings when he wrote the letters themselves. This method does not produce a biography, nor does it pretend to; but it undeniably furnishes the reader, who is on the look-out for shades of character and tell-tale expressions, with the means of becoming acquainted with the writer which a formal account of him by another hand usually fails to do. If to the letters are added affectionate, yet critical, estimates by intimate friends—and in this case Mr. Leslie Stephen has been allowed to supply just such an estimate—much will have been done to supply the place of the ideal biography, so easy to talk about and so hard to name; whilst the world is always well rid of that odious but familiar intruder—the sham “life” of a remarkable man.

Mr. Norton's two volumes could not fail to be interesting; and very interesting they are. It is true that they reveal the fact that a great satirist, an exemplary poet, a brilliant essayist, a most agreeable talker, and a really witty speaker was not also a born letter-writer. Was he not sufficiently endowed without this rare gift being thrust into his wallet? Still, it is disappointing, for we had hoped the fact would have been otherwise. For a moment we thought it was otherwise. A letter written in 1828 to his brother Robert, beginning, “My dear brother, I am now going to tell you melancholy news. I have got ague, and a gumbile,” prophesied great things; but this delightful vein is too soon exhausted, and you find yourself almost at once at work in another seam. When Mr. Lowell is writing about interesting things he is always interesting, but his pen knew not the alchymy which can gild life's plainest pewter. He is no enchanter—no Cowper, Byron, or Lamb. It is a thousand pities, for good letter-writers are few. Macaulay could write a letter, and so could Mrs. Carlyle, and, on occasions, Thackeray—but Newman could not, or Pusey. We await with anxiety the advent of Dean Stanley and Mr. Matthew Arnold.

Mr. Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1819, in an old house, amongst old books, of an old-fashioned Conservative father who for fifty years was minister of the West Church in the adjacent and famous city of Boston. The Rev. Charles Lowell, though not an Episcopalian, but a Congregational clergyman, belonged to the “high and dry” school, was a good and devoted man, a Tory by nature, and orthodox by long habit. Lowell's stock was thus of a sturdy British character, and at no time had he any affinities with Emersonianism, “Dialism,” or Transcendentalism of any kind. When fifteen years old he entered “Harvard,” where he seems to have played the part of an American Pendennis. He had a good time, reading all the things he ought not to have read, and *vice versa*. He was “sent down” for a season, wrote sentimental letters to his friends (“You may think me a fool to talk in such a moralising strain, but, George, I have lately talked less and thought more”), fell in love, and determined to be a poet. His friends upbraided him with indolence, but he bethought himself of Milton and held on his own way, and was certainly well employed when in August, 1838, he was engaged in reading Carlyle's “Miscellanies.” In the autumn of the last-mentioned year he graduated B.A., returned

home, and sat down, as so many a young fellow has done before him, to read Blackstone “with as good a grace and as few wry faces as I may.” It is, however, soon made plain to the reader of the letters that Lowell was destined for the literary life. He took great pains to be a poet, and evidently felt persuaded he had it in him to be one. The lady he loved, and who became his wife, was an Abolitionist, and if it was her influence that made Lowell one also, she lit a flame in his breast which never flickered, but, burning steadily, gave his Muse what it sorely needed—passion, sincerity and force. In 1844 Lowell wrote to a friend:—

“I have inherited from my father an intellectual temperament which would fain keep its hands soft. I feel the sorrows of my friends and their joys with as much intensity as human nature is capable of, but I too often remain satisfied with the feeling. Partly from constitutional indolence and partly from timidity, I sit in the corner with my heart full and let others speak and act. But with God's help I am resolved to conquer this.”

This, we are well persuaded, is true self-portraiture. From 1845 to 1848 the letters are of no particular interest or promise, and it is almost with a start that we come across the first chance reference to “The Biglow Papers”—“You will find a squib of mine in this week's *Courier*.” So do great things often begin. Here was Lowell at immense pains, and amidst rather laborious creaking of his “Ego,” furbishing himself up to be a poet on the usual stale lines, but turning aside for a moment or two at the bidding of deep feeling and manly conviction, to strike a blow at a cause he believed in, and so all unconsciously, and at one and the same time, accomplishing his purpose and securing his fame. In 1847 he writes:—

“One half of me is clear mystic and enthusiast and the other humourist. If I had lived as solitary as a hermit of the Thebais I doubt not I should have had as authentic interviews with the Evil One as they, and, without any disrespect to the Saint, it would have taken very little to have made a St. Francis of me. Indeed, during that part of my life in which I lived almost alone, I was never a single night unvisited by visions, and once I thought I had a personal revelation from God Himself. I can believe perfectly in the sincerity of those who are commonly called religious impostors, for at one time a meteor could not fall, nor lightning flash, that I did not in some way connect it with my own interior life and destiny. On the other hand, had I mixed more with the world than I have, I should probably have become a Pansgruelist.”

Is this true self-portraiture we wonder? We cannot be sure; but it takes a good deal to make a St. Francis, or, indeed, a saint of any degree. Of that we are sure. In 1848 he was hard at work upon his admirable “Fable of Critics.” At this period of his life sorrow pursued him. The early deaths of his two infant daughters, Rose and Blanche, cut him to the quick; and in 1852, whilst in Rome, his only son, Walter, died, and in the following year his wife. Lowell was before everything else an affectionate man, and he suffered accordingly. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as a professor of modern literature at Harvard. The rest of his life is well known.

Lowell's politics were manly and refreshing. His hatred of slavery was intense. He rejoiced greatly in the war, much as it cost him, and was proud to have a country he could love and honour. To quarrel with him for his animosity towards England is a poor business. He did well to be angry. He may have been a little harder and more vindictive than he had any need to be; but if he were so it was for the same reason that made him hard upon Carlyle: “because I was fighting against a secret partiality.” At the bottom of his heart lay a great admiration for England and for Englishmen. He took kindly to our better nobility. He found their houses comfortable, their parks beautiful, and their manners good. He defends them against too sweeping assertions. “Take such as the Cowpers, the Greys, the Stanhopes, the Lytteltons, the Ashleys, to name no more, and where will you find purer and better?” In another letter he frankly admits that he has nowhere found a higher level of civilisation than in London. He was fully alive to the absurd side of

America—the Franklin Pierces, and men of that kind. Nowhere except in England, he writes, are great questions frankly discussed before the whole nation by the best qualified men. It is true he observes of English society, "The — has debased a considerable circle, the circumference of which is spreading, as in stagnant pools a circle once started will." As the game of "missing words" has been declared illegal, we will make no suggestion as to how the blank is to be filled up; but this we will say, the passage should either have been omitted or the charge fairly made.

Lowell visibly delighted in the society of scholars and men of letters. He was too good a humorist to have any taste for patriotic raptures over home-made "gooseberry" simply because it was home-made. He loved a generous vintage, wherever garnered. He observes, apologetically, "that it is a good trait in us Americans that we are fond of plastering together an image of greatness." As a critic of old writers, Lowell had few superiors. His papers on Chaucer, Milton, Dryden, could hardly be bettered. As a critic of contemporary writers he was somewhat difficult to please. He certainly was not generous in praise.

The Letters will be found to contain many manly expressions and opinions on men and things. There is not much breadth of philosophy. He was taken in by Buckle, and says he thinks Mr. Mill did great harm. On religious questions he observes reticence, contenting himself for the most part in staying away from church. His vanity was of the agreeable kind. He liked his poetry to be praised, and was touched when Sir George Trevelyan assured him that he (Sir George) could never have abolished Purchase in the Army but for the inspiration he derived from the repeated perusals of Lowell's Commemoration Ode.

The second volume closes with Mr. Leslie Stephen's letter, with an extract from which we will ourselves conclude.

"But I have one strong impression which I can try to put into words. It is not of his humour or of his keen literary sense, but of his unvarying sweetness and simplicity. I have seen him in great sorrow and in the most unreserved domestic intimacy. The dominant impression was always the same of un-mixed kindness and thorough wholesomeness of nature. There did not seem a drop of bitterness in his composition. There was plenty of virtuous indignation on occasion; but he could not help being tolerant even towards antagonists. He seemed to be always full of cordial goodwill, and his intellectual power was used not to wound nor to flatter, but just to let you know directly, on occasion, or generally through some ingenious veil of subtle reserve, how quick and tender were his sympathies, and how true his sense of all that was best and noblest in his surroundings. That was the Lowell I and mine knew and loved."

Mr. Underwood's little book is a genuine tribute of friendship, and well deserves to be read, though conceived in a somewhat lofty vein of patriotism. All Lowell's friends, provided they be native Americans, blaze with glory! "Dwight, with the sky-reaching architecture of Beethoven's symphonies in his brain; Felton, Greek to the finger-tips, happy in wise discourse and Homeric laughter," and so on. We read of countless households consoled and sustained by Bryant's poetry. The thing is flatly impossible, excellent as are the "Lines to a Water-fowl" and "Thanatopsis."

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE, 1763—1798. Edited, with an Introduction, by R. Barry O'Brien. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

In the world's roll of revolutionists there is none more gay and gallant than Tone: none met the rebuffs of fate with a stouter heart, nor arose with a blither spirit to new enterprises which were to undo the misfortunes of the old. He had the French vivacity which used to be a commoner thing among the Irish. The eighteenth century in Ireland was

the time of French wines and French ways; long before Tone dreamt he should ever be a *Chef de Brigade* he was interlarding his diary with scraps of French. The gentlemen of the United Irish Society no doubt affected the ways of the nation they looked to with hope and faith; but Tone was by nature akin to those fine gentlemen whose heads had fallen under the guillotine ere ever Tone's friends of the Directory had arisen. The Irish gentlefolk have grown Anglicised, the Irish peasant-folk Americanised; so this Tone, carrying his unconquerable soul so gaily, is a chevalier of a new flavour, and even in fiction would be memorable. In fiction, Stevenson could have made him; but less convincing than he reveals himself in that outspoken diary in which one loves the man's very excesses. "Tis all in vain for soldiers to complain," he cries, even when he is meeting the sorest reverses that surely ever fell to human lot. Tone's one insular quality is his doggedness in face of these reverses; his gay kinsfolk would have cried out that the game was lost, the fates were against them, and would have sat sullen and demoralised beneath those tremendous disappointments. To Tone victory was ever a Tantalus cup, for ever touching his lips, for ever withdrawn. Yet one doubts that he thought the game quite lost, even when he lay bleeding to death in the Provost-Marshal's prison in Dublin. Mr. O'Brien quotes a curiously thrilling and dramatic scene of this date. Tone had been sentenced to death by court-martial, the sentence to take effect within forty-eight hours. Curran strained every effort to save him, and alone, for Tone's son says, such was the terror in Dublin that all doors were closed against Tone's advocate. "The next day" (after the sentence), he writes, "was passed in a kind of stupor. A cloud of portentous awe seemed to hang over the city, the apparatus of military and despotic authority was everywhere displayed; no man dared to trust his next neighbour, nor one of the pale citizens to betray, by look or word, his feelings or sympathy." Curran moved for a writ of *habeas corpus* on a technical point, that, Tone not holding an English commission, the court-martial had no power to sit upon his case. Arthur Wolfe, Lord Kilwarden, the most humane and just of judges, was President of the Court of King's Bench, and before him Tone would be tried if the court-martial could be proved to have had no jurisdiction. It was the 12th of November, the day fixed for Tone's execution. One can imagine the gloomy winter day, the shadow of horror and fear over the city, the pallid air in the court where Curran strove for his friend's life. Curran entered, leading Tone's old father, who produced the affidavit of his son's sentence. Curran speaks—

"My client must appear in this Court. He is cast for death this very day. He may be ordered for execution while I address you. I call on the Court to support the law, and move for a *habeas corpus*, to be directed to the Provost-Marshal of the barracks of Dublin, and Major Sandys, to bring up the body of Tone!"

"Chief Justice: 'Have a writ instantly prepared.'"

"Curran: 'My client may die whilst the writ is preparing.'"

"Chief Justice: 'Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks and acquaint the Provost-Marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution; and see that he be not executed.'"

"The Court awaited, in a state of the utmost agitation and suspense, the return of the Sheriff. He speedily appeared, and said: 'My Lord, I have been to the barracks in pursuance of your order. The Provost-Marshal says he must obey Major Sandys. Major Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis.' Mr. Curran announced at the same time that Mr. Tone, the father, was just returned, after serving the *habeas corpus*, and that General Craig would not obey it. The Chief Justice exclaimed: 'Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody; take the Provost-Marshal and Major Sandys into custody; and show the order of the Court to General Craig.' The general impression now was that the prisoner would be led out to execution in defiance of the Court. This apprehension was legible in the countenance of Lord Kilwarden, a man who, in the worst of times, preserved a religious respect for the laws; and who, besides, I may add, felt every personal feeling of pity and respect for the prisoner, whom he had formerly contributed to shield from the vengeance of the Government on an occasion

almost as perilous. His agitation, according to the expression of an eye-witness, was magnificent. The Sheriff returned at length with the fatal news. He had been refused admission to the barracks, but was informed that Mr. Tone, who had wounded himself dangerously the night before, was not in a condition to be removed. A French emigrant surgeon, who had closed the wound, was called in, and declared there was no saying for four days whether it was mortal. His head was to be kept in one position, and a sentinel was set over him to prevent his speaking. Removal would kill him at once. The Chief Justice instantly ordered a rule for suspending the execution."

So far Tone's son,—but how dramatic! Imagine the Court as the November evening closed in, the silence, the painful waiting, the Judge, the prisoner's father, Curran, the great advocate, and Tone's friend. Why, if it were a scene at the Lyceum, it would make the hearts of the spectators stop beating for suspense.

Mr. Barry O'Brien has most wisely permitted Tone to tell his own story, extenuating nothing. He is but the historian who follows the thrilling narrative with his lantern, shedding light on this or that person or event; for Tone's diary, kept for his wife and his beloved friend, Thomas Russell, took it for granted that obscure references, nicknames even, would be understood. But for Mr. O'Brien's judicious aid, many side-issues of this incomparable human document would be dark reading. The text of the autobiography he keeps sacredly intact. His luminous preface boils down the tremendous events of Tone's history excellently. Between 30 and 35 this extraordinary man, as the Duke of Wellington called him, united in one camp the Catholics of the South of Ireland and the Protestants of the North: he turned the United Irish Society, which had started as a constitutional body, into a rebellious organisation. Forced to fly to America he travelled thence to France, by favour of the French Minister at Philadelphia; harassed Directory and generals till he obtained the famous Bantry expedition; defeated there by the winds and waves, and by the timidity of General Grouchy, he did not lose heart, but gained, six months later, a Dutch expedition in alliance with France. The Dutch expedition, being delayed again by wind and weather, was later cut to pieces by the English at the battle of Camperdown. Again Tone set to work, and though his chief ally, Hoche, was dead, and the great rival of Hoche, Buonaparte, in the ascendant and inimical to any more expeditions, he fired the French Directory and generals to a third expedition—that fatal one of isolated small contingents of ships and men which ended in the capture of Humbert and his army, and the taking, off Lough Swilly, of Hardy's little fleet, with Tone aboard the Admiral's boat. Not Napoleon, not Alexander, excelled those full five years.

Nor was Tone one who stood his battles alone, and dreed his weird alone. He had the most adored wife—"My dearest Love," as he always calls her—and three cherished children. Heroic as he was, he could scarcely have been so unhampered in his heroism if he had not had a most truly heroic wife. Mary Tone was a great woman, of whom we only know through her husband's transcendent fondness and belief. The pages of his diary are often poignant with his thoughts of her and their children.

Tone was not, like many a dashing soldier, a bad penman. On the contrary, he has a style as simple, as direct, as picturesque as Defoe's with something gallant and winning added, like that literary soldier of fortune, Stevenson. Some of his passages are extraordinarily vivid and tender. He had a big capacity for admirations, and described with honest fervour those he loved. There are many passages in the autobiography which should become part of the English literature—as that passage describing his courtship, the passages of the happy time at Sandymount, when he, his wife, his dear sister, and the friend of his bosom, were under one roof, in the exquisite calm before the storm. His prose descriptions are at once simple and happy, bringing up the person before us in a clear light, as his brother

William: "He was a handsome, well-made lad, with a very good address, and extremely well-received among the women, whom he loved to excess. He was brave as Cæsar, and loved the army." And, again, his brother Matthew: "He was of a temper very different from William; with less of fire, he was much more solid; he spoke little, but thought a great deal; in the family we called him the Spectator, from his short face and his silence; but though he had not Will's volubility, and could not, like him, make a great display with frequently little substance, and though his manner was reserved and phlegmatic, so as to be frequently absent in company, he had a rambling enthusiastic spirit stronger than any of us." There is a vivid picture of the dry, cold little gentleman who, being captured with Humbert's men, was incontinently hurried to Dublin and hanged, with Bartholomew Teeling of Lisburn.

Tone's life is the finest romance for the reading of those to whom he is not, as he is to thoughtful Irishmen, a leader of the utmost sagacity, resource, spirit, and devotion. The portrait prefixed to the first volume shows us Tone with a certain rapt look in his uplifted eyes, which must have revealed one aspect of the man's character. His courage must have come of enthusiasm, *pace* Mr. Froude and the Duke of Argyll. Mr. O'Brien has rendered a valuable service to literature, as well as to the history of nations, in giving us this edition of the autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone.

HALF A LIFE.

MEMOIRS. By Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). Two vols. London: William Heinemann.

"THEREFORE," writes Mr. Leland in his preface, "I wrote, as fully and honestly as I could, everything which I could remember which had made me what I am." At page 20 of the first volume he uses "which" after "such." Every now and again he makes nauseous puns, such as "*Fie* at justitia!" in a criticism of our haphazard method of bestowing knighthoods. On page 252 (vol. ii.) he writes, "This was the wife of Barry Cornwall, whom I also saw. He was very old and infirm. I can remember when the 'Cornlaw Rhymes' rang wherever English was read." There it is, in black and white, a retribution for his trick of punning. Doubtless Mr. Leland knows all about Ebenezer Elliott, but his memory is blinded by that arbitrary association of sound which masters the habitual word-player, and he stumbles from "Cornwall" to "Cornlaw." Mr. Leland is very complacent over the speed with which he wrote his memoirs; not so his readers. Happily, the slovenliness of the composition can be tolerated for the sake of the narrative.

It is really an interesting story which Mr. Leland has to tell. He read *The Tempest*—Shakespeare's *Tempest*, he calls it—when he was seven. Washington Irving inspired an intense love for old English literature. He admits, however, that with all his precocity he was puzzled by the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* and the Bible. In the midst of profound studies of quietism, neo-Platonism, Rosicrucianism, he came upon Rabelais and Villon; but the prodigious common-sense of the former and the intense humanity of the latter could not withdraw him from mysticism. While still a schoolboy in a jacket he sat in sublime judgment on Carlyle and Emerson. "Vigorous and clever and bold writers they were—Carlyle was far beyond me in literary art" (say you!)—"but true Pantheists they were not"—no, nor Pot-theists either, nor anything ending in "ist," "an," or "ic," or any other affix. When will men perceive that the great ones of the earth can be called only by their own names? But books were not everything. As in the youth of most men of any originality, his relations with his father were strained; and that perennial civil war between father and son, between

old and new, is always the most important part of education. At the beginning of adolescence, Mr. Leland thinks that, had a few pounds been judiciously invested in sport and dissipation, the whole current of his life would have been changed—probably much for the better. Perhaps Mr. Leland would agree with the humorist who intends, as his sons grow up, to give each of them on the evening of his seventeenth birthday a glass of brandy, and send him out into the street with a pipe, an ounce of tobacco, a sovereign, and a latch-key. But this humorist is, we imagine, ironical, and means merely to illustrate the proverb "*Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop.*" If nature can be expelled with a fork, out with it at once; if an author can be killed by reviewing, let it be promptly done; if a boy can be kept from dissipating by the withholding of his father's permission and the want of pocket-money, it is best for that boy that he should not dissipate. A European tour gave the young Leland, in plenty of time, the liberty he needed. He took an active part in "the neatest, completest, and cheapest Revolution ever executed," the French one of 1848; saw in Munich, Lola Montez, who years after proposed to elope with him; and found out in Germany that the great cure for consumption is lager beer and Rhine wine. On his return to America he edited Barnum's and other papers, and had an authoritative voice in public affairs, married, wrote his books, and became famous as the creator of Hans Breitmann. It all reads like paragraphs from a newspaper—fresh, often sprightly, always good-tempered, and full of anecdote and interesting glimpses of notable people; but it is not by any means so rare nor so important a work as Mr. Leland imagines.

Of what is Mr. Leland thinking when he says that "the practice of writing real autobiographies is rapidly ceasing in this our age?" Has he read Amiel's Journal, Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal, Carlyle's Reminiscences? Almost any one page of any of these shows more of the naked soul of the writer than Mr. Leland's two volumes. In our age "it is bad form to be egoistic or to talk about one's self." Why, we are living in the very heyday of egoism, when everybody has pretensions to being a personality, and self-praise is honourable. "It may be that in days to come, my book will be regarded with some interest, as a curious relic of a barbarous age." Yes; but not in the sense Mr. Leland means. In days to come science will require all people to write their own lives with a candour surpassing Casanova's, and the accuracy and exhaustiveness of Pepys. Instead of an inscription on a stone, or on an urn, one's autobiography will be one's memorial. Families, tribes, nations, will be able to study and understand themselves at last. Instead of a few elliptical proverbs and dark traditions handed down from father to son, the world will have its entire experience always accessible for guidance; and Mr. Leland's "Memoirs," and Franklin's "Autobiography" will be kept in museums along with flint arrow-heads and fairy-tales. Desirable or undesirable, things at least move in that direction.

What he has written Mr. Leland thinks may be of some interest "in the dim and remote future." That's as it shall be. In the meantime, what he has written is quite interesting in the dim and perturbed present; and we trust soon to see the remainder of Mr. Leland's autobiography, the story of what is to himself "by far the most interesting period" of his life.

THE FAITH OF TO-DAY.

CHRIST IN THE CENTURIES, AND OTHER SERMONS. By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. ("Preachers of the Age" Series.) London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW continue to increase the representative character of their "Preachers of the Age." If posterity be anxious—as doubtless they will be—to know by what faith this generation lived,

suffered, served, and died, they will find in this series not perhaps the very highest expression of that faith, but certainly the widest and most representative. This could not have been said without the inclusion in the series of Principal Fairbairn, one of our most learned divines; and with this personal distinction that, knowing the philosophical and historical criticism which Christianity has passed through this century, as almost no one else knows it, he has found it lead to a clearer knowledge of Christ, and has laid upon its results the lines of a new system of Christian theology. The theology was expounded in the volume which we reviewed in May last, and which we see has entered a fourth edition. In this volume we have the message of that theology to the people.

The sermons consist of three classes: occasional sermons dealing with broad aspects of Christianity; congregational sermons on particular duties and experiences of the religious life; and pulpit discussions on some Christian ideals and problems. They all slightly suffer, as every printed sermon must suffer, from the repetition which was indispensable to its force when spoken, and now and then Dr. Fairbairn's favourite antithesis is overdone. But these are small faults upon what is, in the mass of it, as clear and masculine a delivery of the essentials of the Christian faith as we have read. As in all Dr. Fairbairn's work, there is an utter absence of that intellectual intrigue in favour of a dogma or ecclesiastical institution which spoils so much really able preaching. Reasonableness and a wide view reign throughout. Another quality of great preaching is equally present. The greatest duty of a preacher is to remind us of things unseen—that our possibilities are not confined to this life, and that we are the objects of another world's regards. This function Dr. Fairbairn fulfils. No one who reads these sermons can fail to be stirred and awed and lifted by the sense of the presence of eternity, and God. Of what has been Dr. Fairbairn's distinctive message to our generation we have some favourable specimens. The opening sermon, on Christ in the first century and the nineteenth, enforces his old belief that the present generation is nearer to Christ in knowledge and effort than any since the apostolic. In the second sermon we have another characteristic study—a comparison of the racial types, Jewish and Greek, with the Christian type; along with a vivid picture of Paul and his wide intellectual sympathies. In a series of sermons from Dr. Fairbairn one expects a blast against sacerdotalism, and it is given forth in this volume very powerful and very clear. "Sacerdotalism," says Dr. Fairbairn, "is a baser atheism than the real. It is nobler to say that there is no God, than that He speaks only through some men." It is right to put it so, for while no one, of course, would charge a sincere and earnest sacerdotalist with being personally an atheist, nothing can be more certain than that the claims of sacerdotalism are revolting to the religious sense of man, and contradictory of the character of the God of the Bible. As a fact, common men do say, and they cannot be blamed for saying, "Better no God at all than such a God as the sacerdotalists offer me." We notice in many of these sermons by Dr. Fairbairn a tendency to emphasise the place of the individual in religion. It is needed: in our highest religious representatives the cant of individualism has long ago been killed out by severe fasting on the subject, and if cant is talked anywhere to-day by religious teachers it is on the side of collectivism. "We are becoming too collective. We need a return to the old, strong individualism. If we let any society, whether it be the fashionable thing that bears by pre-eminence this name, or the small circle in which we live and move, and feel that we have an appreciated being, gain such a possession over us that the only approval of our conscience is its smile and our only remorse its frown, then we are not far off from losing hold of God and all the realities His name denotes." These sentences occur in a passage on the dangers

which beset faith, which is a part of a very fine sermon on watchfulness—one of the sanest, most masculine, and living sermons we have ever read. Just before them is a paragraph on the smaller immoralities as dangers to faith, the insight and truth of which are very obvious.

... "It is not the graver immoralities that threaten faith. Indeed, hardly any man is estranged from belief by serious vice; it may come at the end of the process and complete the estrangement, but the real sources are the minor immoralities. If a man is not scrupulous in truthfulness, if he encourages latitude of reference and allusion, if he strains a phrase to make a point, if he conceals a truth to escape inconvenience, if he stains a chivalrous act to raise a smile, if he stoops to prurience to be amusing, be sure that the moral process which disintegrates faith has begun. The fine enamel of the soul, which is love of the truth, is being eaten away."

These few extracts and references will be enough to show our readers that we have in this volume the sermons of a man whose ears are open to the voices of his generation, who has a grasp of their problems, great knowledge of their needs, and abundant and reasonable power to inspire them to faith and work.

FICTION.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP. By W. Clark Russell. In 3 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

THE LESTERS: OR, A CAPITALIST'S LABOUR. By General Sir George Chesney, K.C.B., M.P. In 3 Vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

BARABBAS. A DREAM OF THE WORLD'S TRAGEDY. By Marie Corelli. In 3 Vols. London: Methuen & Co.

MR. CLARK RUSSELL leads the conscientious reviewer a pretty dance. The man who attempts to follow him in his manifold adventures, is for ever hurrying to the docks to get aboard ship, or sailing to and fro on the surface of the great waters. "The Emigrant Ship" comes to hand before the savour of Mr. Russell's last sea story is out of the reviewer's mouth; and it will be followed in due time, let us hope, by other works from the same pen. Some day a critic will take Mr. Clark Russell seriously and discuss at length the vogue of this novelist of the merchant service. His abiding popularity is one of the literary phenomena of our time. How is it that so vast a circle of readers should never grow tired of these adventures on the ocean as they are related to us by Mr. Clark Russell? Novelists of greater range, of higher powers, of finer literary skill, have come into notice since he first began to write, have attained to fame, and have subsided into something like obscurity, whilst he has continued to hold his own. Others besides himself have tried to make the sea their own, and have written stories almost avowedly based upon the model he has provided. But they have never caught on. The world which reads with eagerness each new novel by the author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," does not seem at all inclined to take sea stories from any other hand. Some day this fact of Mr. Clark Russell's vast and enduring popularity will be analysed by the critic, and we shall be told the secret of his unequalled success. In the meantime it is ours to enjoy each new novel as it comes to us hot from the press, and to be thankful that as yet Mr. Russell shows no signs of a failing imagination or a waning power of description. In "The Emigrant Ship" the imagination of the author has been, if anything, a trifle too exuberant. He revels in new perils of the deep altogether different from those which his heroes have encountered before, and apparently prides himself upon piling up incident upon incident, in a colossal edifice of successive catastrophes, each one of which is warranted to be strictly original. In the first volume of "The Emigrant Ship," for example, the hero finds himself inveigled into taking the place of first-mate on a Bristol "coffin ship," the owner and captain of which have conspired together to cast her (and her crew)

away in the South Atlantic. He learns this deadly secret, and the wicked conspirators discover that he has learned it; he is induced by the owner of the vessel to land with him on the lonely Salvage Islands in search of water, and then is suddenly thrust over a cliff more than a hundred feet high by the scoundrel whose secret he has detected. He escapes with his life—how, let the reader find out for himself—is in due course picked up by a trading vessel, the captain of which, by a strange coincidence, is his own particular friend; is sent on board a ship flying signals of distress, and is immediately kidnapped and carried away by the crew of this vessel. All these, and many other, incidents happen to the hero within the space of the first volume, and Mr. Russell takes three to tell the story. Who can say that the stream which has flowed so copiously for many a year past is as yet showing signs of exhaustion? The reason why the hero of "The Emigrant Ship" was kidnapped as we have just told, was that he might navigate that vessel, and a company of nearly one hundred young ladies, to an island in the Pacific, where a dozen of the fair creatures meant to settle with chosen members of the crew, the officers of the ship having been previously disposed of. If this is not an incident calculated to test to the fullest extent the reader's faith in Mr. Clark Russell we know not where such an incident is to be found. Nevertheless, our author treats it so realistically, is so genial and matter-of-fact in all his descriptions, that we really see nothing remarkable in the spectacle of a ship manned by a crew of women making its way across the Pacific under the charge of a solitary male individual, after the ordinary sailors and their partners have been landed on the island of their choice. We need not further analyse or criticise "The Emigrant Ship." We have said enough to prove that the reader will here find Mr. Clark Russell in the fullest flight of his fancy; and nothing more, we feel convinced, need be said to send every one of his admirers in hot haste to his newest tale of the sea.

Everyone who remembers "The Dilemma," or "The Private Secretary," will welcome the reappearance of Sir George Chesney in the world of fiction. Ample experience, real knowledge of men and women, a lively imagination, and very considerable literary skill have all gone to the writing of "The Lesters." It is a romance of the socio-political school that Sir George Chesney has given us; but he has undoubtedly succeeded in making his dream of the future more interesting than most parables of the same kind. The story opens with an incident that recalls "Monte Cristo." Mr. Lester, of Lester Hayes, an impoverished country gentleman, with a peevish wife, a large family, and a stately home that he has no longer the means of keeping in repair, is wandering pensively in his grounds one January morning, wondering where he is to find the money to meet accumulated Christmas bills, to say nothing of current expenses. Growing cold under the burden of his melancholy reflections, he bethinks himself that the repairs of a bathing-shed on an island in the centre of the lake which is one of the features of his park, are still unfinished, and that he may warm himself more cheaply than at a fire in completing the job. Accordingly, he crosses to the island, finishes his work, and is about to leave when he chances to see, in a natural cavern which extends for some thirty feet into the interior of the islet, a fishing-rod that had evidently been forgotten by one of his children. Little did Mr. Lester imagine that Aaron's rod itself was to be a mere joke in comparison with that on which his eyes then fell. He goes into the cave to pick it up, and, as he does so, there is a fall of earth within the cavern. That fall converts him instantaneously into a potential millionaire; not a millionaire of the vulgar, everyday sort, but such a millionaire as only a Dumas had previously dreamed of. To put the matter concisely and accurately, by the time that Mr. Lester had succeeded in emptying his cave of the gold, the

first appearance of which followed the fall of earth when he was picking up his son's fishing-rod, he was the owner of a fortune of exactly one hundred and five million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. How the gold came there, nobody knows, but General Chesney does not spare us a single detail of the processes by means of which it is removed from its hiding-place in the cavern to the old house and subsequently to the cellars of the Bank of England. Here comes in the old campaigner, with his knowledge of the transport service. Seven hundred and fifty tons of gold ore is removed from Lester Hayes to Threadneedle Street, and a regiment of soldiers, to say nothing of police and railway officials, find employment in the task; nor can we wonder that the City was stirred to its very depths on the memorable day on which the stock of bullion in the Bank was increased at one stroke by more than one hundred millions.

This opening episode in "The Lesters" probably strikes the reader as merely farcical when it is related in this bald fashion, but General Chesney has a certain De Foe-like capacity which enables him to invest the actual narrative with an air of reality, and leads the reader to regard the finding of a treasure of this description in an English park as a not impossible occurrence. Having got possession of his millions, Mr. Lester's next object is to spend them. He is a man of principle, who is more anxious to do good to his fellow-creatures than to squander his wealth in mere self-indulgence. Incidentally, too, he becomes, we suspect, the medium for the exposition of General Chesney's own theories as to the employment of riches. The reader must go to the book itself in order to learn those theories; nor do we propose to discuss their merits here. It must suffice to say that Mr. Lester, who speedily blossoms into the Earl of Lesterton, discovers, like other people, that the augmentation of wealth does not imply the increase of happiness. The descriptions of social life in London, after the Lesters have become notable figures in the fashionable world, are vivid and amusing, and are characterised by a real knowledge of the scenes and classes described. The best episode in this portion of the story is, undoubtedly, the wooing of Agatha Lester by the Duke of Baymouth. That inferior portion of mankind which knows nothing by actual experience of the way in which dukes make love will derive both profit and entertainment from a perusal of General Chesney's sketch of the wooing of one of these exalted beings. In the end, however, it is not the Duke of Baymouth who carries off the prize. But this is to anticipate, and we would rather that our readers went to the book itself to learn how the various characters in the story fared. It is not an ordinary novel, and if, in some respects, it is deficient in the mere technical merits of the common romance, it has qualities of its own which are conspicuously meritorious, and which must increase the respect the world has long entertained for General Chesney's powers as a writer.

Miss Corelli is a much-advertised lady who has a grievance of her own against the critics. We fear that the publication of "Barabbas, a Dream of the World's Tragedy," is hardly likely to heal the feud between herself and the critical world. Without wishing to say anything derogatory of the talents of a lady who is proclaimed by her friends to be "the favourite author of Queen Victoria," we are not prepared to admit that she has acted with wisdom in choosing to make the most solemn and awful event in the history of Christianity the starting-point for a very indifferent sensational romance. Miss Corelli may have great gifts, but her imagination is shrivelled up in presence of that "world's tragedy" which she has had the audacity to travesty in a three-volume novel. Her literary style, in the opinion of her friends, may be perfect—as perfect as that of a leader in the *Daily Telegraph*; but she hardly fortifies her claim to literary distinction by quoting in the midst of her most ornate sentences

the strong and simple words of the New Testament narrative. She may be a woman of fine feeling and brilliant gifts, but she fails to understand that there are some topics which the possession of the most ordinary good taste would prevent any novelist from attempting to handle. Finally, whatever other qualities Miss Marie Corelli may possess, she is obviously void of the sense of humour, and cannot see how ridiculous she makes herself by introducing the reader to such a person as Miss Judith Iscariot. The story itself is unworthy of criticism, nor can we believe that it would have attracted the public notice in any degree but for the hardihood which has inspired the author in her choice of a scene and a motif.

THE MAGAZINES.

THERE is a very remarkable anonymous article on Ireland in this month's *Fortnightly*. It is written with great literary power, and with an intimacy of knowledge, and an originality and suggestiveness of thought which, in spite of its extreme pessimism, make it a most interesting and valuable essay. Its pessimism on the spiritual and ethical future of Ireland is really too unrelieved to be rational; but the writer is on much surer ground in dealing with the economic ills of the country. He does a real and helpful service by laying his finger on what close students of Irish questions have long known to be two of the chief causes of those economic ills—namely, the Irish railway system and the Irish banking system. The real rulers of Ireland and the worst destroyers of her wealth, he is right in saying, are the representatives of the Irish railway and steamship lines, who meet in a sort of Parliament or conference every month. He gives some figures which are indeed calculated to set one "marvelling that people in Ireland still try to carry on any business at all." To bring a bullock by rail from Cork to Dublin costs 17s. 9d., while to send him on from Dublin to Manchester costs only 9s. 8d. It is cheaper to transport a bullock from Montreal to Bristol than it is from Killarney to Bristol. A barrel of flour can be brought from Chicago, 1,000 miles by rail and 3,000 by water, and landed at Liverpool for less money than it costs to bring it from Londonderry to Manchester. From the chief cattle fair at Ballinasloe, by rail some 90 miles west of Dublin, the drovers prefer to spend some five days along the road driving their herds afoot rather than pay the extortionate fare of £2 5s. per truck demanded by the railway. It would be contrary to the writer's temperament to build much hope on any remedy, but he is convinced that for the reform of these and other evils there is at least no other remedy but Home Rule, and he is willing to see that experiment tried. The political difficulties in the way of the experiment he does not think much of, and on the so-called Ulster problem, for example, he has something particularly interesting to say:—

"If the electorate of the United Kingdom, in its wisdom or unwisdom, as it may turn out to be, sees fit to devolve back Parliamentary power to Dublin, this phantom problem will soon enough demonstrate its own unreality. The principal figures in the opposed Parliamentary groups of Irish Nationalists and Irish Unionists are well acquainted with one another. They pair together, they travel to and from Kingstown together. They laugh among themselves privately at the remarkable success their violent display of histrionism has had in setting the slower Saxon by the ears all over the world. There is no prominent Irish Unionist who has not picked out, and already begun to furtively cultivate, the constituency he would prefer to represent in the new Irish Legislative Assembly, if one is to be created. There is no leading Irish Nationalist who does not know this perfectly, and who has not a clear idea as to the particular personal group of Unionists with whom he would choose to work, in Irish affairs, in preference to some of his present patriot colleagues."

In the same number of the *Fortnightly* Mr. Wallace, M.P., has a very clever, as well as amusing, analysis of "the psychology of labour and capital." He thinks the difference between the capitalist and

the labourer is mainly one of skulls. "Nous n'avons pas le crâne fait de même," they might remark, like Alfred de Musset's Mardoché. The capitalist type was born to exploit the labourer type, and though the latter may resent being exploited, still, Mr. Wallace thinks it is good for him to be, for industry must be organised to be effective, and the capitalist type "has the brain for that kind of work," whereas the other type has not. The best that can be done is to protect the labourer from being over-exploited, and to restrain the capitalist from making too good a thing out of the exploitation for himself. But labour must beware of killing the layer of golden eggs. It must beware of taxing down the capitalist too far, or capital may revolt against the new social order; and "when capital, with its ordinary inspirations thus reinforced, turns upon labour in self-defence, as well as self-assertion, with its full powers of political and practical organisation, the moral and artistic fighting qualities of labour will make but a very poor show." This article reads as an appropriate pendant to the contribution of the Fabian Society in the same number which we notice elsewhere.

Sir Lepel Griffin opens the *Nineteenth Century* with an article on "England and France in Asia," and if anyone thinks that we have sometimes overstated the wildness and muddle-headedness of this class of Jingo, he has only to study this masterly communication. Sir Lepel is of course suffering from the fell disease of Russophobia. Russophobia is the foundation principle of all the reasoning of such statesmen as he. He has "watched year after year the shadow of the Russian eclipse sweeping across Persia and Central Asia" until now his mind is in such a state that he thinks the British Empire can only be saved by our joining the Triple Alliance in Europe and forming a Triple Alliance of our own in Asia with the Ameer and the Emperor of China. As for France, there are, he is aware, members of the House of Commons, and some of them he honestly admits "men of ability and knowledge," who believe that the foreign policy of England is summed up in a good understanding with France. But Sir Lepel has as few illusions about France as he has about Russia, especially since she has joined Russia in an alliance. "To conciliate France," he now lays it down, "would be as easy as making friends with a rattlesnake"—a courteous and admirable international sentiment. What then would he have us do? Mark the clarity of his reasoning here. "It would be unreasonable," he says, "to regard French expansion from an English standpoint alone. The French have as much right as ourselves to extend their borders, and to build up in the East a dominion which may take the place of that which they lost in India through the supineness and folly of their home Government." But—"if England and China could agree on a common policy, the next step forward made by France in unjust aggression would be followed by her complete and final expulsion from the Indo-Chinese Peninsula." The beautiful consistency of principle between these two sentiments we must leave to speak for itself: but where, we would ask, as a practical matter of business—for that is the only sane way to regard the question—would the advantage to England come in if she undertook thus to interfere with that process of expansion, to indulge in which "the French have as much right as ourselves?" Sir Lepel omits to mention what every lucid person must perceive, that the inevitable and instant sequel of our expelling France in this fashion from Indo-China would be our embarking in a European war, and again, where would our advantage come in? As for an *entente* with China—not a "strict alliance"—we have no doubt that would be a good thing, but Sir Lepel himself agrees that the difficulties in our case are practically as great as those in the case of France. If the French have seized Annam, we have seized Burmah, which was likewise a tributary of China. The fact is that the Powers which an enlightened English

diplomacy should strive to come to an *entente* with in Asia, are not the barbarians against whom the West will one day have to be protected, but the Western Powers, who, with ourselves, represent there the civilisation of Europe. The true Asian Triple Alliance is England, Russia and France, and that is a less impossible thing to bring about, as it would certainly be less unnatural, than a league between us and the gloomiest and most formidable barbarism on the face of the globe.—Mr. Redmond has an article in which he argues that it is essential to demonstrate that "Ireland stops the way" in order to bring the necessity of Home Rule home to English electors, and he makes an urgent plea that a week of the Autumn Session be devoted to an Evicted Tenants Bill. He denies that his attitude is one of unfriendliness to the British democracy. Mr. Swinburne reviews Victor Hugo's "Toute la Lyre;" Mr. T. G. Law follows up Mr. Cunningham-Graham's account of "Archangel Leslie of Scotland" with a very interesting amplification of this out-of-the-way chapter of biography; and Mr. St. George Mivart writes on "Christianity and Roman Paganism."

The first article in the *Contemporary* is one on the political situation in France by M. Gabriel Monod; but the most interesting article in the number is that in which the Bishop of Ripon discusses the Parish Councils Bill, a measure which he considers far greater in the wide range of its influence, and the character of the changes it is likely to effect, than the County Councils Bill itself. In the opinion of some it will "do little less than revolutionise the whole government of our rural populations." Dr. George Washburn's striking paper on "Christianity and Mohammedism," read before the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, appears in this number. The *New Review* contains Professor Jebb's recent lecture on Classical Studies, and a symposium on "The Advertisement Nuisance" by Mr. Lecky, Lady Jeune, and several other alarmed aesthetes. Sadik Effendi replies to Mr. Stevenson, M.P., on "The Armenian Agitation." There is also in the number a clever story by the author of "Mademoiselle Ixe." It is called "An Idealist," and it might have for its sub-title "A Study in Contemporary Socialism."

MAPS OF MATABELELAND.

- A MAP OF MASHONALAND, MATABELELAND, KHAMA'S COUNTRY, ETC., THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY'S TERRITORY SOUTH OF THE ZAMBEZI (1893). London: Stanford's Geographical Establishment.
A MAP OF ZAMBESIA. By E. P. Mather, F.G.S., F.R.G.S., etc. London: Stanford's Geographical Establishment.
PHILIP'S AUTHENTIC MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA. London: George Philip & Son.

THE peculiarity of the two first-named of these, on the whole, excellent maps which will strike the observer most at the present moment is the extent assigned by the map-makers, or map-restorers, to "the territory of the British South Africa Company." These two maps, it should be noted, are got out, one directly on behalf of the company itself, the other by an energetic and eloquent trumpeter of the company who, believing in the glories of "golden South Africa" and in the Napoleonic genius of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, has written two interesting books and publishes a weekly paper mainly devoted to advertising those glories and adulating that genius. The British taxpayer will be interested to learn from these maps that "the territory of the British South Africa Company" includes not merely Mashonaland—which they have been hitherto enjoying in virtue of a treaty with Lobengula, and in return for a tribute of £100 a month paid to that monarch—but also Lobengula's own country of Matabeleland, which Captain Lendy, Major Goold-Adams, and their forces have just set off (according to these maps, quite unnecessarily) to conquer; and it not only includes Matabeleland, but the whole country south of the Zambesi with the exception of a strip of Portuguese territory which looks as if it were doomed to be squeezed into the prevailing pink hue; and not only does it include the country south of the Zambesi, but the country extending away north of that river as far as the southern shore of Lake Tanganyika and the western shore of Lake Nyassa. When it comes to assigning the southern and western limits of this remarkable empire-map-space fails, and the cartographer has to content himself with stating in a note at the foot of his title that the territory "extends to the

south and west beyond the limits observed here, the total area of the company's sphere of operations being approximately 750,000 square miles." One wonders what Lobengula would have said when asked to make a treaty had he been able to understand that the company "saw red" over such an extent of country. M. Deloncle's famous map of Siam was not "in it" as a matter of colouring with these remarkable pictures, as to whose hue the Imperial Government may have something to say yet. In other respects the maps are admirable, all three, but especially the first, which is on the largest scale. They are clear, and yet very fully detailed, most of the leading knaals, as well as the roads, passes, gold workings, and the character of the country at various points being plainly indicated.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

PURITAN New England has at the present day amongst all its representative men scarcely a more cultured or able thinker than Dr. Amory Bradford, of Montclair, New Jersey. Dr. Bradford, who, by the way, is no stranger in our midst, recently delivered at Andover a course of lectures on the history, present condition, and outlook of the Congregational Churches of England, and these addresses have just been published under the somewhat fanciful and vague title of "The Pilgrim in Old England." At the outset Dr. Bradford admits that the term "pilgrim" strictly belongs to those who left England, went to Holland, and afterwards sailed to America in search of religious liberty. He claims, however, the right to apply the word in a much broader sense: "The name also belongs to an intellectual and spiritual movement of which the migration to the New World in the *Mayflower* was but a small part. It applies to those who remained in the Old Country, and who there, under circumstances quite as perilous as fighting Indians and the endurance of cold and hunger, fought for, and in a measure achieved, their rights as citizens of a spiritual commonwealth." In other words, the descendants of those who worshipped in the Separatist assemblies in Queen Elizabeth's time are to be found to-day on both sides of the Atlantic, and they have inherited the same doctrine and tradition and the same glorious memories. This book is an attempt to explain the history and position of the Puritans of contemporary England to the Puritans of contemporary America. Dr. Bradford has had the assistance in his task of authorities like Dr. Fairbairn, Dr. MacKinnon, Dr. Dale, the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, the Rev. Andrew Mearns, and the Rev. P. T. Forsyth, and whatever view may be taken of his conclusions, his book is well-informed. He lays his hand on some of the weak spots in Congregationalism when he speaks of the prevalence of the commercial spirit, the absence of a central organisation, and the lack of culture in many of its ministers. On the other hand, he does no more than simple justice to the magnificent *esprit de corps* which exists in Congregationalism, to its missionary enthusiasm, its aggressive energy, and its eagerness to grapple with the social and economic problems which confront the age. He believes that whatever changes the future may bring, the "two poles of the sphere of the coming Church" will be the independence of the local church and the fellowship of all the churches. In spite of a certain vagueness of statement—due no doubt in part to defective knowledge—this is distinctly an able and opportune book, and one which merits attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

A new edition, with introduction and notes, of Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," cantos I-VI., has just been published by Messrs. Blackie & Son. The allusions of the text, whether historical or antiquarian, are clearly explained, and in many cases Scott's own comments are reprinted. The poem was published early in the year 1805, and though the price was prohibitive—twenty-five shillings—its success was prompt and continuous. Sir Walter lived for more than a quarter of a century after the publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and he had the gratification of knowing that between forty and fifty thousand copies of the poem had been sold within that period. Scott was by no means blind to the defects of his own verse. "I am sensible," was his modest statement, "that if there be any good about my poetry, it is a hurried frankness of compo-

sition which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active disposition." In this edition, which is intended for young students, Lord Jeffrey's summary of the plot—as originally given in the *Edinburgh Review*—is retained. The introductory sketch is not, in any sense of the word, remarkable, and the notes are somewhat meagre.

"All the Year with Nature" is the title which Mr. Anderson Graham gives to a group of bright descriptive sketches of country life which he pleads guilty to have rescued, in part at least, from the back numbers of various magazines and journals. Some portions of the book, it is only fair to add, have not hitherto been published, but these essays, old and new, are worthy of the form in which they now appear. In point of literary merit the book is superior to many of its competitors in the field of popular natural history, and it does not lag far behind the best in keen observation and in genuine appreciation of rural sights and sounds, and rustic manners and customs. There is a pleasant literary flavour in these essays, as well as a love of nature and a good deal of quiet humour. In his way Mr. Anderson Graham is a philosopher, and his outlook on life has in it little of scorn. One of the best papers in the book describes the "Pleasures of June," and the sunshine and gladness of early summer are in it. Quite evidently, Mr. Graham loves Nature for herself alone. He belongs to the company of those "who, with no call to study or observe, are content to lounge and saunter and dream in sunshine and shadow, watching the grass grow and hearing the birds sing." Anyhow, that is the impression which his graceful and unconventional volume leaves with us.

We have just received a new edition—the sixteenth, by the way—of a standard text-book, "The Outlines of Moral Philosophy," by the late Professor Dugald Stewart. The treatise first appeared as a preliminary dissertation in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in far-off years, and it was afterwards edited by Dr. McCosh, who added a supplement and questions, and also wrote the brief memoir which is given as preface in this convenient edition. A great many people on this side of the Tweed shared, eighty or a hundred years ago, George III.'s well-known aversion to Scotch metaphysics, but Dugald Stewart did much to remove the prejudice. This little volume contains in a succinct form the principles which he unfolded and illustrated in his more elaborate philosophical treatises, and it certainly is a sign of the times that, in spite of much destructive criticism, it still maintains its vogue.

There is material for a capital book in "Reminiscences of Seventy Years' Life, Travel, and Adventure"; but, unluckily, the anonymous author—he describes himself as a retired officer of the Civil Service—has missed his chance. First of all, he has blundered over the scale of the work, and he has also adopted the vicious plan of publishing it by instalments. The first volume contains upwards of five hundred and fifty big pages, and we are vaguely promised another instalment which, we presume, will be of similar size. This is a huge mistake, for everything of the least importance in the present volume could easily have been told in about a third of the space, and all the rest is padding pure and simple. Our "retired officer" uses italics freely to emphasise his statements, and when he regards them as exceptionally important, sentences in capital letters decorate the page—or, at least, the top half of it, for in most instances the rest of it is filled with a running commentary on the text in the shape of closely-printed notes. If the author had stuck to his actual recollections, and had recorded them with a reasonable degree of brevity, the book would not have been without interest, and even value, as a picture of a young soldier's life in India fifty years ago, for the writer followed the colours to the East. But, alas, he is wedded to his "reflections," and they are of the hortatory and commonplace order. There are, however, passages in the narrative which vividly recall a phase of life, military and civil, which has passed away; and some of the descriptions of native manners and customs in the earlier years of the century are of more than passing interest. The author states that he has always "loved to visit historic scenes, and to follow the footsteps of those who have become famous," and doubtless this amiable tendency is responsible for the amazing amount of genial but trivial gossip which makes up so much of a well-intentioned and, on the whole, a well-informed book—written, however, too much at random, and with no sense of literary proportion.

Moral courage amongst the class which used to be described in an old-fashioned phrase as the "superior clergy" is never too common, and therefore the presence of such a quality in the high places of the sanctuary ought not to pass unheeded. "Christ and our Times" is a brave and opportune book, and one which grapples in an honest and open fashion with many of the spiritual difficulties, ethical dangers, and social problems of the age. Archdeacon Sinclair seeks to define the limits of scientific research, and lays stress on the disastrous results which spring out of the confusion of scientific knowledge with religious faith. Amongst the special topics which are dealt with in these sermons are the Atonement as the central fact of religion, Christ's interpretation of the laws of unselfishness, purity, moderation, and temperance, and His attitude towards questions which are bound up with the sanctity of home and of the day of

* THE PILGRIM IN OLD ENGLAND. By the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D. (London: James Clarke & Co.) Crown 8vo.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL. By Sir Walter Scott. Cantos I, to VI., with Introduction and Notes. (London and Glasgow: Blackie & Son.) 12mo.

ALL THE YEAR WITH NATURE. By P. Anderson Graham. (London: Smith, Elder & Co.) Crown 8vo.

THE OUTLINES OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY. By Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. With a Memoir, a Supplement, and Questions by James McCosh, LL.D. Sixteenth Edition. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.) Crown 8vo.

REMINISCENCES OF SEVENTY YEARS' LIFE, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE: MILITARY AND CIVIL, SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY. By a Retired Officer of H.M. Civil Service. Two Vols. (London: Elliot Stock.) Royal 8vo.

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rest. Dr. Sinclair makes it plain to every reader of these vigorous and many-sided discourses that he belongs to the growing company of those who believe with a great modern thinker that reform without Christianity is wild, bitter, barren, and even reactionary and retrogressive. Christianity without reform is a corruption and a falsehood.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

TALES IN VERSE. By J. A. Goodchild. (H. Cox.)
LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Two Vols. (Osgood.)
GLANCES BACK THROUGH SEVENTY YEARS. Autobiographical and Other Reminiscences. By Henry Vizetelly. (Kegan Paul.)
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MAP OF MASHONALAND. By E. P. Mathers, F.G.S., F.R.G.S. (23, Austinfriars.)
THE ELEMENTS OF GERMAN. By Tr. H. Weisse. (Williams & Norgate.)
HOW LIKE A WOMAN. By Florence Marryat. New Edition. (Griffith Farran.)
IN A CORNISH TOWNSHIP WITH OLD VOGUE FOLK. By Dolly Penbreath. (Unwin.)
PLATONICS. A Study. By Edith M. Arnold. (Osgood.)
THE ASCENT OF FAITH. By A. J. Harrison, B.D. The Boyle Lectures, 1892 and 1893. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
DAKWINIANA. Essays by Thomas H. Huxley. (Macmillan.)
SUPPLEJACK. By R. Ward. (Chapman & Hall.)
THE WORLD'S PLEASURE. By Clara Savile-Clark. (Vol. II. of *The Modern Library*.) (Bliss, Sands & Foster.)
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THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE MR. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT. By Henry Fielding, Esq. Tenth Vol. of the Works of Henry Fielding. Edited by George Saintsbury. (Dent.)
THE TRESPASSER. By Gilbert Parker. *Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual*, 1893. (Arrowsmith.)
THE HOLY WAR. By John Bunyan. With a Preface by Alexander Whyte, D.D. (Olipphant, Anderson.)
THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS. By A. Scott Matheson. (Olipphant, Anderson.)
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